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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIII OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 1

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The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their **Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become** a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October-November, 1920

TO A FALLEN LEAF

Dallas Walton Newson.

How much af spring, how much of song
  Lie in your withered face,
How many glad hearts passed along
  Your cool and shadowed ways!
In your mute presence as I stand
  I feel a nameless dread;
The breezes speak which you have fanned,
  Spring rises from the dead.

You seem to speak of friends and home
  And how you used to live,
Where birds and butterfiies did roam
  And bees their honey give.
O what a fairy world was yours
  'Mid rain and jeweled dew,
When night-time sent her troubadours
  To chant their songs to you!

O, emblem of our mortal life,
  At the foot of your mother you lie,
Unheedful of the wild wind's strife—
  For the life of another you die.
'Twas the unseen root that kept you green,
  You helped make the tree and were glad;
You are building another bright springtime sheen;
  So why should I be sad?

The Locket

I. R. Waggoner.

(Reprinted from Atlantic Literary Review for March, 1883.)
Winning Story in the Southgate Short Story Contest, 1920.

One of the most astonishing of all the mysteries of seafaring life has already been introduced to students of history by the correspondence between Secretary of the Navy Hamilton and Captain Seymour of the U. S. S. Baltimore in regard to the discovery of the Charleston Packet Company's ship, the Patriot, deserted off the North Carolina coast near Nag's Head in November, 1816.

The incident may be remembered in connection with the following account quoted from the Charleston News and Courier for November 26, 1816:

"The Patriot, one of the largest and most valuable of the ships belonging to the Charleston Packet Company, was found off Nag's Head, North Carolina, a week ago with all its cargo and equipment untouched, but with not a single person on board, according to a letter received by the ship's owners yesterday from the Navy Department.

"The Patriot had sailed from Charleston for New York with a cargo of wine and crew and passengers to the full capacity of the vessel.

"Among the passengers on board the vessel were many distinguished men and women from South Carolina and New York, including Mrs. Theodosia Burr Alston, wife of the present governor of South Carolina, and her little son, Joseph, Jr., Mr. Fox Hall Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Pinkney, of Charleston, and Miss Amelia Crowell, of New York, and others.

"The great distinction of the passengers offers to alert minds a suggestion that foul play was exercised in their destruction. Some think that traitors desiring to overthrow the government have been active, but all suggestions are purely speculative as there is not even any evidence on the

ship now that there was any foul play at all, and the fact that the baggage of the passengers and the cargo were untouched makes less likely the possibility of evil work. As has been said before, the ship was in perfect condition; even a glass of water sitting on a table in the captain's cabin had not been overturned. One thing only appeared to be a little extraordinary; a gangway, constructed of long spruce planks, jutted out over the stern of the ship.

"The owners of the vessel, the Navy Department, and the Charleston police have all been active, but they have little information with which to work, and the probability is that in the end they will have to consign this affair to the long list of other mysteries of the deep that never will be solved by human agencies."

* * * * * * *

I am writing this account in order to give to the public an explanation of this intricate mystery. My knowledge of the affair dates from my youth, as the reader of the following narrative will understand.

* * * * * * *

I had lived with old man Burns in a three-room, mud-daubed cabin near Nag's Head ever since I could remember. I called him Old Burns because the other fishermen in the neighborhood called him that, and I had never known anything else. He was a small, thick-set, nut-brown man, with a very stiff black beard.

In my childhood I did not know that people were supposed to have parents, but the natural and inborn tendency of children to "look up" to some one was in my case fairly well satisfied by my regarding this rough old fisherman as a kind of unclassified guardian and superior authority. I have a vague memory of a woman, who I suppose was my mother, that lived with Old Burns and me. She had disappeared one day when I was about three years old, and I never saw her again.

While I was yet small, I attended the village school, situated about two miles inland. I learned to read a little, but I never learned to read with ease.

Our shack and its furnishings were about the same as other fishermen's; we had but little at the most. Two of the rooms faced the sun; the other was a sort of lean-to built up behind the two front ones. In this lean-to we cooked and ate. Our cooking utensils were few. They were chiefly a large heavy skillet, in which we cooked our pone bread, and an iron kettle, in which we boiled our water over the large stone fireplace in one end of the room. There was a small four-legged eating table about four feet square, surrounded by three stools on which we sat. There was a big dry goods box with shelves used as our cubpoard. Two small windows furnished the light for this room. There were two doors: one leading outside, the other leading into one of the front rooms. In this room we slept on a crude bed, covered with vari-colored quilts. Around the walls our few clothes hung on hails. Over the fireplace was a fire-board literally covered with old medicine bottles and a large German clock which never ran. Up over the fire-board and to the right of the clock hung a large gold locket about the size of a Spanish doubloon. It held the picture of a beautiful woman, but I had been told never to touch it. One day when I was about five years old, Old Burns came in and caught me standing on a stool, trying to reach the locket. He took me down and gave me a severe spanking. I never tried to touch it again. The room that adjoined our sleeping quarters was connected by a door. It had one small, four-paned window and contained our fishing equipment.

* * * * * * *

One beautiful day in May, 1837, I helped Old Burns to a bench outside our humble shack and seated him there. Far in front of us lay a quiet ocean. The smell of the salt was in the air. I turned for my nets and lines, but he stopped me. It was true that he had been more silent than usual, but why sheuld he want to keep me near him? I dropped on to the sand at his feet.

"Joe, ye're gittin' to be right smart of a lad now. Ye'll be twenty-one next month, won't ye?" said the old man.

Here he paused for a few minutes and stared out at the wide expanse of blue. It was evident that he was fighting an inward battle, and it was not without effort that he kept on.

"We've got along together all right, but I hain't done the right thing by ye, and I'm goin' to now. I hain't goin' to live much longer, but I'm goin' to square with you 'fore I die."

I was, to say the least, dumbfounded. I could not think of anything in particular about which the old man had mistreated me; but he soon gave me a shock—had it been electricity, it would not have been any more distinct.

"I hain't yer daddy, as ye've been thinkin' I am, Joe. I don't know who yer daddy is, neither. Yer mammy died when ye was a slip of a kid, and I buried her up yonder in the sand. Lor', but she's pretty. Had a face like an angel, and ye're right smart like her."

I was too dazed to interrupt him, and, as I sat motionless, staring at the sand, a hundred questions flashed into my brain: Who was I? Where did I come from? What was my real name? It had never occurred to me that Old Burns was not my father. I remember that he answered my childhood questions about my mother by saying that she was dead. Other than that, he had never mentioned the subject to me. The story that followed was a terrible narrative of the wrong done to me and to my parents.

* * * * * * *

Old Burns had been a captain in the service of the navy department and had commanded the U. S. S. Snap-dragon, a licensed privateer, during the war of 1812. Students of history will find in the records of the war department at Washington an account of several citations for bravery given the crew of the Snap-dragon.

After the Treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814, Old Burns had returned to his home near Nag's Head to take up his old trade of fishing. Only the returning warrior knows how common-place the pre-war occupation seems.

Burns was not contented. He wanted to roam the high seas in search of adventure. He wanted to live the life of the care-free, reckless pirate that he had led during the war. This desire grew on him by degrees; very weak at first, but stronger and stronger every day. Finally the longing secured control of him; he would go to sea again, but where would he get his crew and ship?

Burns had a fertile brain, and it served him well in this matter. He decided to take some of his fishermen acquaintances and a few of his old crew into his confidence—eleven in all. This he did and arranged to have a secret meeting with them, at which Old Burns unfolded his plan.

They evolved this plan: they would thoroughly equip a small fishing smack and set out to prey upon French and English trading vessels.

* * * * * * *

During the first dog-watch, on the evening of the third day at sea, a clear, warm April day, the lookout announced the sighting of a ship to the east, running in a course directly parallel to that of the pirate ship. In the distance the ship appeared to be a small fishing or trading vessel, but Old Burns knew it was not a fishing vessel, since the buccaneer was in the latitude 36 minutes, 15 seconds, longitude 75 minutes, 20 seconds. The pirate ship had been running in variable winds, but she had just struck the northeast trades. Old Burns ordered the pilot to put the helm hard over to the right, and the sea-robber bore down upon the unfortunate ship. Soon they were within hailing distance. Old Burns, cupping his hands to his mouth, bellowed:

"Ahoy there. Hang a leg. We're comin' alongside."

The main sail of the ill-fated ship was slackened, and the pirate, with a little cannon in the bow trained on the intercepted vessel, came alongside.

Although the pirate ship was flying the Jolly Roger, the captain of the ill-starred vessel made no attempt to protect his ship or his passengers. The crew crowded on deck un-

armed, and the passengers strolled over to the larboard side to listen to the conversation between the two captains. It was quite evident that they thought nothing of robbery or piracy. Old Burns had ordered his crew on deck fully armed, leaving only two men in the fo'castle; one to man the little cannon, and the other to throw a painter to the other ship.

"We're comin' aboard," shouted Captain Burns.

For the first time, the crew and passengers realized that this ship that had halted them was a pirate vessel, and they began to gather excitedly around the captain and crew.

The pirates jumped to the captured vessel, and Old Burns was met at the side by the captain.

"What's yer ship?" asked Burns.

"The Patriot," the captain replied, "belonging to the Charleston Packet Company, four days out from Charleston, bound for New York."

Old Burns was somewhat unnerved. He had not thought that this was an American ship. Unfortunately, the prize was not flying a flag, and Burns had held up a ship belonging to his own nation.

"I shall report you to the war department for this outrage," stormed the Patirot's captain.

Burns thought seriously for a minute. Could he let this captain report him for a breach of international law? For piracy upo nthe high seas? He knew full well the laws in regard to piracy, and he knew what became of captured pirates. A plan flashed into his mind that almost shocked him in its awfulness. Still, there was nothing to do but adopt it.

"Line yer crew and passengers up in single file, facing the stern," was all that Old Burns replied.

Since the pirates were armed, the prisoners could do nothing but obey. Men, women and children were placed in line, one behind the other. They were nervous and excited; some of them called to the Patriot's captain to save them. They did not understand the actions of this pirate captain. They were even more mystified when five of the buccaneers closely followed by three others who were carrying drawn pistols,

began to blindfold them and to tie their hands behind them.

The Patriot's captain approached Old Burns. He must have anticipated the pirate's plans.

"I'll pay ye well if ye'll spare these people. We've got plenty of gold among us; all we ask is that ye save our lives."

Old Burns glared at him.

"To he—l wi' yer money. Git in line there. Here, one of you lads, tie him up."

Old Burns had silenced the Patriot's captain, who looked helplessly on the movements of the pirates, unable to offer any aid to his passengers.

Old Burns called his crew together on the starboard side of the ship and held a whispered conference. After two or three minutes of excited gesturing the crew disappeared. Four of them jumped to the privateer and began to tear away the weatherboarding from Captain Burn's cabin, goaded on by his oaths. They hurriedly carried three of the planks to the stern of the Patriot. With hatchets and spikes they nailed them on top of each other so that they jutted about five feet over the edge of the ship.

The passengers were almost in hysteria. One young girl had fainted and lay on the deck with her blind-folded face turned to the sky. The others were powerless to help her.

Old Burns, with drawn pistol, then took his place near the gangway and commanded:

"Step for'ard. Lively there now."

The silent procession started forward toward the stern, guided by the members of the pirate crew. As they came up to the edge of the deck, they were turned loose by the pirates and left to grope out the gangway. The sailors had lined up at the head of the procession, and they walked out the springy planks, stepped into space, and fell into the sea with a small splash. Not a cry or word came from them; they knew how to die. Even the captain, who did not reach the end of the gangway, but walked off sidewise, sank into the brine without uttering a word. Old Burns had provided that there should be no survivors; they could not swim or keep afloat with their

hands tied behind their backs. Man after man shuffled out on the planks and stepped down to meet death. The cadaverous silence was broken only by the occasional scream of a woman as she fell through space and by the incessant splashes. The girl who had fainted and still lay face upward on the deck was noticed by the pirates, one of whom picked her up and hurled her into the sea.

The last man disappeared over the end of the ship. Old Burns turned to see if that were all. There were only two persons from the captured ship left, a woman and a little boy whom she held by the hand.

"Don't hang so long in your stays there," bawled out Captain Burns.

Resolutely the woman stepped forward with the child. The child did not whimper; it was, as most children are, ignorant of danger in its worst forms. As the woman approached Old Burns, she looked him full in the face. His eyes dropped. He could not meet the expression of those eyes with which the innocent go to their death. He had never seen such a face before; at least he did not remember it. Instantly the lust of the beast that he was to seize all that was beautiful took possession of him. He reached out to catch her arm, but no sooner had he done it, than she all but crumpled to the deck in a faint. One of the rough old pirates grabbed the child, who had set up a pitiful cry, and would have hurled him into the sea had not Old Burns stopped him. Carrying his lovely burden in his arms and followed by the seamen Old Burns crossed to the pirvateer.

The Patriot was deserted, the painter cut, and the pirate ship sailed away, having completed its horrifying crime, leaving the object of its passion floating upon the ocean unmanned.

The monstrosity of their crime had kept them from getting any booty, with the exception of three hundred dollars that one of the pirates had hurriedly snatched up from the captain's cabin as he was making a last survey of the ship. They

were now concerned only with getting out of the affair with nothing except guilty consciences.

When Old Burns had spared the life of the beautiful woman, he had no plans as to what disposition to make of her and the child. What was he to do with her? This was the thing that was worrying him now. Could he let her go free, only to be arrested for his lawlessness? One would judge from her dress that she was an aristocrat.

Then, again, Old Burns' mind conceived another plan equally as heinous as the first. He would take this lovely creature to his hut near Nag's Head; here he would keep her and make her his slave and queen. Old Burns' associates in the crime were glad to wash their hands of the affair; they had come out expecting adventure and prizes, but they had received only trouble and a gamble with death. It was agreed that Old Burns should have the woman; had he not planned the expedition?

* * * * * * *

Four days later the woman regained consciousness in Old Burns' hut. In vain, she pleaded with him for freedom. She pleaded to be allowed to go back to her husband, but Old Burns was afraid to set her free. It was days before she knew that back of such a countenance as Burns' there was no justice or mercy. She thought of escaping, but that was impossible on account of her child. She settled to the household duties around the shack, never speaking a word to Old Burns except when he spoke to her. She had told him that she was married, but she would never mention her name nor that of any of her relations. The mother grew thinner and thinner every day. She had been given one of the rooms in the shack for her and her child, but Old Burns soon decided to keep the child with him to prevent her from escaping. At first the child objected and cried himself to sleep, but Old Burns carved little wooden ships for him in the daytime, and he soon went with him everywhere without any show of objection.

One morning Old Burns locked little Joe (his mother had called him that) in the kitchen, or rather Joe woke up and found himself lying on a quilt on the kitchen floor. Joe could not get out the door because it was latched from the other room, but by pushing a stool up to the little four-paned window, he managed to crawl out and tumble on the sand. Not a soul was to be found. In vain the child cried for his mother and Old Burns, but no one answered his pleas. He fell down in the sand and sobbed. A gruff voice calling his name aroused him. He looked up. There stood Old Burns with a shovel on his shoulder. He took Joe in his arms and stopped his crying. When the little one asked for his mother, Old Burns said to him in a stern voice:

"Yer mammy's dead. Now don't ask me any more questions about her."

In spite of this command, the child asked numerous questions about his mother for the next few months, but gradually he forgot that he had ever had a mother. A very young child never questions anyone's death; he does not understand the grievousness of life.

* * * * * * *

This had been seventeen years ago, and Old Burns was now telling me the story of my life.

"I've told ye all this to square up with ye. I'd 'a told ye afore now, but I's afraid to. Now I am old, and it don't make no difference. Here's the locket that yer mammy wore. Take it because it's yourn."

I took the locket in my hand and began to examine the beautiful face which it held. It was the loveliest face I have ever seen; high forehead, Grecian nose, long eyelashes, and a mass of curly brown hair. Could this be my mother?

Suddenly there arose in me the desire to kill this old man at whose hands my mother and I had suffered so much. I could kill him with one blow; I could choke him to death. I felt deep in my heart that I had been cruelly wronged. Why must I have to suffer the wrong that Old Burns had done me?

Again I thought that possibly my condition might have been bettered by this act of fate, as it were. I thought for a long time, but I finally arrived at this conclusion: I would stay with Old Burns until I could find out who I was and who were my people. I could gain nothing by taking the life of the old man.

I had been sitting with my elbows on my knees looking at the picture of mother. I do not remember how long I sat in this position, but my hands became unsteady, possibly because the blood was rushing to my head, and the locket fell from between my thumb and forefinger and dropped into the sand. It fell with the picture down, and, as I bent to pick it up, some lettering on the back caught my attention. Something had been engraved there. I quickly picked it up for closer examination. There inscribed on the back was the following:

TO MY WIFE

Theodosia Burr Alston

FROM

John Joseph Alston

My surprise, as well as my joy, cannot be described. Here was the information that I wanted; after so long a time I would return to my people. I could hardly keep my senses, I was so elated over my discovery. I told Old Burns of my find as quickly as possible, but a sad expression came over his face, and he said:

"I suppose they'll get me now."

I looked at Old Burns. He had been good to me, in his crude way, since my mother's death, and I could not let him suffer. I had formed a strong attachment to the old man. A child often loves his black nurse and cries when it is told that it will never see the nurse again. So it was with me; I could not let Old Burns be punished.

"They'll never know," I answered.

The problem that now confronted me was to find out where my father lived. I must do this before I could make any moves at all, but I did not know how even to begin. It was, to say the least, discouraging to know what my name was but not to know where my home was. I resolved to spare no effore in finding out where my people were. I scanned the newspapers every time I could get hold of one to see if I could see some one mentioned whose family name was the same as mine. I looked, even, over all the old newspapers that I could find, no matter how old they were. It appeared to be a hopeless task.

* * * * * * *

One evening three weeks later I sat out on the bench in front of our shack reading the Charleston News and Courier for May 17, 1833. It was quite a laborious task for me to read even such simple language as used by the newspapers. One of the column headlines on the first page caught my attention. It read as follows:

"STATE SUPREME COURT CONVENES

Many Important Cases to Come Up

Writ of Escheat to Be Issued for Alston Estate.

"Among the most important cases to come before the Supreme Court's May sessions is the case of State of South Carolina versus Alston Estate. The case is docketed for the twenty-fourth. The facts in the case are these:

"Ex-Governor John Joseph Alston provided in his will that, if his wife and son were not found inside of two years after his death, his entire estate should go to the State of South Carolina for the foundation of a hospital for the insane. The two years will have elapsed on May 24, and proceedings have been instituted to attach the property."

I ran to Old Burns with my good news. His face took on the same expression that it always did when we talked of my family. We talked about the action that we, or rather I,

should take to regain my estate. At length we decided that I should go to Charleston, carrying the locket which belonged to my mother, and ask the court to give me the estate. I would not let Old Burns go to Charleston with me because I knew he would be arrested and probably hanged for the crime he had committed. If anything was to be done, it must be done hurriedly, since this was the twentieth of May.

Old Burns arranged with several of the fishermen around Nag's Head to lend me money enough to get to Charleston, and after bidding Old Burns a sad good-bye, I set out for Charleston.

I hired a horse, after having secured one of the fishermen to row me across the Sound, and started my long ride. I scarcely stopped during the next three days and nights, except to sleep for three or four hours and to change my mount for a fresh one at some wayside inn or tavern. It was killing to ride all day and part of the night with only a few hours rest, but I knew that my future happiness depended upon my getting to Charleston before the court took any action in regard to my father's estate. Gradually the distance lessened, and on the morning of the twenty-fourth, as the courthouse bell tolled for the opening of that morning's session, I rode into Charleston at a gallop. Bespattered with mud, I dropped from my horse, tied him to a hitching rack, and ran upstairs just as the crier called in the court.

The judge took his seat and called the court to order. The clerk read the first case.

"The State of South Carolina versus the Alston Estate."

The solicitor arose from his seat and said:

"Your Honor, Ex-Governor John Joseph Alston provided in his will that, if his wife and son were not found inside of two years after his death, his entire estate should revert to the State of South Carolina. I have here the original will for your inspection. As the two year period has elapsed and neither his wife or his son has appeared to claim the estate, I respectfully ask that a Writ of Escheat be issued giving the State the authority to take possession of this property."

The solicitor resumed his seat. The judge peered over his big horn-rimmed spectacles and said in a deep voice:

"Is there any objection to the issuance of this Writ of Escheat? If so, let it be heard."

I rose triumphantly from my seat and said in a trembling voice:

"Sir, I object."

All the eyes of the court-room turned toward me. There was a wave of smiles that ran through the crowd of attorneys assembled in front of the bar.

"On what grounds do you base your objections?" asked the judge.

"On the grounds that I am John Joseph Alston, Jr., the long lost son of Ex-Governor Alston," I answered as steadily as possible.

The judge turned to the clerk and said:

"Place this young man's name on the records as a witness for the defendant. Young man take the stand."

I braced myself for the ordeal and walked without hesitancy to the chair.

"Tell your story to the court," commanded the judge.

I had expected this, and I began without any confusion to tell my story. I told it as well as I could, for I knew that whether or not I received my father's estate depended on how true my story sounded to the court.

I had little evidence to prove that I was the son of Ex-Governor Alston. As I told the narrative that I had heard from the lips of Old Burns, I saw a smile or two steal over the faces of several of the lawyers and onlookers. I looked at the judge; not once had he smiled. I decided that I had one friend in the court room and that he was the one who could do me most good now.

I finished my story and waited for the judge to break the slience that enveloped the court room. After a brief wait he said:

"My boy, I believe your story. You talk like an honest boy, but you realize that the court must have more evidence

than a mere story and a locket to grant you the custody of the Alston estate. Isn't there some other evidence you could produce; could you get this old man to come here and testify in your behalf?

This was what I had been afraid of most. I could not let the authorities get Old Burns.

"No," I answered. "I promised him never to draw him into the proceedings of the court."

The judge shook his head and was silent. Truly, I had a fishy story. I knew that unless I could produce some more convincing evidence, I should lose my case.

While I was thinking what to do, there was a slight commotion in the back of the court room, and I looked up to see an old man coming down the aisle leaning on a cane. Who could this old man be? He was going straight for the judge's desk. He glanced at me as he passed, and as he looked up at the judge, he said, in a cracked voice:

"I'm Will Rutley, Governor Alston's stable man. I kin tell ye whether this is the Governor's lad or not. If he's his son, he's got a scar on his left foot where an old goose bit him once. He was layin' in his cradle out under the maples one day when an old goose flew on the cradle and commenced pecking at his little pink socks. I heerd him cryin' and went to him, and the blamed goose had bit the blood out of his pretty little foot. He nearly had blood pisin, and it left a scar there as big as yer thumb nail."

The old man ceased speaking and found a chair.

"Take off your shoe," ordered the judge.

I was elated beyond words, for I did have a scar on my left foot; how it came to be there I did not know. I removed my shoe as well as my thick woolen sock and bared my foot for the court's inspection. The judge bent over to see, and the attorneys and solicitor crowded around me.

"I take this to be sufficient evidence to prove your claim, and I declare you to be the rightful possessor of the Alston estate. Mr. Solicitor, I cannot order a Writ of Escheat

against the Alston estate,'' said the judge as he turned away to other matters.

* * * * * * *

I do not know what ever became of Old Burns, but I am now the master of Great Oaks, my father's old mansion.

History Of The Tobacco Industry In Durham

W. N. Evans, Jr., '20.

The laborer selects a quiet spot in the warm sun after his noon lunch, makes himself comfortable, and lights his cob pipe full of Bull Durham. The gentleman of leisure halts in a round of golf, and while his opponent is teeing off for the next hole, he lights a small meerchaum full of Duke's Mixture. The navy rolls its own. In hundreds of thousands of other instances, men enjoy the pleasure of tobacco in pipe and cigarette. Little do they reckon on the labor that has gone into the preparation and manufacture of the "smoke" or the history and growth of the industry.

The story of the city of Durham is that of the tobacco industry. In the days of the Civil War Durham was a very small village. There was a postoffice, a store, and five or six dwelling houses. The inhabitants of the county were all engaged in agricultural pursuits, most of them finding tobacco-growing profitable. The first man to manufacture tobacco in Durham was one John R. Green, who had a small frame building on the site of what is now the old Blackwell Tobacco Factory. His factory was opened in the early sixties, and it ran during the war. He made granulated pipe tobacco, which he sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five pound sacks. The product was branded on the outside by revenue officers instead of being stamped, as it is now. The tobacco was sold mostly in this locality, and was not produced in very large quantities. In 1865, when General Johnson surrendered to General Sherman at Bennett's cabin, now known as Johnson's cabin, the troops on either side, during their encampment in this neighborhood, were supplied with tobacco from this factory. It made a very favorable impression on them, it seems, for after peace was declared and the troops dispersed, men wrote to Durham from every part of the United States, wanting to buy more of the Durham tobacco. Their letters were sent to

the postmaster and the station-agent when they failed to get the name of the factory. In this way Durham smoking tobacco, later named "Bull Durham," became widely advertised.

In 1865 Green sold his factory to W. T. Blackwell and J. R. Day, who continued the business for a few years together as W. T. Blackwell and Company. In 1870 they sold an interest in the business to Julian S. Carr, and the firm continued under the same name. It enjoyed a rapid growth and expansion under the efficient executive ability of Julian S. Carr. Soon after Carr bought an interest in the factory, Day sold out to him and Blackwell, and the two were very successful while they were together, until 1883. At that time some Philadelphia men, M. E. McDowell, S. H. Austin and John A. McDowell, bought out the interest of Blackwell, and the corporation name was changed to the Blackwell Durham Tobacco Company. It continued doing business under this name and management until 1895, when it was absorbed by the American Tobacco Company. Carr did not approve of the tobacco trust and sold out. At the time of the consolidation the company had $4,000,000 capital and employed 500 people.

Other factories started almost simultaneously with the expansion of Green's plant. Washington Duke returned from the Confederate Army in 1865 to his small cabin and farm in Orange county, northwest of Durham. He was forced to find a means of providing for his wife and children, and recognizing the opportunity in the tobacco industry, he started the manufacture of granulated smoking tobacco in a small cabin in 1867 or 1868, selling it by peddling his product to farmers with the aid of a horse and wagon. His oldest son, B. L. Duke, known as Broady, started in business for himself in the little town of Durham in 1870, beginning with a one-room, two-story log cabin affair located at Five Points. Washington Duke continued his work in the little cabin, buying tobacco from the farmers and preparing it for use, for a few years. The first tobacco warehouse was opened for business in Dur-

ham in 1871 by H. A. Reams and T. B. Allen. Sale days were held once a week, on Thursdays, throughout the year. As the business grew, sale days were held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Washington Duke and his son were two of the principal buyers from the warehouse. The older man's business prospered, and he moved to Durham in 1874. Here he built two separate factories, one for himself and the other for his son, on the site of what is now the main branch of the Liggett and Meyers Tobacco Factory. Two years later he and B. L. Duke went into partnership. The two younger sons, children by Washington Duke's second wife, were then in school and not old enough to go into business. For the next few years Washington Duke and his son, Broady, kept their little factory apace with the growth of the smoking tobacco industry. When the two younger boys became old enough to go into the business, they were taken in, and the company was known as W. Duke and Sons, including Washington Duke and his three sons, B. L., B. N., and J. B. Duke. In the spring of 1878 George W. Watts became a member of the firm, and in 1885 the name was changed to W. Duke, Sons and Company.

Two other companies of less importance, which, however, were a part of the beginning made here, were those of Robert F. Morris and J. Y. Whitted. Morris established his business in 1865. He died in 1872, and his business went to W. H. Willard and S. F. Tomlinson. Whitted moved his establishment here from Hillsboro. Both of these factories were absorbed by one of the other big factories before many years.

Thus the manufacture of tobacco in Durham started with the beginning made by J. R. Green. He made granulated smoking tobacco, and the business enjoyed a large growth for many years. But his successor, W. T. Blackwell, started the manufacture of cigarettes, which proved the most profitable industry yet tried. Cigarettes were first made by hand in the early seventies. Labor was expensive, and Blackwell employed a large number of Jews who would work for low wages. They rolled their cigarettes and put them in packages by

hand. They had not been here more than two or three years before a man in Virginia invented a cigarette machine. The machines were tried, found satisfactory, and put into use. The Dukes still possess some of these old machines, known as Bandsacks, and also have the first engine they ever used. Improvements were made in the machines from time to time. Those now in use are about the size of, and remind one somewhat of, a linotype machine. The only parts of the process that is readily visible is a hopper full of tobacco which feeds the granulated tobacco into the machine and the roll of paper which is wrapped about the tobacco and sealed in one long tube. The cutter is automatic and, as it chops off the proper length, the cigarette rolls down before the operator for inspection. One machine will turn out more than one hundred cigarettes a minute.

When machines first came into use, J. B. Duke, known here as "Buck," short for Buchannan, had just made a start with his father. He displayed rare business ability and executive genius. It is said that from the very outset Washington Duke recognized this ability in his son and refused to make a move without the advice and consent of Buck, who often declared that some day he would be the biggest manufacturer of cigarettes in the world. Today he holds that record for not only cigarettes, but for all other tobacco as well. When the Duke Company had been prospering for some years and had accumulated the sum of $100,000, as the story goes, Buck Duke wanted to begin a campaign of advertising. His father and brothers were astounded at him, for he wanted to spend their entire savings on advertising. His will finally prevailed, however, and the entire $100,000 was spent on the campaign. From then on the growth of the company knew no bounds. Addition after addition was made to the factory. Buck Duke went to New York and established distributing headquarters, and the company's annual business soon passed the million-dollar mark.

In 1890 J. B. Duke organized the American Tobacco Company. It is not necessary to trace the history of that con-

cern. As head of the American Tobacco Company, Duke set out to force all the tobacco factories in the country into the trust, and one after one they succumbed to his superior tactics. The story of his war of competition and his campaigns of various kinds reads like a novel, but it cannot be given here. Suffice it to say that the P. Lorrilard Tobacco Company, of Maryland; the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, of Winston-Salem; the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, of Saint Louis; and the Blackwell Durham Tobacco Company, all came into the combine, with J. B. Duke as president. The makers of snuff, cigars and chewing tobacco, all came under the yoke, while he established divers co-operating concerns, of which the United Cigars Stores is a prominent example. At the time the trust was dissolved under the anti-trust law, in 1911, Duke had just started to coerce the British American Tobacco Company ino entering his combine, and was succeeding fairly well. After the disruption by the courts the old Duke factory on Main street in Durham was given over to the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, while the Blackwell factory was retained by the Dukes, who retained many other holdings in New York City. The business now embraces millions and millions of dollars, employs thousands of people, and serves hundreds of thousands of people.

Dreaming Moon

Helen McCrary.

Of what art thou thinking, fair moon,
As thy silent vigil thou dost keep,
When the great white world is far below,
And there tired mortals are fast asleep?

Dost thou think of the peaceful meadow
Where the murm'ring brooklet flows?
Dost thou think of the mighty forest
Where the cooling zephyr blows?

Does the mighty ocean move thee,
O thou silent glimm'ring moon?
Do the ebbing waves remind thee
That the day comes all too soon?

Ah, moon, thou art a dreamer;
Thy thoughts are not for me.
Thy thoughts are still and holy,
For God alone to see.

England's Poet Laureate

Aura Holton.

Robert Seymour Bridges, poet laureate of England, is now seventy-five years of age. At the time of his appointment in 1913, a great hue and cry was raised throughout the literary circles of the English speaking world. There were many objections to the premier's choice. In the first place the man was practically unknown to the literary world, the poet "of a small circle." Then, too, even if this had not been the case, critics said that Bridges, who had lived a life of private retirement for some years, had not kept up with modern thought, ideals, and events. He was out of date; he lived in a world of memory.

Of course the British people gradually became more reconciled to their new laureate. For them there was consolation in the thought that none of the more famous aspirants could feel hurt. Even Bridges's admirers, however, were forced to admit that he was too old. He lived too much in the past ever to write a song which would stir the blood or excite even the most impulsive to do fine, unselfish deeds. Undeniably, he had academic genius; of all poets he was probably the most truly poetic and most highly intelligent. He simply lacked the fire and passion which appeal to modern readers.

As for America, feeling ran high. Noyes neglected! Maesfield unnoticed! And, above all, Kipling, the author of the Recessional, of If, of L'Envoi—the man who could have his readers convlused in laughter in one minute and pondering upon the questions of time and eternity in the next! Then the American critics, realizing that it was useless to rage against an established fact, began a cold, pitiless criticism of the laureate and his poetry. All his works were discussed, torn to pieces, ridiculed, and then thrown upon the junk heap.

For a time there were hot discussions in which the admirers of Bridges defended him vigorously. For this reason it is very difficult to get a clear, unprejudiced opinion of the

laureate's poetry. However, we must not overlook the fact that there must have been reasons, and very good reasons, for the premier's choice.

The chief fault which is now found with Bridges is that he seemed absolutely oblivious of the fact that his golden opportunity lay in the Great War. Here was his chance—the time to show his ability as poet of the nation and silence all criticism. But the opportunity was not taken, and among the treasury of war poetry there is no poem by the laureate. His admirers say that the laureate chose rather to wait until he might view the situation calmly and express his feelings without passionate outburst. If this is the case, it is thought that the greatest and best of the laureate's works are yet to be published.

The Bride Of Curlew

Claude B. Cooper, '20.

On the sandy coast of North Carolina, where many huge gray gulls circle and scream in the air and sandpipers and oyster birds run about on the low beaches, is situated the house of Curlew, a beautiful Southern home, facing a deep sound which flows into the open sea.

Many, many years ago there lived at Curlew a girl who was an only child. Her parents loved her dearly, and when she became of age, they gave their consent to her marriage to a young banker from a neighboring city. The wedding was set for Christmas morning. Great preparations were made at Curlew, and all the countryside was filled with joy in anticipation of the event.

On the morning before Christmas the members of the wedding party, many of whom had come a long distance, began to assemble. By evening the house was filled with gay young people, and late into the night they danced and sang with gleeful hearts. When Christmas morning broke and cheerful sunbeams shone from over the ocean, the wedding party awoke, ready for the ceremony, which was to be held in the plantation chapel at high noon. Then there settled over Curlew a blanket of gloom that never until this day has been removed. During the night the bride had died.

At high noon the parson came, but in place of the wedding ceremony which he had expected to perform, he was compelled to preach a funeral sermon. The old keeper of the estate, who lived in a small hut on the banks of a neighboring stream, made a rude coffin, which it took him nearly all day to complete, and as the shades of evening began to fall, the bride, dressed in her wedding clothes, was placed in it and carried to her grave. The preacher walked in front, and after him came the intended groomsmen, acting as pallbearers, carrying the girl in her coffin. Slowly the little procession wound its way down the hill and across the little bridge

over the stream near the keeper's hut until it came to the little graveyard in the rear of the chapel. After a short ceremony at the grave the lid of the coffin was removed, allowing the loved ones to look for what they thought was the last time upon the girl in her wedding clothes and wearing her diamond engagement ring. Then the coffin was lowered into the grave.

After the funeral the wedding party went back to Curfew to spend the night in sorrow, and the old caretaker returned to his cottage. Try as he would, the old man couldt not forget the diamond ring which he had seen on the dead girl's finger, and as the clock struck the hour of eleven, he gathered his coat about his shoulders, and with his shovel in his hand, started for the churchyard. In a short time he had reached the grave. Quickly removing the loose dirt, he drew the coffin out of the sand. As he attempted to remove the lid of the coffin with the blade of his shovel, the distant rumbling of an approaching thunderstorm came to his ears. He worked quickly. As soon as he had removed the lid, he groped about inside the coffin, trying to find in the darkness the finger upon which he had seen the diamond ring. At last he found the hand, cold and stiff. The finger was swollen, and he was unable to remove the ring. An owl screeched in a neighboring tree, and as the wind from the rising storm swept down upon him, he imagined he heard the corpse move in the coffin. Panic seized his heart, and in sudden terror he pulled the hand over the edge of the coffin and with the sharp blade of his shovel cut off the finger which refused to give up the ring. A vivid flash of lightning split the heavens, illuminating the churchyard, and in the blinding light the old man saw that the body had turned on its side in the coffin. Terror seized him; without waiting to replace the coffin in the grave, he ran, terror-stricken, out of the churchyard and back to his little hut.

For three hours a severe electric storm, accompanied by high winds and blinding rain, swept the coast. During the storm the figure of a woman clad in her wedding gown with

her white veil blowing in the wind walked out of the churchyard and across the little bridge to the house of Curlew. The old caretaker saw her passing as the lurid flashes of lightning illuminated the road. His eyes seemed as though they would pop from his head, and his hands clasped themselves tightly about his throat. The woman pointed toward his hut as she passed, but continued walking slowly up the hill. The mourners in the house of Curlew heard a faint noise at the door, but thinking it only the wind, no one heeded it.

When dawn broke on the house of Curlew, a woman was found dead on the doorstep; the caretaker sat in his window staring, his eyes open in death and one hand clasping his throat tightly while the other held a finger upon which was a diamond ring; in the little churchyard on the hill was found an open grave in the sand.

The Negro Problem

W. J. Bundy.

Today there are many momentous questions confronting the American people. The League of Nations is the problem which is at present uppermost in the minds of the people of this country. The labor question, the railroad problem, the Bolsheviki agitation, and the Mexican trouble are also demanding attention. Another matter which has to do with our internal affairs, and which may develop into something more serious than any of these above-mentioned matters is the negro problem. Once a matter of comparative insignificance, the negro problem in the last few years has rapidly been increasing in importance and magnitude until today we are facing the grave danger of a nation-wide race riot.

Before we proceed further into our discussion of this problem, let us note one or two of the recent riots. Riots are occuring very often. Just when one riot has been successfully quieted, another springs into prominence in a different part of the country. One of the riots, attracting much attention was the one in Washington last year. Three attempted assaults were made upon white women. The match that began the flame was the jostling of the wife of a soldier on the street by two sons of the Land of Nod. Resenting this action against the wife of a brother soldier, several soldiers began an orgy of violence which soon became city-wide, resulting in the killing of several whites and negroes and the injury of many others. In order to defend themselves, the negroes organized a mob.

A little later the country was startled by the news of another riot in Omaha. Affairs then became extremely serious. An angry mob went to the jail and demanded a negro who was charged with attempted assault upon a white woman. When the mayor rose to speak to the mob, to entreat them not to resort to violence, and to let the law take its course, he was taken by the mob and hanged. He was cut down just before

he would have died, and was in a serious condition for two weeks. The court house was burned. Matters grew from bad to worse until state troops were called out, and even government troops were sent to quell the disorder.

The South has the reputation of having the most trouble with the negroes. Although no case of great importance has occurred recently except the case at Elaine, Arkansas, last year in which twelve sons of Africa were sentenced to death, minor riots are occurring every week. The South deals vigorously with the negro. Almost every negro who commits an assault on a white woman is speedily punished for his brutality by being lynched. The natural dislike of the negro and the wihte man for each other is very strong in the South.

The increasing occurrences of race riots lead men to inquire as to the causes. The causes are several, but of close relationship to each other. The first that we shall take up is the negro's natural prejudice and envy of the white man. Having risen from his previous condition of slavery, the negro is not yet satisfied with his condition. He desires to be placed on an equality with the white man. The negro is prejudiced against the white man because he considers himself to be the direct object of adverse discrimination, and is envious of the white man's wealth and power.

This natural feeling of prejudice and envy is increased by the fact of the mixture of blood in the negro. The whites and blacks have intermingled to such an extent that there are a great many mulattoes, and even a large number of negroes, who because of the constant intermingling of the two races, have become so near white that it is difficult to distinguish them from real white people. This constantly increasing proximity to the white man has instilled in the mind of the negro an amount of conceit which is by no means small. This nearness tends to make him feel that he is an equal of the white man and that he should be recognized as such socially and politically.

These thoughts have been consistently encouraged by aliens as an aid to their schemes against this country. This state-

ment is proved by the activity of German propagandists during the recent war. Our avowed enemies on the south, the Mexicans, also have contributed much toward arousing a feeling of unrest among the negroes. Aliens have pictured to the negro a future state of equality and material aggrandizement if he will rise at the first opportunity and assert his rights, using force and terror in the furtherance of his designs. This propaganda has had much effect on the narrow-minded negro.

The negro considers force as a last resort in establishing his equality. He has tried education. The negro is more enlightened now than he has ever been before, but still this fact has not aided him to any notable degree. He has put all his energy into the accumulation of wealth, thinking that he will thereby gain what he desires, but all to no avail. What to him now seems to be the only logical step if he gains in this country what he desires, is the use of force. As the months pass, schemes are under way for the execution of this plan.

How have the American people met this situation? With unrestricted force, lynchings and riots. The people have cast aside the law and have taken the matter into their own hands, dealing relentlessly and mercilessly with the negro. Every attempted assault upon a white woman or any uprising of the negroes has been met squarely by an immediate and forcible action of the angry mob.

This method of dealing with the negro is wrong in principle. Force should be the last means resorted to. If by any means force may be adopted, it is for the best interest of all concerned to do so. The use of force results inevitably in bloodshed and probably in civil war. It totally disregards that wise precept, "Peace on earth, and good will toward men." Therefore, in dealing with the negro problem, we should, if possible, avoid the use of force.

Besides being wrong in principle, the use of force tends not to the pacification of the negro, but to the creation in him of a deeper and greater feeling of resentment. He is made to feel

more strongly that he is the object of adverse discrimination by being treated thus. By all means we should attempt to conciliate the negro in order that no more trouble will follow. Let is treat him kindly, teach him his place by means of law and justice, and we shall have a gradual diminution of race riots.

This question of mob rule not only has to do with the internal affairs of the country, but it has a very significant external aspect. We of this country look askance at the violence and lack of law and order existing in Russia and in other European countries. We attribute the cause of this violence to the lack of ability and power on the part of the governments of these countries to enforce their laws. What do they think of us? Have they not the same right to look upon us as we look upon them?

If this mob rule does not cease, what will foreigners eventually think of us? They will think, and justly so, that our government is incapable of maintaining law and order. We shall be considered as men lacking the reason and power necessary for the curbing of our unruly nature. Therefore, in order to maintain our position among the other nations of the world, we must find some other way to cope with this situation.

We have taken note of some of the most important race riots of the past year. We have studied the causes of this agitation, and we have seen the wrong in mob rule. It now devolves upon us as Americans, as civilized people, and as Christians to formulate some practicable plan by which this trouble may be brought to an end. An immediate remedy for this evil may be found in the ceasing of assault upon white women, and the extinction of all preposterous ideas of equality by the negro. The white race will never acquiesce in being lowered to a position of political and social equality with the negro. Some of the old aristocratic spirit still remains in the white man. He cannot help remembering the former station of the negro. The white man also considers that he is white and that the negro is black, which indisputable fact forever

prevents the two races from being placed upon an equality with each other. As long as the negro attempts assault upon white women, he will be lynched and mobbed. The negro must learn his place and keep within the bounds if he expects and hopes to enjoy his existence in this country. Then, and only then, will lynchings and race riots cease.

In dealing with the negro when he has attempted assault or something similar, the law seems to be very slow to take action. This slowness with which the law deals with the negro irritates the white man to such a degree of exasperation that, in order to see vengeance and what he considers justice dealt to the negro, the white man takes the law into his own hands and deals speedily and passionately with the negro. What is necessary for the partial extinction of race riots is the immediate action of the law. I do not mean to say, however, that this speedy action of the law will entirely prevent lynchings and mob violence, for some people are too impatient to wait for the law to take its course, regardless of the speediness with which it is executed. If immediate action is taken by the law, however, a great deal will be accomplished toward preventing much of the violence which has hitherto existed.

Mob violence can only be controlled by the education of the coming generations. An educated nation is better prepared to cope with the questions that confront it. Being broader-minded and more enlightened, educated people are less liable to be influenced by petty jealousies. Most of the rioting is led by the uneducated class of people. Educated people are more prone to submit to law and reason. They do not let sudden impulses influence them to any great degree. Consequently, we should strive to better educate the children of both the white and black races in order that society may not be imperiled by the recurrence of these outbreaks of racial animosity.

With the more frequent occurrences and the increase in size of race riots, the race problem is becoming more and more serious every day. Formerly a problem which confronted

only the South, this grave trouble now confronts the people of almost every nook and corner of the country. As time passes the situation becomes more and more menacing. Sectional negro uprisings are very probable, and even a nation-wide riot is feared. Such an occurrence would result in the shedding of much blood, the stopping of the wheels of industry, and a situation similar to and equalled only by that in Russia at present. We should literally have a Reign of Terror such as that of France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Something must be done. The people of this country must solve this problem some way in order that we may enjoy peace, happiness, and prosperity. The interests of the nation and of posterity demand that some action be taken.

'Tis Hallowe'en

R. T. D. '21.

The spirits from beyond the Styx
The land in spooky grip transfix;
Off on their annual holiday
To earth their mystic visit pay.
'Tis now that owls and coal-black cats
And old stick brooms and screeching bats
All seem so odd and strange and wierd,
And witches, graveyards need be feared.
The very moon, the moaning pines,
The old dog's lonesome howls and whines
Tonight seem changed, fantastic, queer.
A creepy something fills the air
And makes, almost, men's blood run cold,
For frightful "hants" and ghosts grow bold
And everywhere go stalking round
To see what victims may be found;
And phantoms, spectres, oft are seen.
'Tis Spirits' Night; 'tis Hallowe'en.

The Red Opal

Ivan Zanski.

The old mill was thought to be haunted. Many people who had passed it late at night declared that they had heard the creaking of the wheel and the grinding of the stones. But the wheel had fallen to pieces long ago, and the stones lay broken in the old mill race. It was very seldom that anyone came near the mill now that the old miller was confined to his house. It had been his custom for years to go to the mill every afternoon just before sunset and return to his little home over the hill after dark. The superstitious folk of the neighborhood whispered among themselves that the old miller was in league with evil spirits.

At three o'clock of a clear August night the full moon, hanging just above the hill that formed the western horizon, illuminated the little valley with its pale light. The old mill-house, a tall three-story buidling constructed of hewn timbers, stood out as a black mass against the background of the water in the partially drained pond, from which protruded the white stumps of dead cypress trees. From the mill, a road, now covered with brown pine needles, climbed steeply up the hill, winding in and out among the tall pines that cast long, ghostly shadows in the light of the August moon.

From across the pond came the lonesome call of the whip-poorwill, to be answered by the errie cry of a screech owl perched beneath the gable of the mill. Around the last curve of the road appeared a shadow that slowly grew until at last the figure of an old, stooped man came into view. The old miller hobbled slowly up to the mill house and, after looking around carefully as if to be sure that he was not observed, entered the door, which opened into the main floor of the mill. Feeling his way in the darkness, the old miller crossed the large room, found the ladder that led to a small room beneath the main floor, and with much difficulty succeeded in

reaching the lower floor. Here he sank exhausted at the foot of the ladder and stared around him in the darkness.

The low ceiling was the floor of the room above, supported by heavy beams that were covered with cobwebs. The rough stone foundation of the building formed the walls of the little room, and the floor was made of flat stones. A pale shaft of moonlight, bright in contrast with the darkness of the place, entered at a small square window just beneath the ceiling and, after painting a white band across the black of the darkness, pictured on the stone wall a gray square crossed with the shadow of the iron bars in the window. Except for the shaft of moonlight and the gray square on the wall, the little room was filled with an almost tangible darkness.

Noiselessly, except for his labored breathing, the old man rose slowly to his feet and crossed the room to a square stone in the floor beneath the gray square of light. He inserted a knife into the crevice between two stones, and the square stone swung slowly upward. With a quickness of which he had seemed incapable, the old miller knelt beside the opening and thrust a thin hand into its black depths.

The shaft of light was cut by a swiftly moving shadow, a low thud was heard, and with a sigh the old miller dropped to the floor. The screech owl in the gable sent out a long quavering note and flew noiselessly into the darkness of the pines.

A short man stepped out of the darkness into the shaft of light, laid down his club, and bent over the body of the old miller. After taking from the thin hand a small package that it still grasped tightly, he pushed the body into the opening and lowered the stone. He then crossed the room and climbed the ladder to the floor above.

Outside the old mill the man stopped and slowly opened the package in his hand. He held up his hand, and in the pale moonlight the object he held reflected all the colors of the rainbow; but in these colors red always predominated.

"Ah!" the man exclaimed, "It is the Red Opal."

Two months before on another moonlight night, this time in June, two men were sitting at a table in a quiet corner of a fashionable roof-garden cafe in New York. One of these men was noticeably tall; the other was noticeably short. The short man was talking earnestly, and the tall man was quietly listening.

"I'll tell you, Jack, it can be done, and somebody's going to do it. It might as well be us. Wha'd 'ye say, Jack?"

"Perhaps you are right, Henry. Yes, I believe you are. It can be done, but it's risky as the devil."

"Now you listen, Jack, and I'll tell you exactly how it is. When I'm through, I think that you'll agree that we can't afford to let this chance slip.

"Three months ago old Bill Lantree was in India, hunting tigers and collecting jewels and other trinkets. The Red Opal had been handed down from one generation to another of the rulers of one of those little mountain kingdoms in the northern part of India, and it was regarded as the most valuable of the royal possessions, for the Hindoo priests said that when the stone was lost, the rulers would lose their power.

"Well, old Bill heard this story and decided that he wanted the Red Opal in his collection. How he got it I don't know, but anyway he came back to New York three weeks ago and placed the Red Opal among his other curios. He hasn't shown it to anybody except his closest friends, but I've got it absolutely straight that he keeps it in a cabinet in the Oriental room on the third floor of his house on Riverside Drive. And it's dead certain that we can get it if we follow my plan.

"Of course those Hindoos raised a terrible howl when they found that the Red Opal was gone, and they are trying their best to get it back. Yesterday three of them landed in New York; they are staying at a quiet little downtown hotel, hoping thus to escape observation.

"It's up to us to get the thing first and sell out to the side that bids highest. Are you with me, Jack?"

"Yes, Henry, I'll do it."

A week later the newspapers carried the account of an attempted robbery in Mr. Lantree's home. The newspapers declared that nothing was missing, but next day the best private detectives in the city were searching for the men who had stolen the Red Opal. The city soon became unsafe for the possessors of the stone. They could not risk leaving the city, and it was dangerous to keep the stone in their possession. Nor could they risk selling it until the search had quieted down. Finally Jack thought of a plan whereby the Red Opal could be kept safe with little danger of its discovery.

When Jack Brandon left Plainville for New York two years before, he kissed Lucy Williams and promised to come back to her soon; and she waited faithfully through long, dreary months during which she heard from Jack at longer and longer intervals. At the end of a year her mother died, and she went to live with her uncle, the owner of the old mill. Her life here was very unpleasant, for her uncle was irritable and miserly.

For months she did not hear from Jack. Then one day she found in the mail box a letter and a package from him. In the letter Jack begged her forgiveness for his neglect and promised to come out to see her in a few weeks. The package contained the Red Opal, which Jack asked her to keep for him until he came. Lucy was the happiest that she had been for months.

At two o'clock on a hot August night a smart roadster drove up to the little home, and a short, fashionably dressed man stepped out and knocked loudly on the door. Lucy dressed quickly and came to the door. The man introduced himself as Henry Hollis, the partner of Jack. Anxious for news of Jack, Lucy greeted him cordially and asked him to come into the little parlor. After she had lighted an oil lamp and they were seated, he leaned over and spoke intimately.

"Now I don't want to alarm you, but Jack's in a little trouble, and he asked me to get the opal he sent you. As

soon as he gets it, he can get out of his trouble, and then he will come to see you himself.''

While he was talking, Lucy sat staring straight ahead. When he had finished, she turned to him and spoke with a quavering voice: ''Jack in trouble! But what has the opal to do with it? How can I know that he sent you?''

''Look here,'' he replied roughly, ''I haven't got time to sit here arguing the matter. Jack needs the stone, and I've got to hurry.''

''Wait a minute, and I'll run into my room and get it,'' she answered, and she hastened out of the room.

But instead of going to her room for the stone she went to her uncle and asked him what he thought she should do. The old miller dressed quickly, and while he was dressing, he told her of his secret hiding-place in the old mill.

''I'll hide the opal there under the square stone in the little underground room until we can find out more about Jack,'' he said, and slipped out of the back of the house with the stone in his hand.

In a few minutes Lucy went back to the parlor to tell Hollis that she had lost the opal, but when she entered the room he was gone. He had overheard her conversation with her uncle and had gone ahead to waylay him. The girl, not knowing this, waited anxiously for the retrn of her uncle.

The short man stood for several minutes, gloating over the jewel in his hand and turning it over and over in the moonlight.

''Yes, it is the Red Opal, and old Bill said that he would give me fifty thousand for it, and no questions asked.''

''Wait a minute, Henry. Have you forgotten me? Just remember please that I am in on this. And, by the way, where is the old miller? I followed you here from the house, and I was looking through the little window.''

Hollis turned quickly and at the mention of the old miller, as if realizing for the first time what he had done, dropped the stone and ran terror-stricken along the old milldam. In

his fright he ran too near the edge, tripped, and fell into the water. Brandon waited for him to come up, but his body never came to the surface. Finally Brandon turned and picked up the stone that lay glittering in the last rays of the setting moon.

"Yes, it is the Red Opal. The Red Opal! You have caused two deaths I know, and you have probably caused more that I have never heard of. I was a fool, but I have come to my senses at last. You'll not cause any more trouble."

Raising his hand high over his head, he threw the Red Opal far out over the pond, turned quickly, and started up the old road toward the little home where a girl with tear-stained eyes was waiting anxiously for the return of—her lover.

Thoughts of Parting

W. C. M. '21

I wonder why I'm lonesome:
I'm feeling awful blue;
If you were here to cheer me, Dear,
I'd feel better than I do.
I've known you just a little while,
But still I can't forget your smile;
It simply haunts me all the while,
And thrills me through and through.

Whenever there's a meeting,
There comes a time to go;
The leaving time is grieving time,
Though tears don't always flow;
And now's the time when we must part,
The very thought 'most breaks my heart,
And though we'll soon be far apart,
I'll ne'er forget you, no.

EDITORIALS

1920-21

Another college year has begun; last year's learned seniors are now experienced men and women of the world; last year's blushing juniors are now dignified seniors; last year's bloody sophomores are now kindly juniors; and last year's timid freshmen are now sophisticated sophomores. Thus does our college life go on. Old faces go and new ones take their places; but every year the **Archive** is here to greet you and to endeavor to entertain and serve you. But we are not altogether unselfish, and we desire and expect your hearty support. The **Archive** is the **college magazine, your magazine;** we want you to make it really yours, read it, criticise it, contribute your manuscript to it, and subscribe to it—in short, make it just as real as part of your college life as you will make the football team, the basket ball team, and the baseball team. And on our part, we promise that, with your support, we will do our best to make the **Archive** of 1920-21 a worthy part of your college life, a true representative of the best spirit of Trinity.

For Freshmen Co-Eds Only

"Wonder if I'll ever be at home on this great big campus. Wonder how everybody 'cept me knows just when and how and why to do everything. Wonder how those sophomores learned so much in one little year."

Thus the freshman ponders. Her big blue eyes are filled with wonder and admiration. In her heart is an inexpressible longing to become a part of the life about her. Just what that part is to be she is yet to learn.

Did you ever stop to think, little freshman, that life in college, as elsewhere, is just what you make it? You can make a real success of your college life, not by unconcernedly drifting from one day to another, but by entering wholeheartedly into every possible phase of college activities. Study? To be sure! Study is a very necessary part of the year's program. Yet study is by no means the only thing to be considered. For instance, our old friend, gymnasium, urges you to be a regular visitor in his home across the street. The Y. W. C. A. needs new and enthusiastic workers. The Athena Literary Society is a never-ending source of inspiration to those who take an active part in its work. Your voice will no doubt give added tone and volume to the Girl's Glee Club. Best of all, little freshman, wouldn't it be fine to see some of your very own compositions in the **Archive?**

The blue eyes of the freshman ere still full of wonder. Yet with the wonder is a new something—determination.

"I'll do it," cries the freshman. "I'll join everything, do everything, be everything—and—and maybe some day I'll be important enough for a real live sophomore to notice me."

H. M.

Give Us Some Pep

With the football season here and the basket-ball season only a short time off the need for a distinctive Trinity yell and a distinctive Trinity song becomes more and more apparent. It is a lamentable fact that a college the size of Trinity shouldd have no distinctive yell or college song. Of course, we have got along in the past without either, but as more and more students enter Trinity, there is greater need for some binding, all-expressive, Trinitorian manner of expressing college spirit.

All the larger colleges and universities, as well as many of the smaller ones, have songs and yells peculiarly their own. So why not Trinity? The yell will be easier to obtain than the song, but both should be forthcoming, the tune of the song perhaps from some Trinity student of a later date; but has Trinity not yet produced a poet or rhymster who is able to give vent to Trinity feeling in a peppery, fiery, all-encompassing song-yell, one that will be recognized wherever Trinity athletes meet their opponents on the field of sports?

The song, however, many wait, but we sadly need a distinctive yell. With several hundred students in college this year it is only fair that they be given some encouragement in the form of a yell that will unite the entire Trinity student-body as one voice encouraging our athletes to greater conquests and greater honor for our institution. S. M. H.

Just Try It

If you think you can't do it,
Don't say it.
If another outdoes you,
Don't rue it.
If you stay in the hole
'Till you're tough and old,
Don't give up the puzzle.
Just try it.

If they tell you you've failed,
Don't believe it.
If they show you your failure,
Don't see it.
Just turn your head
And fight on 'till dead,
And you'll come out on top.
Just try it.

For where there's will there's a way.
You believe it.
And where there's a way there's a chance.
You know it.
So fight like a man
With all force that you can,
And you'll win in the scrap.
Just try it.

S. M. H.

WAYSIDE WARES

THE ELEPHANT STEPPED ON THE BED BUG'S TOE

"Oh, the elephant stepped on the red bug's toe.
The red bug said, 'Lord, help your so-u-l!' "

Dan Hoyle leaped out of bed laughing. "Ye gods! I reckon he did," (speaking of the red bug, of course). Again the tilting voice filled the room.

"Oh, the elephant stepped on the red bug's toe.
The red bug said, 'Lord, help your so-u-l!' "

Dan gathered his bath robe about him, opened the window softly, and peered cautiously out into the June morning. A blue apron and pink sunbonnet flashed through the hollyhock hedge at the end of the house and disappeared into the garden. He drew back disappointed and began to dress.

Dan Hoyle had met Nell Davis at a fraternity house party, and when she returned to her Southern home, she had carried the heart of the New England boy with her. This was his first visit to her home, and he was beginning to have some misgivings. Nell was so beautiful, so perfect. Might she not be too perfect to live with comfortably? Dan had heard of such cases. Blue aprons, pink sunbonnets, absurd songs, and —Nell! He laughed a little ruefully.

When he entered the old hall, Nell was there waiting for him, as lovely as the June morning. In the joy of being with her at that moment, Dan's misgqivings fled. But again as she sat across from him at the breakfast table, where a snowy-haired old aunt presided, he wondered. A mocking bird paused on a lilac bough beneath the window and poured out his exultant song of adoration to the morning. Fragrant spring odors swept in from the garden and neighboring fields; the woods called to the man; the day was made for joyous outdoor living. Ask Nell to ramble with him in the woods and fields! Again the rueful smile twisted his lips.

In the days that followed his love for Nell did not lessen. But now along with his love he was conscious of something lacking. This was usually felt most when a certain gay, blue-aproned figure went out to meet the morning. He had never been able to catch a glimpse of her face demurely concealed by the sunbonnet, but now that his visit was drawing to a close, his curiosity increased. On the night before his departure he slipped a package up to his room--an alarm clock.

The next morning when its strident voice called him, he dressed hurriedly and slipped down the stairs, through the hall, and out into the dew-drenched garden. With a guilty doubt as to whether he was false to Nell, he concealed himself behind a clump of bushes. He must see for once the face of this joyous maiden, the June girl with the wonderful voice. She was coming from the other end of the garden now, pausing now and then to cut a flower for her basket or train a refractory vine. A bluebird swung down into the garden and rested in the swaying trumpet-vines above the girl's head. The girl stood still, and the bird burst into the full ecstacy of his morning song. The girl steped back, made the songster a sweeping curtsy and imitated his song exactly. Then she turned and sped up the path. As she drew near Dan's hiding place, he stepped out so suddenly that he almost trod on the hurrying feet.

"Oh, the elephant 'most stepped on the red bug's toe," she sang mischievously, but with bent head. Dan held her gently by the arm. "Pause a while, little bluebird; look up and sing." But for a moment longer the head remained down. Then suddenly the slim shoulders were flung back, and a roguish, crimson face looked up from beneath the sunbonnet.

"Nell!"

"Dan, I am not going to try to be like your prim New England ancestors any more, and if you cannot love me just like I am——"

"New England ancestors?"

"Yes, Aunty said that a New England man could not stand

a woman who was not always perfectly poised, interested only in——''

''Elephants and red bugs,'' he supplied somewhat irrelevantly, but that was all that was necessary at the moment.

M. G. P.

A Letter of Advice To A Prospective Freshman

Dear Little Freshman of Next Year:

This, Little Freshman, is the advice of one who is not yet removed from the unhappiness of unsophistication. You will come next year with a feeling of self-reliance, and with much assurance; but step carefully, Little Freshman, enlightenment will come only too soon.

Always be modest and retiring. Watch every chance to shine the sophomore's shoes. Wash their bath tubs and their handkerchiefs. Always stick your chewing gum in a conspicuous place before chewing the flavor out of it, or you will be thought selfish. Arise before light each morning, and as each sleepy girl gets up, do everything possible for her comfort, such as brushing her hair, lacing her shoes, hooking her dress, and so on.

After having helped the latest riser get to breakfast on time, do not go down yourself—this would be too thoughtless —but hunt the books of every girl and carry them to the front door, letting each one grab her own as she hurriedly passes out. Always go to lunch, as without it you would be unable to assist the upper classmen, but always remember that you are a freshman. Stand back until the sophomores are seated, and eat only what the others do not want. After lunch announce yourself at the service of everyone for anything from darning stockings to writing themes. Upon all occasions answer cheerfully, but never express a thought of your own and never ask questions.

Always study your lessons well and be able to answer every question, so that in case some upper-classman looks bewildered when called upon, you can answer, thus saving your senior the embarsassment. When tubbed never resist; always assist.

And here, Little Freshman, is a big "Don't." DON'T sit on trunks. Just what is so awful about sitting on trunks I

have never been able to understand, but the fact that it is absolutely unforgivable is evident. A freshman's sitting on a trunk, no matter how gracefully, is an unpardonable sin.

Follow all this, Little Freshman of Next Year, and you will do well. With love and sympathy,

A Freshman of This Year.

When You're A Baby Freshman

You say I am a freshman?
  Well you are mighty right.
I do not live live right near here;
  I just got in last night.

I feel so awful verdant;
  I don't know anyone.
I wish it was vacation
  And all my work was done.

I don't know what to do next;
  I don't know where to go.
I wonder who these folks are—
  It seems as if they know.

Oh, yes, they are the sop'mores;
  They're planning what to do.
I'll bet I get a tubbing,
  And several pie beds, too.

I hope I'll like the juniors—
  They're in our sister class.
I feel I need a sister
  Out in this dreadful mass.

The seniors act so easy;
  I guess they know a lot.
I'm so insignificant—
  Worse than a little tot.

When you're a baby freshman,
  You feel like a free show.
Everybody stares at you
  As if to tell you so.

When I'm an upper classman,
I know just what I'll do;
I'll be nice to the freshmen
So they won't feel so new.
—Ethel Hall Merritt, '24.

* * * * * * *

WE ALSO OFFER OUR SYMPATHY

A freshman a few days ago, upon calling at the general delivery window of the postoffice and finding that his best girl back at home had not written to him, at once went back to his room and wrote her a short note. The note read as follows:

Dear Margaret:

If you are married, luck to thee;
If indisposed, my sympathy;
But if not these, how can it be
That you will not write to me?

EXCHANGES

A happy New Year to you, our Exchanges. Another college year is here, and now we are looking forward eagerly to the renewal of relations with our sister publications. It is the hope of the Archive that these relations throughout the year may be mutually pleasant and profitable.

This year should be important in the life of college publications, for now the war period is definitely closed, and colleges all over the country are filled to overflowing with young men and women who are eager to fit themselves for the best life of a new world. During the reconstruction period that is here even now the idealism of many of these eager young people will be sorely tried. College publications can do much toward helping them to retain these ideals and find that best life for which they are seeking. This year, then, should be for us, first of all, a year of service; but in serving others we shall also serve ourselves.

This year college publications should grow and improve their standards. Each magazine should strive to build up in its institution a real college literature. In this effort earnest, sincere, constructive criticism given in the spirit of friendly helpfulness will be of inestimable value.

The Archive will endeavor to give this kind of criticism, and it will welcome all criticism given in this spirit.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE CALL OF HIS TRAUMEREI

Gladys V. Price, '20.

The Bijou musician got up from the old piano, said a few words to the manager in the aisle, and walked out. Mr. Edward Davis remained standing, burying his feet more deeply in the sawdust path. A little child—a ragamuffin he was—slipped from the end of the bench.

"Mister, my daddy can play on that piano. Won't you let him?"

"Oh, you're the little boy who was in here the other day with his aunt. What did you say? Your father—"

The blond curls looked like spun silver in the prism of light that covered the aisle, and a head-shaped shadow fell on the bottom of the screen. The child nodded toward a tattered figure with slightly bent shoulders that was staring blankly toward the screen.

"Yes, sir, that's him. Aunt Ellen sent me to town with daddy, you see. He's a real good daddy now. People say he used to be awful and get drunk. He's quit now, but he don't know how to do nothing but play since he cut out the booze. Please, Mister, can't he play?"

The manager was of course delighted; one of his problems had been solved. A minute before he had been worried, for well he knew what the Sunday Reporter would say if the Bijou fell down on its so-called music on Saturday night. He patted the soft curls.

"Why, of course he can, Sambo. Just take him over there to the piano."

The child led his father by the hand to the rickety stool. As if by mere instinct, the man sat down and began to play. Even in the dim light reflected from the screen Sambo could

see that his father was straightening up his shoulders as he did when he felt best and looked youngest.

"Daddy, see the picture of the cowboys there! Watch 'em catch those Indians."

Sambo knew that "Daddy" did not realize what had been said to him, but the child also knew that occasionally mere suggestions made his father seem more rational. He wrung his little hands and jumped with glee as he heard the music grow wilder and wilder. His "Daddy" was understanding at least a portion of what he was seeing.

Sambo did not notice—nor did anyone else for that matter—how the sides of the big black tent were whipping against the supporting poles. He saw only the cowboys and the horses and heard only the music that seemed a real part of the picture. A few moments later the pattering sound all around him seemed only the tramping of the racing horses. Davis came in unnoticed; he let down the parts of the tent which were raised for ventilation with even more noise than usual, but no one saw or heard him. Those who were not riding over the Texas ranges in the picture were wondering how the Bijou had become so prosperous as to hire the grand new musician. Not one of the two hundred knew that a heavy rain was almost beating down the old tent.

After Davis had adjusted the so-called windows and had tightened the numerous ropes that held the tent, he went to the front door. There he stopped to talk to the ticket-seller, who had just made herself comfortable in her rainy-day post. She was a doll of a girl, about twenty-five, but business through and through.

"Look here, Miss Meredith," Davis began, "I wish you'd tell me a little about yourself. I've been wondering here lately why you always work so hard, or at least seem to be working with never a minute for recreation."

"Well, maybe I'll tell you some day if you'll be real good," she answered with forced lightness. She was tired; the thermometer had reached its highest that noon, and the crowds

had been just as large as usual. The last performance was on now. Lillian Meredith was glad of that, but still she felt depressed. She supposed that she had the rainy-day blues. All day long, in spite of the rush, she had been thinking of herself, a thing which she generally forbade herself to do. Davis changed the subject.

"By the way, did you notice the curly-headed kid who bought tickets for two nights? I want you to see him if you didn't. He looks like a doll dressed up in rags. His father is down there playing for us, has been ever since Harry left, and he can sure do the stunt, too. But the kid says his daddy hasn't any sense about anything except playing. Sounds queer to me."

While he was talking, the cowboys caught up with the Indians, killed all but the chief, captured him, and finished up the picture as a movie should end. In the usual way the crowd pushed toward the exit, but there was not the usual sleepy untalkativeness of the last spectators on Saturday night. Lillian heard similar phrases from all who passed her.

"Who is the new man?"

"Isn't he wonderful?"

"Why I forgot myself completely!"

"Did you know it was raining?"

"I never heard music that suited a picture better."

Slowly the old Bijou was emptied as the crowd separated, running in all directions through the slackening rain. As soon as he could get through the crowd, Davis returned to the piano. The man was still playing, though in a softer tone. Five or six people were grouped around him. Sambo ran up the aisle to meet the manager.

"Please, sir, Daddy is enjoying himself so much. The doctors say he's thinking of mother when he plays like this. Could we stay a little longer—oh, even a few minutes?" the child begged, pulling at Davis' sleeve. "You see they have taken our piano away for rent, and daddy has nowhere to play any more. Oh, please!"

Edward Davis had not known that he could have the tender thoughts that filled his mind then. He could not answer Sambo. Instead he started slowly up the sawdust path again. Lillian was standing at the door ready to leave. She was listening now, though, to the melody of the old piano. It was filling her with gloom, that rich sadness that our melancholy moods make us revel in. As if enchanted, she began to move toward the piano. Traumerei was mingling its most voluminous base with its sweetest treble notes. The occasional dropping of rain on the canvas overhead seemed only to emphasize the gentleness of the melody, while the semi-darkness and the black canvas and the empty benches all around added gloom to the sadder notes. Traumerei, the song of sweetest sadness, Lillian's girlhood favorite of all music, was luring her soul on, was lifting her out of the monotonous life of a movie cashier back into the time when she had loved all people and all things.

Past Edward Davis she moved, and on down the aisle. When Sambo saw her coming so strangely, a bit frightened, he went back to his father. The moving figure came nearer and nearer. Sadder and sweeter the music grew. Then with the clearness of a flute burst out a beautiful bird-like whistle.

The girl checked her step. A thousand thoughts, a thousand visions, flashed through her mind in an instant, all reaching a climax in one scene—her husband staggering into her room with a revolver in his hand and falling on the floor in a drunken sleep. She experienced again the horror of that moment when she had decided to leave her baby for her sister to take care of, and when she had left her home forever, she thought. Oh, how bitterly she had hated that man! How many times she had said to herself, "His music charmed me into loving him!"

Then her gleaming eyes fell on the curly little head, and as the strain returned to its first phase, her soul melted. Again she moved slowly, slowly on. Finally she stood behind the musician. At first she remained perfectly still; then she

raised her hands and laid them gently on the man's shoulders. Gradually her head bowed nearer his. Just as the last full chord sounded, while the bewildered listeners watched in silence and the music died into a hum, Lillian's soft cheek touched the man's hair. Then, as if she had been shot, she fell in a crumpled heap in the sawdust. The musician sprang up. He looked around wildly. As he caught sight of the girl, a new light shone in his face, then a sadder expression came as he threw himself beside the girl and sobbed,

"Oh, my Lily, my Lily!"

Adventuring

Mary Wescott, '14.

O, we have sailed away to sea, such brave and daring sailor-
men,
(Half a dozen children on an old wrecked raft),
And our hearts were nothing daunted though we spied them
in the offing,
Bearing grimly down upon us, three suspicious craft.

Our flag was flying gaily, but their mast-head held no stand-
ard;
So as they drew toward us we bade them all hail.
They raised the Skull and Crossbones, and we gave them all
our broadside;
We raked them well both fore and aft, despoiling spar and
sail.

We seized their ships with grappling hooks and climbed
aboard undaunted,
(Our numbers half a dozen and their five score).
We held them there in deadly fight until they cried for
quarter,
With all their scuppers running blood, and killed or wound-
ed sore.

We bound them round their mast-head, and we searched their
ship for treasure.
(Gentlemen adventurers, we sailed the seas.)
We found their chests of Spanish gold, their guns and wealth
uncounted,
Their bales of silk and casks of wine and all things else
that please.

We seized upon their battered ships and sailed away in tri-
umph

(Striking sharply westward for San Salvador.)
We sailed the sea full many a day, our names a Spanish terror,
Then drew our good ships in the roads and spent our days ashore.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIII DECEMBER, 1920 No. 2

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their **Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become** a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1920

THE CROONING OF THE SEA

R. T. D. '21.

O, it's grand to lie and listen to the singing of the sea,
To the booming of the breakers at eternal revelry;
To the song that's always welling up from 'neath the heaving seas,
And the strumming, lonely, plaintive, yet so charming, of the breeze,
All a-mingled with the thudding of the surge's ceaseless roll—!
'Tis the voice of throbbing waters just a-talking to your soul!

In a lowly, humble cottage by the ocean just to lie
And be lulled to peaceful sleeping by its gentle lullaby!
With the zephyr's soft caressing on your cheek and brow and and hair
And your nostrils all a-quiver with the smell of salty air—
'Tis the most delightful music, most enchanting melody!
O, it's sweet to sleep a-dreaming to the crooning of the sea!

In Lullaby Land

S. S. Farabow.

"Say, Daisy, did you spot that fat guy on the left end of the bald-head row wearing the diamond studs and stick pin?"

"Sure, what about him?"

"Oh, nothing much except that I'll bet you my best pair of silk stockings against your pink silk shirtwaist that you can't vamp him into taking you out to lunch tonight after the show."

"Shucks, you make me tired, but I'll take the bet, and I'll be wearing a new pair of silk hose tomorrow," scoffed Daisy as she touched her already flaming cheeks with the paint rag. "You just watch me make eyes at him when I do that speed dance in the next act. I'll have him hanging over the footlights before I get thru with him."

She did, as usual. That evening while Daisy was enjoying all the delicacies that "the fat guy on the bald-head row" could buy her and at the same time teasing him unmercifully, as a kitten teases a captured mouse, the rest of the company was gathered in one corner of the hotel lobby discussing the events of the day when someone asked where Daisy was.

"Oh, she is out spreading joy with some fat old masher or other, and believe me, she will leave him with a heavy heart and a light pocketbook. It serves him right, tho, and I, for one, do not expect to waste any sympathy on him." This remark came from the leading lady, Helen Damour, and was prompted by both friendship and just a shade of jealousy; for Daisy Blair, tho just an amateur at the game, was the recognized vampire and mankiller of the company and was the object of the envy of the women and the despairing adoration of the men.

"You said the word, Helen. Daisy is some little smasher of hearts, and she knows it. She stings every man who comes around her, not that I care, for they would not hesitate to

ruin our whole lives; but she has no more heart than the guy who throws the spotlight in our eyes.'' Grace Durant, who spoke these words, was the oldest member of the troupe, and the stage life had lost most of its charm for her long ago.

''Well, I can't blame the kid. She's got the looks, the art, and the eyes, and she certainly can make the men squirm when she uses them. She will get hold of some rich old fool and will marry him, for she is hunting for big game. I feel real sorroy for some of the men that she takes on the string and then drops as soon as she finds that they haven't got dough enough to suit her. She has about as much mercy on them as the night clerk who wakes us in time to catch the two-fifty has on us.'' Mabel Powell, who was too fat to be jealous, spoke these words in her lazy drawl. Mabel was Daisy's best friend and room-mate.

''Oh well, she is young and will strike her match some day if she has not already done so. I tell you girls she can get about what she wants in the male line. As for me, such as I am, she can put her halter around my neck whenever she gets ready.'' This remark came from the chief comedian, who did not look nearly so funny off the stage as he did during the show.

''I don't exactly understand her, but I believe that she is fooling us about being so heartless. Don't you remember the time old Henry Bane, our chief comic dancer, had a stroke of paralysis in the middle of the show. Daisy was sitting on the floor right in front of the audience with his head in her lap and the tears running down her cheeks before the big sheet was lowered. She didn't forget him the next day either, for she carried him a nice basket of fruit just before we left town.'' Mabel was singing the praises of her ideal, as usual, for she was devoted to her room-mate and, besides, she shone by reflected glory because Daisy confided in her more than in anyone else.

''Daisy is powerful foolish about kids, too. I never saw her pass a crowd of them on the street without wanting to stop and speak to them. She even makes friends with all the

little saucy, rascally newsboys that she sees, and they seem to think the world of her." Mabel was still talking, for she generally monopolized the conversation when Daisy was being discussed.

"Yes, I imagine she would make a dandy little wife and mother if the right man were to come along. I hope he will come, altho the Lord knows I will envy him." It seemed for an instant that a pained and wistful expression passed over the homely features of the comedian as he spoke these words but perhaps it was caused by his face's being thrown into the shadow as he turned to greet Daisy, who had just returned from her midnight frolic.

She came over to the corner where her friends were and introduced her companion of the evening to them. They all chatted together for a few moments about shows and stage life, on both of which sujects Daisy's escort seemed to be very well informed. When the other members of the party began to excuse themselves to go to their rooms, Daisy turned to her companion, thanking him for his attention and asking him if he would be at the station the next morning. She then gave him her hand and with a smile and a nod bade him good night.

He was at the station the next morning, but he received no further attention from his fair companion of the night before except a smiling handshake and a few hastily spoken words as she was getting on the train. Her lack of interest in him showed that his bank account had failed to qualify.

Things went on in this way for several weeks, but somehow, tho she had many chances, Daisy could never find a man who had money enough for her to be willing to marry him. She was not contented, but she was the mistress of her emotions and could keep her sighs and regrets to herself; hence the other members of the troupe imagined that she was supremly happy and was having a glorious time.

One afternoon during the matinee performance Daisy came into the dressing room with her hands tightly clasped over

her heart, her breath coming in gasps, and her face deathly pale under the makeup.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Mabel in a frightened voice. "You look like you have seen a ghost or something. Did you do your dance too fast?"

"No, I didn't exactly see a ghost, for he is alive; but I feel like I don't want to live any longer. There is a fellow sitting in the audience who looks exactly like an old schoolday sweetheart of mine. I can't bear to go out there again. I feel like his eyes will burn a hole thru me. It will kill me to go back out there. Oh, why don't they stop applauding?"

"Brace up, honey. You mustn't spoil the whole show with your little spell of nerves; besides, I don't think the guy you saw was your old sweetheart. Go out there and smile at those poor boobs on the bald-head before they go wild. That's a good girl."

She danced thru three more encores altho her cheeks were vivid at one moment and ghastly pale the next and her heart was throbbing as if it would break. She never allowed her eyes to rest a single moment upon one face in the audience, altho its owner was entirely unaware of the misery he was causing. His only thought was that she was a swell chicken and could shake a mighty mean foot.

To him she was nothing more than a moth, dancing in the brilliance of the spotlght for a moment, and he did not realize that the heat was scorching her wings, turning her beauteous tints to a dull brown, and searing her very soul while her heart burned as if it were on fire. The brilliant glow of the spotlight, together with the heavy makeup, concealed all except the painted smile and the crimson flush from a crowd which did not notice and would not have cared.

After the show she dressed like one in a dream altho she realized that the face was a mere mocking ghost of the past. She never knew how she finished the day's work, for nature has mercifully made human beings so that utter misery is relieved by forgetfulness. That night after Mabel had begun to snore, Daisy buried her face in her pillow to smother the

sobs that shook her whole body, and after hours of utter misery, dropped off into a restless and uneasy sleep.

"Aw kid, wake up. I feel so queer and sobby, and I know I'll have a spell of the weeps if you don't stop crooning that old lullaby."

"What is the matter, Mabel? Was I talking in my sleep?" asked the kid, raising up in bed and looking around the bare, dingy room with a dazed, uncertain expression on her face.

"No, but you had me all snuggled up in your arms like I was a baby, and you were singing this old lullaby to me:

'Sleep, sleep baby bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night.
Sleep, sleep .....'"

As Mabel sang these words in a mocking voice, she swayed from side to side as if she were a mother rocking her baby to sleep, but Daisy listened for only a moment before she began to beg her almost frantically to stop.

"Oh, please do stop. I had a dream last night that makes me wish that I were dead. I can't bear to think about it the way things are, but I would be so happy if my dream were only true."

"Happy! You ought to be happy anyway. Anyone who can get anything out of a man like you can! You've got a spell of the blues and need a good breakfast and a glass of wine to cheer you up. Go ahead and tell me about the dream. It might help your blues, and besides I want to hear all about it."

Mabel welcomed this opportunity to get Daisy to talk about herself, for hitherto she had steadfastly refused to tell anyone where her home had been before she went on the stage or anything about her past life. Her secrecy had been the cause of a great deal of curiosity which no one had been able to satisfy, for Daisy had suddenly joined the troupe on the day before they were leaving on their circuit. The only thing that they knew was that she had come to the chorus from the vaudeville stage.

"You remember the day I told you about seeing a boy who

reminded me of one of my old schoolday pals? Well, I don't seem to be able to forget seeing him; altho I know I had never seen him before and don't suppose I will ever see him again. The boy I used to know was only a kid of about eighteen when I left home to go on the stage. We were great pals and everyone said that we would marry as soon as we were grown. He used to try to get me to promise to marry him, but I always told him that we were too young to think about such things. You see I had always wanted to go on the stage and see life away from home before I got married. One day I saw an ad for a chorus girl in the Elite Stock Company that was showing at home that week. I applied, like a little dunce. My folks were opposed to my ambition; so I did not tell them. I got the job. I did fairly well from the first, and I soon got a place with this troupe. I haven't seen Billy or anyone else that I knew since I left home..... His name was William Jackson Hampton, but everybody called him Billy.

"That fellow I saw yesterday afternoon made me think about the old town and the good times we kids used to have together. Last night I dreamed that I had married Billy, and we had the cutest little cottage right next door to my father's with lots of flowers and vines around it, a great big yard, and chickens and a garden..... Oh, you know the kind of place." As she finished speaking, Daisy tried to smile, but she made such a dismal failure that she determined not to try again.

Mabel shifted her gum and swallowed nervously, then replied, "Sure I've seen lots of them in real estate ads and in the sleepy southern towns where everyone knows when a new baby is born, or anyone dies, or one of the neighbors has fried chicken for dinner."

"Yes, that was just the sort of place I lived in, and that was one reason I didn't want to marry Billy right away, for every one had always spoken of us together and teased us about each other since before I put on long dresses and Billy began to shave. But in my dream Billy and I was married, and ....."

Daisy realized the impossibility of being understood and decided that it would be better for her not to tell that she was dreaming of rocking Billy Jr.'s cradle and singing him to sleep when she was awakened. She ended with a sigh and a shrug of her shoulders.

"Oh, nothing much; it was only a dream and does not matter at all."

So the matter passed and was soon entirely forgotten by Mabel who did not understand much of Daisy's sentiment; for she had never known life in a small town, since she was a child of the city and a daughter of the crowd. Daisy did not forget her dream. She treasured it in her heart and thought of it continually when her work of amusing others did not drive all thought of her own happiness from her mind. When she was resting from her dancing or while she was waiting for her turn to go on the stage, the old lullaby would come ringing in her ears and send her before the audience with a sob in her throat and an ache in her heart.

She continued to dance and sing; since her pride would not allow her to admit defeat and go home, and she no longer cared to make a conquest in every town; altho she continued her heart-winning work for excitement alone. She seemed the same to her companions and even to Mabel, for she tried not to show that something had gone from her heart and had left only an empty ache behind.

One day while she was dancing, careless of the approval of the audience or anything else, she took a false step and seriously sprained her ankle. An ankle is to a chorus girl what a voice is to a prima donna, and a lame chorus girl is dimsissed from the troupe as soon as possible. Soon Daisy found herself alone and out of work in a strange city. She did not know how to do anything except dance and she could not dance with her weak ankle. She tried for work but found that positions were scarce, and everyone who needed help required a recommendation. Money gave out. She could get very little to eat; for she was too poor to buy, too proud to beg, and too honest to steal.

Her landlady kept boarders for money alone, and Daisy had no money. Her trunk and everything else except the clothes on her back was taken away from her and she was put out on the streets.

Exhaustion, improper nourishment, and exposure weakened her so that she took a deep cold. Her cold became worse. She went to see Doctor Henderson because he looked like a kind man and she thought he would take care of her even tho she had no money. He examined her, looked serious and shook his head; then began to scold her for not coming to see him sooner. This was too much for Daisy; so she broke down and told him the whole story from beginning to end. She found a sympathetic hearer, for he had a daughter of his own at home.

After she had finished her story, he told her that she was in a serious condition and advised her to go to the hospital at once. She protested that she had no money, but he reached for the telephone and called for an ambulance.

Doctor Henderson put her in charge of the best doctor in the city and told him to do all that he could to save her life and to spare no expense. The doctor did all that should have helped her and still she got no better. It was apparent that she had no desire to live and that the doctor could do her no good unless she was given a new interest in life. The physician in charge of the case went to Doctor Henderson and told him just how matters stood. Doctor Henderson listened attentively to all that his fellow worker had to say about the case. He then told the hospital doctor to keep his patient as quiet as he could until the end of the week, for he would try to have the needed tonic on hand by that time.

As soon as the other doctor left, Doctor Henderson drew a pad toward him and began to write a message. When his message was completed he called his office boy and told him to carry the message to the Western Union and have it rushed thru.

It was now a race between the wire and the train on the one hand and the relentless power of the disease on the other.

The doctor's message reached its destination in a few hours and her parents and Billy were on their way to her bedside.

The patient was no better. The only words that she spoke were frantic calls for her mother or Billy, and every evening about dusk she would fold her hands over her heart and quietly croon an old lullaby so sweetly that the doctor and nurse could not keep the tears from their eyes.

"Sleep, sleep baby bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night.
Sleep, sleep in thy sleep,
Little sorrows sit and weep."

Finally the crisis came and she seemed to be a little better than usual; for her mind seemed to come back at times. One day about noon she made a weak effort to raise up in the bed and looking around the room asked where she was and what had become of her mother. She seemed to have forgotten what had happened just before she was taken sick. She asked for some water, but before it could be brought, her mind wandered again.

The doctor knew that in a few hours she would again revive from her coma and that if her friends were not at her bedside then her chance of recovery would be very slight. Even with them at her side it was doubtful whether she would rally to the shock or whether it would react against her.

Would her loved ones reach her bedside before her mind was hopelessly gone, and would she recognize them when they came, or was her mind already gone forever? Her fever raged high, and her heart fluttered like a tired bird far out at sea battling against a strong wind, while her eyes were continually looking around the walls of the narrow room in a never ending search for her lost lover.

The train bearing her loved ones came at last. The doctor, in spite of his misgivings as to whether her joy would kill her or save her, realized that her only hope lay in seeing them as soon as possible. He carried Billy into her room alone.

Her eyes were on their search for her lover. He passed on

the threshold fearing to move or speak lest the shock should cause the feeble heart to cease its struggle.

The doctor walked across the room and leaned anxiously over to the bed, watching for consciousness to return. All at once he made a slight gesture to the man at the door to approach the bed. Billy came forward eagerly with his eyes resting hungrily on the pale face with its halo of soft brown hair. He leaned carefully over the bed as if he feared that the least disturbance might cause the still form to disappear. After a moment the sick girl's gaze became fastened upon his face. It seemed that a desperate struggle was going on in the mind of the patient. She seemed to be trying very hard to remember something. A faraway expression came into her eyes. Love and madness were having their final battle for her mind. It lasted for only an instant; then she half-raised herself in the bed and, stretching out her arms to her lover, cried in a voice throbbing with inexpressible joy and relief,

"Billy! Oh, it is you, isn't it? Don't let me leave you any more, for I just can't live without you."

National Seclusion Versus International Co-operation

(Winning Wiley Gray Oration in 1920.)

Norman Martin West, '20.

Incident to the progress of the last few centuries, two theories have been developed as to the relations which states should sustain toward each other. These two theories may be designated by the terms **national seclusion** and **international co-operation.** The central ideas of the theory of national seclusion are that each state is a separate and distinct unit, and that it should avoid all political alliances with other states. This is the theory which the United States has always held; it is the theory to which she is still wedded. National problems and national interests are increasingly engrossing the thought of the average American. America and America first—this seems to be the fundamental principle in our politics.

The theory of international co-operation, on the other hand, is fundamentally different. This latter theory is based on the recognition of the fact that the countries of the world are no longer independent entities, without common interests and without inter-dependence. It is based, furthermore, on the belief that the welfare of America can best be advanced only in conjunction with the advancement of the interests of the rest of the world.

It is my purpose to show that a policy of national seclusion will no longer meet the needs of America and that the time is ripe for greater international co-operation. Let us first review the conditions which existed at the time when our forefathers committed this country to a policy of seclusion.

In 1790 the ocean constituted a real barrier between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. To transport a cargo of goods from New York to London required forty-two days.

Then there was little dependence of one country on another for economic goods. Each country supplied practically all of its needs and consumed at home most of the things produced. At that time the greater part of the territory constituting the present United States was a vast wilderness, a wonderful reservoir of undeveloped resources, secluded from the rest of the world by the practically insurmountable barrier of the sea. For America to have pursued a policy of international co-operation at that time would have been as unnecessary as it was impracticable.

The passing of one hundred and twenty-five years has, however, brought with it many changes. Whereas in 1790 forty-two days were required to traverse the waters of the Atlantic, this distance is now covered by the best of our ships in about five days. From the standpoint of the time required to transport a cargo of goods over the two routes, San Francisco and London are about equi-distant from New York City. Although we are still separated from the multitudes of the Eastern hemisphere by two broad expanses of water, we are no longer a people in isolation. The magic wand of the modern inventor has passed over the deep, converting it into a connecting link, a bond, between the Orient and the Occident. As a result of this transformation, we have become members of the community of the community of the world, and America, in consequence, is now one of the fair daughters in the family of nations.

Not only has the world shrunk into a comparatively small sphere geographically, but the closer proximity of the peoples has brought about a mutuality of interests. During the last two hundred years economic forces have wrought a mighty revolution. Tribal barter has developed into a world-wide commerce until now the most broadly separated countries may readily exchange products. A single fluctuation in the most distant market finds a ready response in our own. A slight disorder in Wall Street strains the whole financial world. The closing of the channels of export for our fleecy staple would cause in this fair Southland a condition scarcely better

than financial chaos. Thus through intercourse in commerce, industry, the press, Christian missions, and scholastic research, a system has been developed which holds no place for the selfish policy of seclusion. "The future of civilization," says Mr. Lowes Dickenson, "will depend on the answer to the question whether it is their independence or their inter-dependency which they will stress." All modern civilization is based on complexity of relation, not on isolation.

This is the status of affairs as they exist today. What steps has the United States taken toward adjusting herself to these new conditions? How far have we gone in the direction of discharging the obligations which these new circumstances devolve upon us, the leading country of the world in both the production of wealth and the maintenance of Christian ideals? Wonderful strides have been made in the furtherance of our economic interests. We have not hesitated to co-operate in any enterprise making for the advancement of our commercial and industrial welfare. We have our place in the International Postal Union and in every form of co-operative agreement which is of advantage to our material well being. Good though these things are, they solve only half of the problem. Waiving the question of our moral obligation to protect our weaker fellow-mortals from injustice and oppression, we must realize that our own welfare depends, not only upon our remaining at peace, but also upon the maintenance of peace throughout the world. Although we have the most efficient industries in existence, and a commerce equalled by that of no other country, we cannot escape the baneful results of the hardships and conflicts of our neighbors of the other hemisphere. So inter-dependent have the nations become and so vital their relations that a war of any consequence elsewhere would affect us very seriously whether we were a party to the conflict or not. But a consideration of more significance is this: Regardless of our desires in the matter, a war of any serious proportions anywhere else in the world would very probably make mandatory the active participation of the United States. No government ever exerted a more serious

effort to avoid the horrors of war than did ours during the recent conflict. Our president exerted every honorable means to keep us out of war. That whirlpool of degredation, however, continually broadened its circle until, in 1917, our country was drawn into that strife of death and hell. The oceans were no longer broad enough to protect us from the infection of conflict.

What guarantee have we that this experience will not be repeated? The world has witnessed the frequent failures of balances of power to maintain peace; that a policy of seclusion tends to breed rather than prevent war has become a truism with historians. The hope of a world peace, therefore, seems to lie in the establishment of some organization hitherto untried. Since the world has become a relatively small community, whose members are becoming more and more homogenous, it appears that the only guarantee of peace lies, not in balances of power or in a policy of national seclusion, but in such a concert of nations that no other power or association of powers would dare disturb the peace of the world. America owes it to herself and to all humanity to add her authority and power to the authority and force of other countries to guarantee peace and justice to all mankind. Thus far we have had no part in such a world organization, and recent events tend to show that our government is still favorable toward pursuing our traditional policy of seclusion. Only a short time ago, still having faith in the possibility of laying the foundation of permanent peace through such a world-wide agreement, the leading countries of Europe and America, under the guidance of our president, formulated a covenant fashioned to the end that the causes of war might be minimized if not actually eliminated. Our country has been asked to subscribe to this covenant, but for reasons which many suspect of being ulterior, the controlling party in the Senate has refused absolutely to have the United States become a party to this agreement. These gentlemen are apparently still wedded to the old idea that the first, last and perpetual duty of the U. S. is to hold her traditional policy of se-

clusion and to depend on her own efforts to preserve peace.

The hour has struck, the opportune moment has come, and America has failed to grasp it.

This action on the part of the Senate tends to show that a bit of education needs to be done. We cannot have international co-operation for the purpose of maintaing peace until we have an international mind. The condition for the attainment of such a frame of mind is the teaching of our people to adjust the heritages of the past to the needs of the present, not the needs of the present to the heritages of the past. The logical places from which to radiate the light of international co-operation are the colleges and universities of America. Let our college professors see to it that a true, up-to-date doctrine of international co-operation is taught in the higher institutions of learning, and from them it will filter down and be taught in our public schools. Then, impelled by the force of truth, posterity will be willing to surrender in behalf of humanity the right of a country to continue settling its disputes on the old cave-man principle of the survival of the fittest.

The challenge of co-operation comes to America; to America, the land of the free and the home of the brave; to America, the birth-place and abiding-place of democracy; to America, the Christian standard-bearer of the world. What will our response be? Even now we can hear the faint replies, the drowned utterances of wiser tongues. It is the duty of us, the living, to swell these into a national chorus, whose echo will challenge the adherents of the old order and startle them into a realization of the new brotherhood of mankind. May the leaders of our country, awakened to a consciousness of the new conditions, abandon the prejudices born of misconceptions and resolve that the progress of America shall not be arrested by the ravages of war. Then, over a warring humanity the sun shall rise on a day of universal peace, at whose high noon shall be heard, not the clashing of arms, but the increasing hum of prosperity under the sway of the new and better co-operation of mankind.

Oh, What Would Paris Be?

Being in the Nature of a Farewell Lament.

Oh, what would Paris be—
With all her boulevards,
Her tuneful minstrelsy,
And ancient plastic gods;
With myriad bright portals
Of gaity designed
To hearten naughty mortals;
With pleasures unconfined
And life a rhythmic song—
Yet what would Paris be
Without her matchless throng
Of femininity?

With palaces of art,
New treasures adorning,
And love's own warmest heart
Still pulsings its morning;
With memories of kings
To brighten her pages,
And their once regal things
Come down from the ages—
With these and yet deprived
Of maidens so comely,
Short skirts and charms derived;
Then what would Paris be?

Who come from vague domains,
Tarry a tinsel while,
So long as charm remains;
Seeking only to beguile
From life a modest cast
Ere shadows fall which break
The bubble of the past;
From Paris' treasures take
Monmartre or Fontainbleau—
Her daughters leave to me,
Whose smile I live to know;
Else what would Paris be?

"L'Apin Agile."

The Custom of The Race

(By R. W.)

Hinohara Yatsui, a student in the Imperial University of Tokyo, was seated on the matted floor before a table in his room. It was dusk of a late spring day and he had just lighted a lamp and placed in upon his table. The room was cleanly kept, being tastefully decorated with two scrolls on the wall and a vase filled with artistically arranged cherry blossoms on a little stand. Books in Japanese, German and English completely filled a small bookcase in the corner.

Yatsui was the only son of a rich brewer who had gained his wealth by the manufacture and sale of an extra fine quality of **sake,** the national alcoholic beverage of the Japanese. His father had lately retired from active business, and was living in the little sea-coast village of Oda in southwestern Japan.

The young man closed his book with a weary sigh and prepared himself for supper. He hastily donned his University cap, went down the narrow and dark stairs, and walked through the hall of the dormitory to the entrance. There he slipped on his **geta,** or wooden sandals, and quickly strode down the street. While passing the East Dormitory he was greeted by Tobayashi, his classmate and close friend, who joined him. Few words passed between the young men; both had worked hard at their studies all day and they were tired and hungry. Arriving at the boarding house, Yatsui and Tobayashi hastily ate their supper of fish-soup, rice, pickles, and hot tea, and slipped out.

"Hinohara, what are we to do tonight? I've studied so hard all afternoon that I don't feel able to study again tonight. What do you say to our going to Uyeno Park for an hour or so?"

"Yoroshi, I'm willing. Studying certainly does tire one out. I'm thankful that we have only another month until we

finish our courses. A month's rest at my father's home, with daily walks and swims, would help me wonderfully."

"We might as well enjoy ourselves tonight as we shall be busy from now on with examinations and commencement exercises," said Tobayashi.

They had been walking slowly during their corversation and were now strolling along the paths in the park. They stopped on the banks of the **Shinobazu-no-ike,** admiring the lotus flowers and casting pebbles into the shallow water.

"I only wish life would be as wonderful and beautiful as this park," sighed Yatsui. "If I only did not have to think of the life I shall have to lead after this month, I would be better satisfied. An only son is better off than other sons in a good many respects, but there are a few in which he is at a disadvantage. He has to remember constantly that the continuation of the family name depends on him. I wouldn't be surprised if my father hasn't already chosen a wife for me."

"That's where my position differs from yours," said Tobayashi. "A younger son may not be left as well off financially as the eldest, but you'll have to admit that family matters have very little influence on him. The eldest has little to expect in life beyond a made-to-order wife and time-worn traditions. I hope that your father secures you a fairly acceptable wife."

"Thanks for your kind wishes. I wish it were unnecessary for me to have a wife as yet. I suppose my father has picked out a clumsy, ignorant country girl with money for me. Only a month, and then farewell to bachelorhood! But to change the subject, what about some refreshments after our rather serious conversation? Let's go to that tea-house yonder and order some eats. Come!"

"By the great **Daibutsu,** I'm hungry!" exclaimed Tobayashi. He brought his hands together to sumon a waitress. A young girl hastened to them and took their order of cakes and tea. She quickly returned to them and took their order'ba tea. She quickly returned with a platter of cakes and a pot of hot tea. After pouring the tea into small cups, she moved

back and sat on the floor to await their further orders. She was not like the usual run of waitresses. Her face bore signs of intelligence above the average; in the care of person and dress she showed herself to be an exceptionally neat young woman. So far as dress, talk, and manners went, she would have passed for a young girl of the better class.

"Yatsui, wake up from your state of abstraction and look around you. Don't worry so much over the matter of your future wife. Very probably she'll look somewhat like this waitress of ours."

"I only wish she'd turn out to be half as attractive and well-bred," replied Hinohara, glancing up and observing for the first time the young girl, who was hurrying away to wait on some newly arrived customers. "I suppose this girl will become the wife of some boorish farmer. It will be just my misfortune to get the ugliest, most stupid woman in the whole empire as a wife. My father is an excellent man in most respects, but I'll have to admit that he likes to hear the jingle of gold and silver a little too well to please me. I'm sure he already has more than I can dispose of, extravagant as I am. To revert to the question of my future wife for the last time, here's hoping that she'll prove to be like this waitress of ours. What do you say to our going back to the University?"

"I suppose we had better," said Tobayashi. "It's rather a late hour for us to be out with all the work that is ahead of us."

.. **"Onesan, kanjo-wa nambo desuka?"** asked Yatsui. "Thirty sen? Here it is. You won't take a tip? You're the first waitress I've known to refuse one. Well, if you won't, you won't!"

* * * * *

All was bustle and excitement at the home of Mr. Hinohara. Only a few moments before the whistle of the night train as it crossed the bridge on the outskirts of the town of Oda had been heard by the servants, and they were excitedly hastening about in an effort to straighten out and make neat what needed no further attention. The old man himself, seated in

his private den, found that he was as excited as the old servants. He had looked forward to this event from the time when he had given up his active business life and had retired to the peace and quiet of a country town. He expected great things of his only son. The boy was to take charge of the brewery business and was to manage the other affairs of his father.

The whirl of jinrikisha wheels sounded outside and the happy voices of the old servants were heard. The old man rose up and passed on somewhat unsteady feet through the rooms to the entrance hall of the house. His son was just descending from the 'riksha. Reserved and rather ceremonial greetings that were usual in public passed between father and son. As soon as they were seated in the room of the father, however, before a light repast of tea and cakes, they dropped all their reserve and talked freely.

"My lad," said the father, "I am indeed glad that you have returned home for good. Your efforts while at the University have been very pleasing to me. You must take a long rest and when you are well rested you shall assume the burdens I have carried until recently upon my shoulders. You must get accustomed to the new life you are to follow. You are no doubt tired from the long journey from Tokyo. Drink some tea and eat a few cakes and go to bed. There will be time enough tomorrow in which to further discuss the plans I have made for you."

"You are very kind, father. I am rather tired and with your permission I shall retire. I bid you good night, father."

"Good night, my boy. You are to occupy my old rooms. Have the servants attend upon you. I shall see you in the morning."

* * * *

The servants, busied in opening the heavy wooden shutters of the windows, awoke Yatsui by the noise. He breathed deeply, lazily slipped out of bed, and walked to the windows. The house was built on a small hill near the sea and the young man saw the cool and calm waves of the morning sea

break gently upon the clean white sand of the beach. A soothing breeze stirred through the pine-trees and bamboos in the garden. The sun was beginning to dry the dew, and birds that had been awake for an hour or more were busily flitting from tree to tree. Yatsui was contented. He had been up too short a time to think of the duties before him. Only the pleasant memories of his university days were with him.

A slight cough at the door disturbed him.

"May I enter, young master?" the servant asked.

"Yes, come in, Yanai," replied Yatsui.

Yanai entered, carrying in his arms the clothes that he had unpacked from the box of the young man. These he placed upon the closet shelves.

"Can I be of any aid to you, master?"

"No, Yanai. I can attend to myself this morning. Isn't it a pleasant day? I have been longing for such surroundings for many a month. I shall be down in a moment."

As soon as he was dressed Yatsui went down-stairs and entered the dining-room. His father was already there. The servants brought in the breakfast, and father and son began eating. The father asked his son numerous questions regarding his life at the University, his views on the problems of the day, and his ideas concerning business matters. He discovered that the young man, although somewhat radical in his political views, was well-informed upon most matters.

Immediately after the meal the men retired to the old gentleman's private den. The hall-servant was ordered to show Mr. Motoyoshi, the go-between, into the room upon his arrival.

"We must consider many things today, Yatsui, but the most important is the matter of your marriage. I am getting old and I doubt whether I shall live many more years. I am anxious to see you married and at the head of a family before I die. Motoyoshi has suggested two or three young women and I have decided to open negotiations with the family of Miss Shiba. Motoyoshi informes me that the Shiba family is well-connected and wealthy, and that the young woman in

question is well-educated. I am sure you will readily fall in with the plans that I am to make for you."

The son was silent for a while. His own inclinations impelled him to rebel against his father. His years at the University had to a great degree wiped out the former blind obedience to the decisions made by the usual family council. A rather prolific reading of radical books by German and French writers had broken down the reverence he had formerly held for family customs and rites. He was a "modern," as the young men of his generation loved to call themselves. The Western theory that young people should be left alone in the choice of careers and mates found a strong advocate in him. And yet love for the old gentleman would not let him rebel. His father had not much longer to live, and Yatsui felt that before the old man died his desires ought to be fulfilled. After a short but nevertheless intense inward struggle the young man renounced personal preferences and accepted the plans made for him by his father.

"I am willing to do as you think best, father," he said. "Personally, I do not see the necessity of any immediate action, but I am willing, if you desire it, to have the matter completed as soon as possible."

"I knew you would fall in with my plans, and so——"

He was interrupted by the servant announcing the arrival of Motoyoshi, the go-between.

"Bring him in. Ah, Motoyoshi, come in and sit down. This is my son, just back from the University. I have been telling him about the plans I have made for him. You may rush through the arrangements with Mr. Shiba for his daughter. I have decided that she will be most suitable in every way. Please have the arrangements made as early as possible. The marriage should take place by August at the latest. Hurry off now and get this matter fixed up."

* * * *

A group of some ten people was seated in a room overlooking a garden. An air of expectancy prevailed. A look of doubt and fear appeared on the face of a young woman

dressed in a **kimono** of heavy padded silk cloth. She was seated between a man and a woman who evidently were her parents. In front of her was placed a V-shaped veil of white cotton. Motoyoshi was seated near the sliding doors on the left of the room. Relatives of the bride's father were sitting in different parts of the room.

Motoyoshi rose and stepped out of the room. He quickly returned and nodded to the bride's father, who motioned to the girl. She reached for the veil and placed it over her head. Her mother helped her to arrange it. This veil, unlike those worn by European brides, was of thick cloth and completely shut out a view of the room.

Yatsui, preceded by his father and the priest, entered the room. He seated himself upon a cushion placed before the bride. His father seated himself on the young man's left and the priest sat down to the right of the young man. Motoyoshi extended the contract papers to the groom's father, who glanced at them and returned them. Motoyoshi then extended them to the bride's father, who went through the same ceremony. After this the priest poured **sake** into a small white porcelain wine-cup and handed it to Yatsui, who sipped from it and handed it to the bride's mother. She gave the cup to the bride, who finished drinking the wine. The cup was filled and passed by the priest seven times. After the seventh passing the priest pronounced them man and wife.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom were left alone. The young couple, who as yet had neither seen nor heard each other, were embarrassed. The bride sat with downcast head. The groom frowned in a perplexed manner. He was unwilling to hasten actions that would show him the face of the woman who was now wedded to him. All he knew about her was that she was named Shiba and that she was wealthy and well-educated. The bride had been told very little about her husband. She had merely been informed two months ago by her father that a husband had been secured

for her, and that she was to prepare herself for the marriage. She did not even know his name.

Yatsui sucked in his breath with an air of determination. He reached forth hands that trembled slightly and removed the veil. He looked into her face. The girl at the same time raised her eyes that were full of doubt and uncertainty and gazed at him. She quickly lowered her eyes, but they no longer were frightened eyes.

"You!" said the young man, smiling.

"You!" exclaimed the girl, smiling.

"What luck! I didn't for a moment imagine that I would marry you. Your name isn't Shiba. You're the daughter of Moto, the tea-house keeper. I didn't think I would ever see you again. From the time I first saw you at the tea-house that night until the last time I talked with you before you suddenly left the tea-house, I have been thinking of you. Isn't your name Moto and aren't you Moto's daughter?"

"My name was Shiba, then Moto, and again Shiba. Several years ago my father got into financial difficulties and my uncle Moto adopted me. Three months ago father regained his fortune and uncle returned me to him. But I didn't know I was to marry you. Father simply told me I was to prepare myself for marriage, but he didn't say to whom. According to the custom of our race, I simply did as he commanded me. I tried to resist him at first, telling him I loved you. He became angry when I informed him of our meetings and would not listen. I finally gave in to his wishes."

"I am glad you did. I have been dreading this moment, but now I feel as though all my secret rebellions were foolish. The custom of our race has turned out luckily for us."

For several minutes the two young people talked on. Finally silence fell between them. They were satisfied in merely looking at each other, smiling and occasionally laughing at the turn of affairs that had so fortunately made pleasant the previously irksome custom of the race.

The Open-minded Manufacturer's Attitude Toward Labor

Charles W. Hackney.

In these days of unsettled economic conditions and ever-advancing prices and wages, it is inevitable that labor troubles should add their share to the general turmoil. Just as the laboring men's attitudes toward their employers vary widely, so do the manufacturers' positions differ greatly as regards labor, labor unions, and labor troubles. The open-minded manufacturer must necessarily give very careful consideration to the matter before deciding what his attitude is to be. The Bible says of the Prophet Ezekial that, before delivering a certain warning to the Israelites, "He went down and sat where they sat for seven days." The employer who wants to do the right thing will "go down and sit where they sit." He will try to look at things from the laborer's point of view.

The open-minded and far-sighted manufacturer knows that the logical thing for him to devote time and effort to is a means of preventing labor troubles, rather than a method of settling the strikes after they occur. Surgeon General Gorgas got a great deal more credit for practically wiping fever out of the Canal Zone than he would have received had he built some fine hospitals to make the fever patients comfortable while they were being cured. Labor mediation commissions have done a great deal of good in settling strikes—but, in most cases, production is hurt a great deal more by ill-will immediately preceding and following the strike than it is hurt by the strike itself. It is more expensive to have men sullenly at work than it is to have them out on strike. The I. W. W. evolved the "strike on the job" as a device to irritate the employer without giving him a concrete point to combat. For this reason, employers are beginning to see that it

is to their interests to try to find out and remove the causes for strikes, even when no labor trouble seems imminent.

President Wilson's Mediation Commission, in a summary of why men strike, reported that:

"American industry lacks a healthy basis of relationship between management and men. ..... there is a lack of knowledge on the part of capital as to labor's feeling and needs and on the part of labor as to the problems of management."

This is another way of saying that both employer and employee have failed to appreciate the value of mutual understanding. The average factory worker's relations are wholly impersonal; he is nothing more than a number. He will be discharged if his work is poor, but not rewarded for work that is above the average. He takes no interest in his employer because he has not a single inducement to do so. He is discontented, and open, therefore, to suggestion from any and every labor agitator that comes along. The real reason, then, for men striking is that they are without adequate representation—though the ostensible reason may be that they want more money, shorter working days, or what not. Men do not want to be treated as mere material; they want there to be a dignity in their position and relations.

The open-minded manufacturer appreciates the fact that his employees are entitled to and should receive credit for the part they play in production; that they should be treated as co-promoters of industry. He knows that he must deal with his employees as men and must not think of labor as a commodity. From the detached point of view of the economist, labor may be taken as one thing and capital as another, but the employer knows that when he comes down to the specific problems in modern industry, he has to deal not with broad, charitable forces, but with individuals. He knows also that aside from some differences in clothing, education, and money the capitalist and the laboring man are pretty much alike. The man who was a worker yesterday may be an owner today.

The discerning manufacturer sees that to be fair to his own interests and to the men who work for him, he must assume

an attitude conducive to the promotion of industrial democracy and to the establishment of a better understanding between capital and labor. He must see that the working conditions are what they should be; must work for justice and service by captial and labor alike; must cause a feeling of co-operation and mutual good will to obtain between himself and his workers.

Working conditions are, to be sure, a great deal better than they were a few years ago. When John H. Patterson insisted that his factories should be flooded with light and that his machines and his workers should be spotlessly clean, other employers in Dayton thought he was crazy. They could not understand why he should "throw away" money that had always been taken as profit. But time proved that good working conditions, in addition to bettering the laborers, also paid the capitalists from a business standpoint. This welfare work has progressed so that today the sensible man makes the working conditions of his employees as good as he possibly can.

The manufacturer should endeavor to make justice, in the fullest meaning of the word, the basis of all his dealings with his employees. He should try to make them see that justice to themselves and to him demands that they do the best that is in them and that they take advantage of every opportunity to improve their ability and increase their efficiency. The only way to accomplish this in his employees is for the employer to be always just with them.

There must be a desire on both sides to give as much service and the best service that they are able to render. The straight-thinking employer knows that he must hire more than the hands of his workers; he must hire the hea[illegible] the personal interest. By doing every considerate thing he can for his employees he will induce them to do everything they can for him.

Perhaps the most important of all conditions to industrial democracy and a happy relationship between capital and labor is co-operation, because, where there is co-operation, there is always a feeling of good-will and fair play. In the main,

the workers will return to their employer what he gives to them. If he considers them merely from the standpoint of the dollars he can get out of their skill and muscle, they will think of nothing but the dollars they can get from him. If he treats them as though they are antagonists, he will get antagonism all day and overtime. But if he shows that he believes in them, they will believe in him. If he shows that he takes an interest in them, they will take an interest in him. If he shows that he believes they have intelligence, fairness, and ambitions, he will find that they do have them. The open-minded manufacturer, then, has reached the point where he sees that it is worth while to give a whole lot of time and thought to the rights and feelings of his employees; that it is worth his while to be a friend to them and to help them along the Brotherhood of Man idea.

"Oh," say some, "business is business. If you try to drag the Brotherhood of Man or any other religious ideal into it, you will be a crank in the eyes of the world." But the open-minded manufacturer knows that the two will mix. Religious men are needed in business to help quell the social upheaval of the time. There has got to be a better understanding between capital and labor. There must be co-operation rather than selfishness. The employer of labor who wishes to treat men right and to avoid trouble is beginning to get above the dollar-line. He is learning to sing with James G. Clark:

"I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling,
'Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowlands and the mire,
From the mist of earth's desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self;
Come up higher, come up higher.'"

When It's Time to go a-Coonin'

R. T. D. '21.

O' the woods and fields are turnin' red,
The richest gold an' brown,
An' the dyin' leaves, a-flutter,
Go rustlin' to the groun'.
For the nights are long an' chilly
An' the frosty mornin' air
Fills your very bones to brimmin'
With the zest that's everywhere.

Now the squirrel's a-cuttin' acorns an'
The rabbit's rollin' fat
Eatin' turnip-tops an' collards
An' all such truck as that.
For a hearty bait o' 'simmons
'Coon an' 'possum licks his chop,
For they're ripe an' sweet an' meller
When the frost has made 'em drop.

Nights the dogs git kind o' restless-like
An' hang aroun' the door,
Sort o' whine as if a-beggin'
You know jes' what it's for.
An' to save your soul an' gizzard
O, you jes' can't say 'em no,
For there's somethin' in your in'ards
That's a-callin' to you so!

Then you grab your gun an' lantern, git
Your axe an' huntin' togs,
An' you call the other fellers
An' whistle to the dogs;
Cram your pockets full o' 'taters,

Say "Good Night," an' off you tromp
With the new moon jest a-settin'
As you hang out for the swamp.

Ramblin' up an' down the creek awhile
Your legs begin to tire,
An' you stop an' split some light'ood
An' build a roarin' fire,
Fill your corncob pipe with 'bacco,
Then behin' the rings o' smoke,
Sit an' listen to the fellers
Spin a yarn or crack a joke.

'Taters roastin' in the ashes, for
The blaze is burnin' low,
An' the heap o' hick'ry embers
Dyin', casts a ruddy glow.
Now an' then, mos' out o' hearin'
Thru the sombre swamp echoes
Jest a bark or two to tell you
Which a-way the trailin' goes.

Soon the music says they've put 'im up—
You thrill to see 'em fight.
Tho he's game they're sure to git 'im;
A owl hoots on the right!
Soon the dawn'll be a-crackin'—
Tired an' sleepy with your roam,
But your heart is light an' happy
As you hit the trail for home.

Two Men and A Woman

Mary Gooch Pitts.

The moonlight caressed the still white face of the woman and lingered in the dusky hair floating back over her shoulders. The night was weirdly bright except where the shadows made mysterious pools of blackness. The mournful cadence of a whip-poor-will sounded across the clearing from the near-by forest. The woman began to croon an old love-song, but the hands in her lap clenched until the knuckles gleamed in the moonlight. In a moment, the cry came again, this time nearer. From the dark house behind the woman came the low moaning of a sick man. He must not know. Rising slowly, the woman went to the edge of the porch and looked across at an old church shrouded in quivering shadows. The now strident note of the whip-poor-will sang through the air, while at the same time a crouched, shapeless figure glided from the forest across a gleaming patch of moonlight and dived into the darkness. The sick man in the house stirred uneasily. No, he must never know. She turned, entered the room where a light burned dimly, pressed her lips to the fevered brow of the sick man, and crept out like a hunted thing. She paused on the threshold, waiting. Again a cry, no longer resembling a whip-poor-will, but trembling, with wild passion, crashed through the night. The man behind her cried out in delirious terror, and the woman, every nerve aquiver, stepped out on the dew-drenched grass. She walked slowly, playing for time; the man in the shadows must see her; he must! She began to sing again softly. At the old church door she paused, still singing, waiting. The figure again glided from one patch of darkness to another, but now he was coming toward the church. Satisfied, the woman entered the church, carefully leaving the door open behind her. The moonlight filtered through the swaying branches outside the windows and danced like wanton ghosts up and down the

church as the woman crept down the aisle and up to the dim old organ loft. As the first notes trembled through the church, a stealthy figure slipped into the back seat, and the door clicked shut. The woman and the madman were alone. A wild desire to flee crept over her. She started up, but the man in the back of the church stood up, too, waiting. The moonlight slipped across his features, grinning in fiendish delight, and, half-fainting, the woman sat down again before the organ; the man came one seat nearer and sat down. The woman played until her numbed fingers fell from the keyboard, but when she stopped, the sinister form below her moved closer. At last, wild with terror, the woman ran to a door leading from the organ loft; the man moved slowly down the aisle; the door was locked, and the woman stumbled back to her place; in the moonlight a look of diabolical glee passed over the face of the madman. On through the night the woman played, the madman always moving nearer if she paused.

At dawn the sick man in the house was past the crisis; the mandman in the church had reached the front seat and was perfectly sane; the woman at the organ played on, but her hair was snowy white, no sign of reason remaining in her face—she was mad.

Ether Tells

Julian D. Lewis.

All the Gray City court square was in a state of turmoil, and everybody was in a fit of excitement. Something had happened, but nobody seemed to know what the exact trouble was. Over four hundred people made their way to spots as near the scene of disturbance as possible. Up on the steps of the court house two deputy sheriffs held a captive in handcuffs. In the coroner's room lay a dead man who had been murdered ten minutes previously on a country road a mile from town.

Jack Willis and Joel Core stood by the lifeless body, telling the coroners how they had come upon Breckenridge Hollins standing over the dead body in the middle of the road.

"Well, Willis," the leader of the coroner's jury said sternly, Don't you know that according to the law you should have left the dead man where you found him until after the coroner's inquest?"

Explaining was done in hurried order: Willis said that he wished to bring the dead man to town along with the man he had found, who seemed to be the murderer. He contended that his excitement reached such a height that he did not stop to consider what the law was concerning the matter.

Jack Willis was a man whom we might call neat. His features were heavy, and he possessed the air of one who had been reared in the best of families. In fact, the people of Gray City knew that Willis was a man of character, for they had known him from youth. Willis and Core offered the same evidence: They had been walking along the road just outside the city, and had found Breckenridge Hollins bent over the body of a dead man. When they arrived, Hollins was shaking the dead body with his right hand, and was holding a long bloody knife in his left. They saw that the helpless man was too near death's door to be saved; so they

brought him along with the supposed murderer to the court house. Upon this evidence, the coroner's jury bound Breckenridge Hollins over to the next term of Superior Court.

The next morning Miriam Willis fell back in a faint at the breakfast table when she read the daily paper. Her sweetheart had been lodged in jail upon the charge of murder, and her brother was one of the prosecuting witnesses.

Miriam was two hundred miles from home attending Hollins College. She had been persuaded to attend that institution by the man who was her sweetheart, the man who was now looking from behind the bars. The paper stated that the dead man was known to have had $100,000 worth of jewels two hours before he was found dead. And that the presumption was that Hollins securely hid the valuable jewels before he was discovered.

Miriam was bewildered: How could her Breck wish to kill a man for his money? Did he not have the best business in Gray City, and was not his grandfather the great philanthopist for whom the institution she was now attending was named? "My Breck didn't do it," she sobbed over and over again.

Breck's father, who was now president of Hollins, and Miriam quickly made their way to Gray City. When they arrived at the jail, they were ushered into Breck's dingy cell. At once they were taken back, for neither sweetheart nor father was recognized.

"My God! My Goy! I never knew I should come to this!" Breck was crying in a fit of delirium. "What will Miriam say! What will father say! Damn 'em, Damn 'em."

"Could Breck be really guilty? was that why he was so unnerved? Had he changed into a user of oaths, a devil, and a murderer?" These were thoughts that were running swiftly through Miriam's mind.

For several minutes—though to father and sweetheart they seemed like hours—Breck persisted in vile cursing. Finally, he seemed to come from under the delirium, and recognized Miriam and his father. He looked up to find the

only woman in the world for whom he cared. Miriam was uttering soothing words while she rubbed her forefingers over his prespiring brow. Amid sobs she tried to talk sensibly, but words would not come from her lips freely.

Suddenly the jailor broke in with Jack Willis at his side. "Miriam, my sister," Jack began, "it's awful, but everything is against the poor fellow. It's best for you to leave this place and let the murderer have it to himself. And from now on, as your older brother, I shall see to it that you stay clear of this man who has brought disgrace upon his poor father." The last words were spoken loudly, sternly, and meaningly.

The father sat in a corner of the cell silent. He could not doubt the innocence of a son who had never given him a minute's worry, but it did seem that everything was against him, even public sentiment.

"Jack," Miriam, said sadly but with a look of sternness in her eyes. "Are you made of that sort of stuff? Do you claim the name of Willis, and command me to leave this man in the hour of his bitterest trouble, when he never needed me more? Were you not the son of my dead father and mother, I should call you a son of false pride, a rotten, heartless, beastly cur. Through sorrow, through joy, and through every stage of the love-game, Breck has followed me and humored my whims. Always he has been the same, loving Breck. Now you would have me desert him. Leave us now or I shall call the curses of our dead father and mother down upon you."

In the Superior Court of Washee County Breckenridge Hollins was found guilty of the murder of Elisha Moore, the owner of a collection of jewels worth $100,000. "And you shall hang until dead, dead, dead!" the judge pronounced.

Throughout the entire trial Hollins retained his right mind. On the witness stand he contended that he had found the dead body lying in the road when he happened to be walking along that way; that he had seen no jewelry; and that he had picked the knife from the ground just bofere the

two state's witnesses discovered him. But the jurors found beyond a reasonable doubt that under circumstantial evidence, Hollins was guilty of first-degree murder.

During the afternoon of the day preceding the date set for the hanging of Breckenridge Hollins, Joel Core, one of the state's witnesses, was suddenly stricken with appendicitis. That night he was operated upon at the Gray City Hospital. President Hollins, being an educated man, knew that if there was anything hanging heavily upon the man's mind, that one thing would be fully told during the hour of his awakening from either. Therefore, as a final resort, he gained permission of the hospital authorities for Miriam and himself to be at Core's bedside when he awoke. At 11 a. m. Core began to squirm in his bed. Ten minutes later three orderlies and the two visitors were required to hold him in his bed. As if mad, he yelled, "God save him! Save him! Take him from that gallows."

Just then Jack Willis entered the room. "Well, of all things, sister, what are you doing here in this man's bedroom?"

"I am here to save Breckenridge Hollins' life," Miriam hotly retorted. "And I have done it. This fiend has just admitted that he is involved in it, and——."

But Miriam said no more. Her brother, fearing that everything had been told, made a hurried exit from the room. He jumped into his car and rolled away before Miriam and President Hollins had time to think. The police were phoned and Miriam and Hollins joined in the pursuit after the man who they knew had the key to the mystery concerning the murder.

Perhaps Joel Core told the whole story of the murder before he finally awoke from the effects of the either, but whether Miriam nor President Hollins ever knew, for they were in a mad hunt for Jack Willis.

In the plight through the country roads, Miriam forgot that her lover was to be swung from the scaffold two hours later. But Willis was overtaken after being followed an hour,

and was put into the hands of the officers of the law. On the return to Gray Court, Willis poured out the whole tale because he thought Core had told enough to betray the secret: On the day of Moore's murder he had met Core on the country road. Core outlined a clever scheme to him by which they could both make themselves rich. The Devil seized him, and he agreed to help murder Moore and escape with the booty. When Moore came along, they jumped from the bushes and stabbed him. They hastily procured the jewels and hid again in the same bushes. They agreed to wait a minute or so to see if anyone would come along the road who they could accuse of the murder. Unluckily, it was his sister's sweetheart who was the first to come; but he had to stick to his promise, regardless of personages, in order to save himself and Core. When Hollins discovered the dead man, he stooped over him, possibly to try to offer help. Then he saw the knife on the ground and picked it up. At that moment the two men jumped from the bushes and accused Hollins. In the Gray City jail yard were assembled three thousand people, who had come to witness the hanging of Breckenridge Hollins, the son of President Hollins, of Hollins College. Undoubtedly it was the biggest event of the kind that had ever happened in Washee County.

Hollins had already stepped on the trapeze, and the rope was about to be fastened about his neck. But a touring car arrived with several policemen, Jack Willis, Miriam Willis, and the father of the man who was about to be hanged. It was Jack who jumped from the car and spoke shrilly:

"Loose him. There is somebody else to take his place."

Perhaps Breckenridge Hollins was happy; but he did not show it by even the faintest smile. He solemnly got down from the scaffold and walked over to Miriam. He understood everything.

"Miriam, Miriam," he broke down with his arms about her neck." How can you let your own brother take—take my place."

"Does not the Bible say, my love, that we shall forsake

father, mother, brother, and sister, and cleave to our mate?'' Miriam spoke with a tear trickling slowly down her red cheek.

''God! Such a woman.'' President Hollins inaudibly uttered, as he saw Miriam sink under the profuse kisses of his only son.

EDITORIALS

THE BEGINNING

Our first football season in twenty-six years has just come to a successful close. No one will deny that the season has been highly successful—far beyond our fondest dreams. No one will deny that we have a good coach and a good team. The Coach has worked hard, and the team has worked hard. Both have given their best—and as a result we have enjoyed five games of real football and can point with pride to a record on which there is no mark of defeat.

But have we, the students, done our best? Of course we have been glad to have football reinstated. Of course we have enjoyed the games. But have we in every respect supported the team as heartily and as loyally as we might have? When the team has been fighting under the shadow of its own goal, have we always encouraged it and kept it constantly reminded of the fact that we were all behind it? Have we really been behind it as heartily as we should have been?

The season is over, and we have been successful. Now are we going to forget about football until next year and expect to be as successful then as we were this year? This season has been only a beginning, and while it has been important, next year will be just as important in making Trinity's place in the football world. Next year our games will be harder, and we must fight harder. The spirit of the students will determine our place in the football world.

CHRISTMAS, 1920—THE BEST EVER

Have you thought about Christmas yet? Haven't you been dreaming of all those good things to eat, of all those parties and dances, and of all those friends you will see? Surely, each of you has had these dreams, and each of you has planned already for the "best Christmas ever."

But stop a minute in your day-dreams; think what your "best Christmas ever" will be. Will it be a vast array of the most extravagant and appetizing food—turkey, salads, cakes, and all kinds of delicacies? It is undeniable that food is one of the attractive features of Christmas. Or will it be a Christmas spent in a continuous round of dances and parties? That also has its charms for many of us even if it does keep us constantly "on the go." Or, again, will your "best Christmas ever" be one spent in close and intimate relationship with your best friends, being content with their companionship and entertainment alone? That, too would be a splendid way to spend Christmas.

But haven't you, in your numerous plans, forgotten to emphasize the true spirit of Christmas—the spirit of giving? Give, but be careful lest your giving become too mechanical a process. Very often a person gives his friend a gift year after year, often forgetting, however, to put into that gift the true spirit of Christmas. If you would make this your "best Christmas ever," you must make your giving come from your heart. And in this giving do not confine yourself to your friends alone. Remember that in your community there are people whose Christmas will not be quite so happy as your own. Why not make this a happy Christmas for them, too?

Thus, through the blessed privilege of giving, the Christmas of 1920 will be in more ways than one the "best Christmas ever."

B. B.

WAYSIDE WARES

AFTER DARK

I must have taken supper at the mess hall last night, for I dreamed a dream that would make even the gladiators uncomfortable.

"Oh, God!" I said, awakening in a new world.

"You have the wrong number, buddy. T'aint no God here. You just **think** there is a God here." The person speaking to me frightened me with his gruff voice. He spoke in a gnarl, and even though his words were not so harsh, his manner made my hair stand on end.

"Where in the Hell am I anyway?" I asked excitedly.

"Right in the middle," was his curt answer.

"Well how come me here?"

"I don't know myself, but there is a Bureau of Information just to my right, and there you can learn most any old thing."

During this conversation I was leaning against a rock which appeared in the darkness to be nearly red-hot. My new acquaintance informed me that nothing would burn me for the first three days, but after that "death," Hell, and destrtuction," as I had heard my preacher say.

I went to this so-called Bureau of Information and got into the waiting line. After many hours, I was yelled at "NEXT." I jumped and trod my way before the first demon, who was perched behind a stone desk on a rock a hundred yards long and two yards in width.

"Ye Gods and little fishes!" the first demon shouted. "Come here, you poor little innocent thing. So everybody thought you were right decent, and here is your landing-place."

I was spell-bound; I was horrified. Some of Satan's crew seemed to know me. I was not sorry though after a little thought, it would at least make me feel more at home. When I finally summed up sufficient courage to look into the de-

mon's face, I recognized no other than old Rube Waggoner in all his pomp and glory. He was happy, for he was leading something, even though it had to be in the hot regions.

"What in the world, Rube?" I began.

"This ain't no world. We used to be in the world when we were arguing with Dick Thigpin over the new constitution, but we are no longer in Hesperia, and here fire is slung instead of "bull."

I began to question Rube about why I had been sent to such a place, as good as I had always thought I was. He wanted to show me around my new home though, so let thoughts of myself drift for awhile.

Over behind the rock on which we were standing Rube showed me a long line of pots. In them were men and women. He said that they were just getting them boiled up so they would be seasoned for the burning lake. He took me to the second pot, telling me that he had something in there to show me which was interesting. That thing of interest shocked me, it stunned me for several minutes. One of the fair co-eds of my class was lying in there just simply stewing. "But Rube, what in the world did she do?" I earnestly begged.

"You'll never know, my boy. Old Satan won't let me tell you roughnecks our business. We have been getting along fine ever since I hit this burg, but we don't tell our business to just everybody."

I took one last long look at this being whom I had always pictured as the sole flower of Frau Shack life. In her I would have sworn that there was embodied everything which was good and true and noble. To me she had been as modest and shy as a nun, and in the eyes of the world she was just a gift of God sent to earth to improve it. I still had that gift of God called sympathy, and my heart went out to her. Whether she sat on a trunk, "blew" the lights, or cheated on Bible, I have never been able to discover.

Rube, seeing that I was touched, urged me on to the next pot.

"Ha, Cole, when were you on Broadway?" Rube shouted into the boiling pot tantalizingly.

Henry didn't look up. That old smile that he wore when we made him our class president had gone up with the steam. "Boys," he said, "it wasn't old corn liquor, but—."

He couldn't go farther, but Rube relieved my suspense. "Lies—lies. Meyer-Greentree sent him here."

"You remember old D. W. Kanoy, don't you?" Rube asked me. Of course I did, and I suggested to Rube that I guessed old D. W., was hanging out the moon and taking in the stars these days. "Nope," Rube said. "He is already in the burning lake for cussin' golf balls."

"Why some of the professors even did that," I threw in.

"Yes, and this place ain't altogether immune from them either." Just then one of them approached us with a pitch fork on his shoulder. I wasn't so much surprised at this though as I was at my other discoveries, because I had expected to meet him in that vicinity if ever I got there myself.

"To be sure there are no more of these lovable profs here, Rube."

"Yes, I just threw another one in the lake this morning, telling him to bring back the 'good ole days' if he could."

It was beginning to be too much for me. I had met one of the co-eds, some of my boy friends, and even some of my instructors where the rich man had pleaded with Lazarus for one drop of water to cool his parching tongue. I wanted to get away, but Rube said that he would show me one more object of interest and would then let me rest a little. We walked by a real burning fire right out in the open. In the middle of the blaze I could see five objects that I supposed were men. I was sure that they were no friends of mine, because none of my friends needed special punishment more than just ordinary Hell.

But they were my friends! I soon recognized the five student managers of the various branches of athletics of 1921. They were sent there for lying and cowardice. During their senior year they had told the graduate Manager of Athletics

enough lies to send each of them to that vicinity in a Packard, not to mention the fabrications told to Coach Egan.

"They not only lied to the Graduate Manager," Rube said, "but then went and cussed him to his back. Oh, they were a motley crew. I wouldn't try to tell old Satan when they got here which one needed the worst punishment, for they all needed the limit; so we gave it to them together."

"I'll bet Mr. Barnard would be glad to see that they are getting their just dues, don't you?"

"I 'spect he'll see 'em yet. He is still living."

Rube had promised to let me sleep some. We got on an elevator which worked up and down in a huge rock. We went down, down, down. We must have gone a million miles. Anyway, we landed on the lower floor of the basement of Hell, where Bill Towe was waiting to greet us. By his side stood old Sturdy Hathaway.

"Bill is here because he got too rough for Hell proper," Rube told me, "and we had to send Hath down here to keep him from turning it upside down."

We were all glad to see each other. Rube arranged for Bill and Hath to get a night off so we could have one more jolly time—no one else could have made such an arrangement but Satan's right-hand man.

Towe was in a fit of smiles. He was happy to have a little rest. "Boys," he said," I'm tellin' you what's right. It's Hell."

"Well what in the darn Nick do you reckon we think it is?" Hath retorted.

At this familiar old Hobbsville saying I began to laugh. Then we all began to laugh, more and more boisterous did we become. Awakened by my own laughter, I jumped all the way to the middle of the floor. It was time for breakfest, but I wanted none. "Thank the Lord, Thank the Lord." I kept saying over and over again. And all day I have been truly thankful. I have just come off Dr. White's class where he talked of Bryant's grave-yard poems. I am still miserable. This is my third dream of going to the same place. I believe

in dreams, therefore, I am a little alarmed. This is the first time I have made my dream known to the world, but beware, my class-mates. If you want to meet me in the next life, don't go down, for I am to-day doing an about face.

For Wayside Wares

O, Hellibus

"Comp'ny, attention! In cadence; exercise! One, two, three, four; one two, three, four; one, two, three, four"—ad incompletum.

"The next exercise will be in this position: arms in front; rotate thumb of left hand around thumb of right hand, completing the exercise in two counts; once around one way, and once in reverse. In cadence; exercise! "And then again, "One, two; one, two; one, two; one, two"—ad infinitum.

"Comp'ny, right face! Close in on file leaders, double-quick, harch! Squad A will take exercises one, two, three; Squad B will take exercise four, five, six; Squad C will take exercises seven, eight, ten; Squad D will take eleven, twelve, one." Then, the director hands out pencils about one-fourth of an inch long to the file leaders. "Be sure and don't lose those pencils. Squad A will report to the North-East-South section of the field; Squad B to the South-East-North section of the field; Squad C to the West-East section of the field; and Squad D to the South-East-West section of the field. Double-time to posts, harch!"

But hush; be quiet; now begins the most exhilerating exercise possible. Here is one squad of men playing mumble-peg; here is a second playing jack straws; another playing ring-around-a-rosie; while the fourth is playing Prince Frederick was the Kaiser's son.

"Toot-toot," goes the whistle, and the squads have to exchange equipment; and thus it goes until everyone has had a chance to play every game. The principal idea seems to be that, if a squad exercises too much at mumble-peg or Jack straws, the members might become over-exerted.

"Toot-toot-too-oo-oo-t," longer than usual, and each squad returns to the center of the field where, "Squad leaders, check up absentees."

Now, isn't that exhilerating, Isn't it exciting,——and this is not the Army—there are no thirty bucks each at the end, of the month for dutiful service faithfully rendered. Now, isn't that harsh?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,"

I recognize that? Mind you now, this state of affairs described is not another form of the ROT Corps. No, no, another guess. Now, you have it: physicalum exercitis Trinitatis Collegium.

S. M. H.

Ravings

All the world is growing weary;
So am I.
Ghostly faces, long and leery;
Hideous, grinning, near and peery;
Moaning, groaning, loud and dreary;
'Round me lie.

Everyone may now forget,
But not I.
Screaming ghosts of gloomy jet,
Moving, crawling, creeping yet
Will not let me e'er forget,
Tho' I try.

EXCHANGES

If the rest of the **Furman Echoes** are as interesting as the October number, come on Echoes. The pen sketches that illustrate the different departments are attractive and add much to the appearance of the magazine. We always read the stories with the best illustrations. "The Majesty of Manhood," we might call a good piece of philosophy. After reading it we are forced to appreciate the works of man. The short-story, **Kiai,** is very good—the interest throughout never lags. "Well-balanced" is our comment on your magazine.

The Voices of Peace have too many poems in the November issue in proportion to the other material. The story, "The Little Giants," is a very clever story and shows originality.

The Hollins Magazine is short on stories; however what is lacking in quantity is atoned for in quality. Neither story is very cheerful though. Of course, realizing this world is not a cheerful place all the time, but why do we not try to point to the bright side? **Hollins'** editorials bespeak the prevalence of a spirit of optimism and cordiality. They make one imagine what a charming place Hollins must be if it is as full of spirit as are its editorials. We judge from the poetry that Hollins girls are disciples of Miss Amy Lowell.

Among the other exchanges we gratefully acknowledge the following: **The Acorn, The Wake Forest Student, The Erskinian, The University of Tennessee Magazine, The Emory Phoenix,** and **The Pine and Thistle.**

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Gladys V. Price, '20.

Almost all the customs entering into the modern celebration of Christmas have their origins in heathen practices. Many of them clearly began with the Roman Saturnalia, others with the Druidic ceremonies of the winter-solstice in England, and still others with the religious rites of the Scandinavians. In Chamber's **Book of Days** we read:

"Pagan rites and ceremonies were retained after the conversion of the Britains to Christianity partly because Christian teachers found it impossible to wean their converts from their cherished superstitions; and partly because they themselves, as a matter of expediency, ingrafted rites of the Christian religion on heathen ceremonies, believing that thereby the cause of the Cross would be rendered more acceptable to the generality of the populace and thus be more effectually promoted."

Even the date, December 25, is not the actual date of the birth of Jesus. That is unknown, for nowhere in the Scriptures is the date mentioned. The event could not have taken place in December. The inclemency of the weather in Judea would not have permitted the shepherds to watch their flocks by night, nevertheless, the selection of this day by the church was by no means arbitrary. Some time between 337 and 352 Pope Julius, in acting upon the report of the Cycil's investigation, named December 25 as Christmas Day. At this season, and probably on this date, came the celebration of the Saturnalia and also the northern festivals of the winter-solstice. Then when the early missionaries wanted to emphasize the birth of Christ, they selected the date of the Saturnalia, a popular festival already well-established. The

ancient savage instinct to reveal at this season was appeased by the early church, but dancing and singing and many other pagan practices lived on.

The author of **Convival Antiquities** says that at the ancient Saturnalia there were frequent and luxurious feastings amongst friends, presents were mutually sent, and changes of dress made; that Christians have adopted the same customs, which continued to be used from Nativity to Epiphany; feasting is frequent during the whole time, and we send what are called New Year's gifts as heathens had the Saturnalia in December, the Sigillaria in January, and the Lupercalia and Bachanalia in February; so amongst Christians these three months are devoted to feastings and revellings of every kind. Although other authorities trace some of these from sources, the majority agree with the statements set forth in Brand's **Popular Antiquities.**

From the beginning to the end of our Christmas celebration we find remains of ancient heathen customs. In our Christmas decortaing we meet with a custom handed down from centuries before Christ. For the Saturnalia the Romans ornamented their temples and dwellings with green boughs. In England the Druids decorated their homes with evergreens and mistletoe, that mystic old plant. At the time of their great festival of the winter-solstice the Druids would gather mistletoe with a golden axe and bind part of it to the white bull for the subsequent sacrifice. The people used the rest if the sacred plant to hang over their doors as a propitiaion and shelter to the sylnan deities during the winter. In Scandinavia when two people met under the mistletoe in the forest, they would kiss, and if they were enemies, they would put aside hostilities until the next day. From this practice comes our idea that a girl under the mistletoe may be kissed by any man who may wish to avail himself of the privilege.

After the decorating is over and we go to masquerading we are engaged in another Saturnalian practice. The idea of singing in December has its beginning among the heathen.

Here, however, is one custom that may be traced directly to a Christmas origin, for the **Gloria in Excelis** sung **by the angels** at the birth of Christ was the first Christmas carol. The yule log, on the other hand, that fills our hearts with joy an Christmas Eve is merely a survival if a practice of the Scandinavians. At their feast of Juel in honir of Thor, they cut down the largest fir and draged it indoors for the big feast fire. While the log burned, all were welcome, and today the Yule log signifies good will toward all men.

Late Christmas Eve, just before the children go to bed, they hang up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill during the night. Very beautiful stories—some of them true—are connected with this custom. Brady in the **Clavis Colendaria** says: "In several convents in France and Italy it was customary, on the eve of St. Nicholas, for the boarders to place each a stocking at the door of the apartment of the abbess with a piece of paper inclosed, recommending themselves to **great St. Nicholas of her chamber,** and the next day they were called together to witness the Saint's attention, who never failed to fill the stockings with sweets, and other trifles of that kind with which these credulous virgins made a general feast." This same St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus in whom children believe, and who really did live. He was bishop of Myra during the fourth century. He was a good, kind man, a friend of children and of the poor. The story goes that in Myra there was a poor man who was unable to furnish his three daughters with a marriage portion. On three successive nights St. Nicholas went secretly to the man's house and dropped a purse of gold in the window for the three girls. On the third night he was discovered, and after that parents, wishing to reward the good deeds of their children, told them that St. Nicholas brought them their presents. Another story tells of his bringing two boys back to life by prayer for them and for the inn-keeper who had murdered them. By such acts, all done very modestly, St. Nicholas won the love of children and became their patron. His fame spread far into the north, and from there comes the idea of

his riding with reindeer to distribute gifts to children on Christmas Eve. If children are bad, however, they find in their stockings only birch rods, left by Pelsnichol, or St. Nicholas with the fur. St. Nicholas, Pelsnichol, and Kriskinke—Christ-kindlein, or the Infant Christ—are sometimes considered as separate personages, sometimes as the same. Children everywhere have heard of Santa Claus, and they would not be so ready to give up belief in him if they knew the true story of his life.

On Christmas morning when we behold the marvelous tree, glistening with gilt balls and other trimmings, again we should think of pagan practices. The Scandinavians had Iggsdrasil, or the world tree, probably a fir or a pine, the Taunenbamn of the Germans. When the Germans accepted Christ, they brought the yule-tree into the new religion with a new significance. The missionaries among the Anglo-Saxons made good Catholics burn the idolitrous symbol at Christmas in token that the Holy Child had destroyed heathenism. In old calendars Adam and Eve were commemorated on Christmas Eve with the Tree of Knowledge of Good mer. Boniface appeared, turned aside the blow of the hammer by the Cross, rescued the boy, and cut down the oak. "Here," said he, as his eyes fell on a young fir tree," is the living tree that shall be a sign of new worship—the tree of the Christ Child, for this is the night of the White Christ. Go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts and Evil as the symbol. The next day is the Day of Christ, whose symbol is the Tree of Life. The stars and planets are the shining fruits on the world-tree; therefore on the Christmas tree we hang gilt nuts and apples. The German name for pine, tanne, from a root meaning to grow, extend vertically and laterally, is indeed a suitable symbol of the Tree of Life.

There is a legand about St. Boniface and the first Christmas tree that tells of its use six-hundred years after the first observance of Christmas: One night on the hillock where stood the Thunder Oak, sacred to Thor, a company of people

was assembled; in the midst of them was a high priest and a kneeling child, a victim to be sacrificed by a blow of a ham-

with secret rites of shame; keep them at home with laughter and songs and rites of love."

Gift giving may be traced to the Roman practice of giving presents to their friends during the festival season. Some say that this custom is merely a sign of love, the spirit that the Christ Child has spread throughout the world, and that the foundation for the practice is the story of the gifts of the Wise Men and the Shepherds. Many of our Christmas games and dishes are of pagan origin. Finally when we light the candles Christmas night on the tree and in the chapels, we again face Saturnalian festival habits; but these may have their origin in the fact that all Bethlehem was probably aglow with candlelight on the night of the Nativity, which came during the Jewish Feast of Dedication.

For America's celebration of Christmas Hamilton Wright Mabie has well said: "He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on the one side, and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board. For him there should be neither card, nor holly, nor mistletoe; they only shall keep the feast to whom all these things are but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace."

Just Down, Not Out

Ruth Merritt, '19.

For years a fair and golden dream had fanned,
With pressure constant e'er, ambition's flame;
For years my daily duties I had planned
That I might make myself a worthy name,
A name which none on earth could call with blame,
A name which e'er would prove to downcast hearts
That men in truth can play full worthy parts.

Then, when at length I hoped I'd neared my goal,
When thus for years I'd tried to do my best,
Men all at once began to doubt my soul,
And darkest gloom sank deep into my breast;
One act, it seemed, had shaded all the rest,
And would transform my future into night;
That act would guide men on to dark—not light.

Then, while in despair I groped my way,
And saw my dream world-self forever fled,
A voice there came, and seemed to say:
"To fall and not to rise but proves the soul is dead,
But he who down will rise and push ahead
Can best to souls discouraged show that none
Who falls need think his race cannot be run."

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Vol. XXXIII ~~FEBRUARY~~ January, 1921 No. 3

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The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their **Alma Mater. If you do not wish to become** a subscriber, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of all old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1921

PEGASUS BEING TETHERED NEAR

(Beng an admonition against indiscriminate enthusiasm)

Shall I write a little lyric
To Marie?
Delicately panegyric?
Not for me!

She would count it, through her laughter,
Nothing worth—
Vanish Corydon thereafter
From the earth!

Praises are like children, better
Seldom heard,
Muted, like a silent letter,
In a word.

Words that simulate caresses
May be scorned;
Thoughts are best in simple dresses,
Unadorned.

Such are never trouble-breeders,
Never banned;
And discerning Gentle Readers
Understand!

—Anon

Man to Man

T. C. Kirkman

Willie Burrus lived in New York. He lived there because his company had put him there to work until he had experience enough to go abroad and represent them in Turkey. He was from the South, and he was not particularly fond of New York; but he knew that he was in New York to stay; so he tried to make the best of his situation. Now Willie was down on the Company's books as Mr. William J. Burrus. It was perfectly proper for him to be called William, too. He had not been working for the same company for five years for nothing. Although his salary would hardly suffice to support an ambassador's retinue, he received enough pay for his services to support himself and someone else in comfort—had he had someone else to support.

That was Willie's chief reason for remaining in New York. He was perfectly at liberty to accept his foreign station at any time he chose to do so; but a man in the position he would necessarily occupy would certainly need someone to help him entertain. His company was not at all lax in advertising or in paying expense accounts, and he knew what would be expected of him. But he had no wife nor any prospects of securing one. Now this may seem strange; but to those who knew Willie it seemed perfectly natural. Of course he could easily find a wife in New York. But Willie wasn't that sort. Almost anyone can find somebody who will be willing to love and obey. But Willie wasn't an anybody; nor would a somebody suit him. He was peculiar. He wasn't eccentric, for he was perfectly natural in everything. His only peculiarity was in regard to matters of the heart. Willie had never seen a girl who suited him; he had never had a girl. No, he was not at all bashful or timid; he simply had never seen a girl that appealed to him enough to capture his affections.

Willie was really handsome. He was tall and rather dark.

His dark brown eyes had a depth and clearness in them that made friends of casual acquaintances. His forehead was high and broad; intelligence and business sense were evidenced in every feature. He combed his curly black hair on the left side. He could easily have been a heart-breaker had he chosen to be. But he refused to choose. He had very few bad habits; he was clean and manly. And yet he was not able to find the right girl. He knew that the right girl must be somewhere in the world. He had heard that somewhere in the world there is a girl for every boy. He had believed it when first he heard it, but he was beginning to have his doubts as to its authenticity.

Margaret Keats also lived in New York. She was staying there from choice. She was a music student, studying under one of the great masters. Margaret was from the far west, and she did not care for New York either. She was enduring her stay, though, by close application to her work and by the company of her mother, with whom she shared an apartment in a quiet neighborhood.

Margaret was beautiful. She was one of those few girls who are beautiful and are not spoiled by the knowledge that they are. She was a decided brunette, and the perfect coloring of her cheeks could never be obtained by the use of rouge. It was entirely natural. And when she talked, her entrancing voice held the hearer in an almost magic spell. She was not unbecomingly bashful, but she was quiet and timid enough to blush crimson on the least provocation. She was more than beautiful when she blushed. The natural color of her cheeks, deepened by the blush, could not be equalled by the most delicately colored roses. She was an ideal for any man to seek. And yet she was not burdened with a great host of admirers. She was seldom in the company of men; her mother was her constant companion. She was more like a sister than a mother to her anyway. She did not look old, and she was not old—except perhaps in years. She believed that people made themselves grow old; if they wanted to stay young, they could do so.

When Margaret and her mother came to the city, they secured rooms in a quiet apartment not far removed from the busy section of the city. Strange to say, Willie Burrus also had rooms in the same apartment house. But Willie worked hard and spent very little time around the building; so for many weeks he never met Margaret. She and her mother roomed just below him, and he often heard the music of the piano as she practised. In the mornings Willie went to his office before Margaret and her mother went out. He ate lunch down town and returned to his rooms at six in the evening. Since Margaret and her mother were usually out at that hour, they never saw Willie; and Willie never saw them.

After a few weeks of this unconscious dodging of each other, the inevitable happened. They met. It happened in the elevator. For some reason Margaret went out earlier than was usual on this particular morning, and she and Willie went down in the elevator together. Neither spoke, for they had not been introduced; but after one glance Willie determined that he would be introduced, even if he had to introduce himself. They left the elevator at the first floor together and together went to the door and out into the street. Willie grew suddenly bold, and he determined that it was now or never.

"Are you the young lady on the sixth floor who plays the piano so beautifully?" he inquired.

"Yes. That is, I play the piano. As to how well I play, I can't say," and she blushed as she answered his rather bold compliment.

"Well, my name's Burrus, Willie Burrus. I've been hearing you now for weeks and wondering who it could be. You know I live just upstairs on the seventh. I've been trying to find out who the musician could be. I wonder why we have never met before. I don't understand how we have lived in the same building for so long a time without meeting."

He stopped talking, greatly surprised at his own boldness in thus addressing a young lady who was a total stranger to him. But he didn't feel as if she was a stranger. Hadn't he been hearing her music for weeks? And wasn't she beautiful?

He was really at a loss to understand the tardiness of their meeting.

She was not at all embarrassed at his address. In fact, she did not feel that he was a stranger either. She knew that a young fellow roomed, just above her and her mother, but she had never seen him. She, too, had often wondered who he was and how he looked and what he did. She was agreeably surprised at his appearance. There was something in his eyes that told her that he was a man to whom she could talk without fear. Consequently, she felt no hesitancy in answering him.

"Mr. Burrus, my name is Margaret Keats. I, too, have been wondering why we have never met. I knew that a man had rooms just over ours, but I did not know his name; nor had I ever seen him."

They shook hands cordially.

"I hope that you are not disappointed now that you have seen him."

Willie felt that he was growing reckless. He had never talked this way before.. But he had never seen a girl like her before.

"Not the least bit in the world," she replied, smiling. Ah, but he felt relieved! He feared that she might think his remark too curt but as she didn't seem to think so, he felt encouraged.

His car was coming.

"Which way do you go, Miss Keats?" he inquired.

Of course he hoped that she was going in the same direction that he was, and when she answered, "Here comes my car," he said, "Why we go in the same direction. If you don't mind, we'll go down together. I've been here for almost five years, and this is the first time that I've had anybody I know to ride down with me."

They boarded the car and went on their way. On the way down they found out a great deal about each other. What each did in the city, where they were from, and many other matters were explained before they transferred and parted.

Willie was in better spirits that day than he had been in several days. Margaret, too, felt strangely happy. Both were berating themselves for having never met the other sooner. Both determined that they should meet again the next morning. Willie tried to get Margaret off his mind, but he found that it was impossible to do so. He asked himself why he was so affected by a casual meeting, but he could not answer his inquiry with any degree of satisfaction to himself. He had never before seen a girl who had affected him so much, and he could not understand the result of the morning's meeting.

Nearly a month had passed, and Margaret and Willie were no longer mere friends. They were much more to each other than friends. They both acknowledged that it was a case of love at first sight. During the month that had just passed, Willie had spent no more lonely evenings at the theatre or in his room. Margaret had no longer passed away the weary evening hours at the piano for want of better occupation. For nearly a month they had spent their evenings together. They often went out to dinner and to the theater, and often Margaret's mother had accompanied them. Other evenings they spent in the apartment, playing and singing together. Willie had a good voice, and the combination of voice and piano was much more pleasant than had been the piano alone to each of them a few weeks previous.

During the interval, Margaret's mother had returned to her home in Seattle, leaving Margaret to continue her work. Her mother was very fond of Willie; his affair with Margaret met with her entire approval. She had confidently told Margaret that she thought Willie was a fine young chap, and that she should cultivate his friendship. But one thing that she told her grieved Margaret very much. She reminded her of her promise to Curt White, a young Seattle architect, to whom she had been practically engaged for nearly three years. Margaret had almost forgotten, but her mother's remark brought the true state of affairs back vividly before her mind.

After her mother's departure, Margaret determined that

she would tell Willie her exact position. One evening as they sat in the music room quietly talking, she decided that the time had come for her to relate her story.

"Willie, I'm going to tell you something that you may be surprised to hear. I am very sorry that I must tell you, but it is best that I should. Mother reminded me of my duty just before she left for the West."

She paused to reflect over what she was about to say. She wanted to form an explanation suitable for ready interpretation. Willie remained silent. He was anxious to hear what she had to say. He said nothing, but he quietly took her hand and looked deep into her eyes. He noticed a weary look there, a look that told him plainly that she was confronted with a great problem and that she was anxious to undurden her mind.

"Willie, dear, you are the only man I have ever loved. I speak with all sincerity and truth. But there is another man. I do not love him; but he is deeply attached to me, and I owe a great deal to him, far more than I feel I shall ever be able to repay."

She paused again. Her eyes had grown brighter as she spoke. It seemed that a great burden had been lifted from her mind by the few words she had uttered.

Willie still remained silent. He believed Margaret when she said she loved him. They had settled that matter quite a few days before. He was slightly perplexed at what she had just said, but he was anxious for her to continue. His grip on her hand tightened slightly as she began to speak again.

"Curt White and I grew up like brother and sister, Willie. My father and his have been the closest possible friends for years, and we have always lived near each other. It has always been the desire of my father and Curt's that we two should marry sometime. Many years ago they agreed that that should take place when we had finished our education. Willie, I promised. But I cannot love Curt. I like him, and I suppose I do love him in a way, but not with the real love

of a woman for a man. He seems to be only a brother to me. I don't love him and I don't want to have to marry him."

She turned her eyes from Willie; they were fast filling with tears. Willie understood. He took her other hand and gently drew her to him.

"There, girlie, don't worry. I'm sure if Curt knew, he would release you. In all probability he looks upon you only as a sister, too. Has he said anything about his desires in the matter here of late?"

"No, Willie, he seldom mentions it in his letters. I hear from him quite often, but with little regularity. He seems to take our future relations for granted. And he loves me; I'm sure of it. I, too, should think that he would love me only as a sister, but his love is deeper than that. He is a fine boy, just starting out as an architect. I only hope that he may find someone whom he can love before I return home."

She was greatly relieved, now that she had confessed all to Willie. She felt that he could understand and could sympathize with her.

He did understand, and he spoke with careful deliberation.

"Dearest, don't worry. You know I love you, and I'm sure that you love me. But I cannot ask you to marry me just at this time. I would ask you to marry me tomorrow if my immediate future was more settled. War is imminent, and I shall go if I am called. Then, too, my company intends to change my location soon. In a few weeks I hope that I shall be able to come and take you for my wife, with the feeling that I am able to give you the sort of life you deserve. But if war comes, we must wait until I return."

They remained silent for a long time. Both were greatly troubled in spirit. The future was so uncertain. The other man, the impending war, and other circumstances weighed on the minds of both.

War did come, and with it came the news that Curt had gone to a California aviation field to train as a pilot. Willie did not yet go; the company begged him to remain until he was called.

With the coming of the war, too, came a message for Margaret to return home. Nothing was wrong there, but owing to the abnormal state of affairs and congested conditions in the East, she thought it probable that her parents wished her to return to her home in Seattle until affairs became more settled. She was not told the real purpose of her call home. Had she known the real reason, she would have contested her return with all her power. She merely thought that her presence at home would be pleasant to her parents in this time of turmoil and uncertainty.

She left Willie at the station with pain in her heart and a promise on her lips.

"Willie, I am afraid to go. They may try to force me to marry Curt. But I will not marry him; I love only you."

She broke down as she spoke. The thought of having three thousand miles of broad country between Willie and herself was almost more than she could bear.

Willie could scarcely control his emotions, but he managed to say, "Trust me, dear, and after it is all over, I'll come back. Until then——."

That was all. The train drew away and left Willie in the big city. He had never felt so lonely before. He began to think that it would have been better had he never met Margaret than that they should have to part. But it would not be for long.

Margaret was miserable indeed until she reached Chicago. Here she was greatly surprised to meet her sister. She didn't understand at once why her sister had come so far to meet her, but from her conversation Margaret soon found that she had come for the purpose of taking her to California to see Curt. She at once refused to go. Her sister insisted that she should go. Margaret told her of Willie, but to no avail. Curt had a prior claim, and Curt would leave soon for the front.

In the end she yielded to the extent that she promised to go to see Curt on her way home. Secretly she had decided that she would not see him if it was possible to avoid him.

So instead of leaving Chicago for Seattle, Margaret and her sister boarded the train for San Francisco. The trip was entirely uneventful, monotonously so. The interminable daylight, the almost endless nights, the infinite expanse of prairie land, the limitless stretch of mountain walls, all united to make the journey anything but one of pleasure to the unhappy Margaret.

Finally she and her sister arrvied at San Francisco. Great was Margaret's surprise to find her mother and father here to meet her. They went to the Saint Francis. Margaret felt that there was some event of importance impending, but she was unable to discover just what it was. It happened in the advent of Curt and his mother and father that night.

Curt looked very well in uniform, but to Morgaret's eye only the vision of Willie waiting in New York was visible. She was forced into the company of Curt and of his parents against her will. All arrangements had been made for their immediate marriage, she was informed. She resisted, and her parents insisted. It was her duty, they said.

The struggle lasted only two days. At the end of that time a telegram came to Willie in New York. It read:

Willie Burrus,
Carlisle Apartments,
New York.
Married Curt today. I am the most unhappy bride in the world. I love you still. Margaret.

Willie brooded long over that message. She was lost, she who had meant so much to him. He had no cause to blame her, though. She had told him all, and he had delayed their marriage. And now it was too late. But Willie was not the sort to dwell forever on unhappy events and lost loves. Such things grieved him deeply, but he persistently drove them from his mind. He occupied all his time with hard work. Never before had he been so engrossed in his business.

At the end of the sixth day after the receipt of the telegram he received a letter, a very precious letter. Calmly he broke the seal, and with steady hands he opened it. Yes, it

was from her whom he loved. What could she say? She had explained all before she left New York. It was all his fault; she was innocent of any attempt to hurt him. He read slowly:

Willie Dearest:

The worst has happened, and my fears are realized. I am married to a man I do not love. I have only one consolation: that being an aviator Curt may be killed soon. O, may God hasten that day when I shall be free to return to you.

He leaves for the front next week. He will come through New York. I have given him your address, and he will look for you. Find him and do all you can for him, Willie, for my sake. He has meant no harm. Do not blame him for anything.

I can write no more now. Margaret.

That was all. But it was enough to create a series of sensations in Willie's mind the like of which he had never known before. He loved Margaret for the hope she entertained, but at the same time he hated her and hated himself for ever for a moment entertaining such hopes. He loved her; he respected her effort to help her husband during his stay in New York before leaving for the front. He dreaded the task of entertaining the man who of all others he should hate most. But he determined to do Margaret's bidding, for her sake.

The next week arrived, and Curt came. He came to the office of the Company and met Willie. From the first Willie admired the man. How could he do otherwise? After a few hours with him, he was convinced that Curt was a better man than he. There was nothing in his nature he could despise. He was clean-cut, alert, and manly. He had won his prize fairly. Why should they not be friends?

Curt remained in New York only a week. When he left, he bore with him the friendship of a man whom he had secretly feared. "Curt, I ought to hate you, but I can't." Those words of Willie's, uttered at the pier gate, rang in his ears. He felt that he had met a man, a rival who could take defeat as a man should. He left with his squadron as a Captain of aviators.

In a few weeks two uniformed officers met in Paris. Recognitionwas mutual. They shook hands and related experiences over a bottle of vin blanc. One was Captain Curt White of the aviation service, and the other was Lieutenant Willie Burrus of the transportation department. Both had offices in Paris in close Proximity to each other. They had been living almost side by side for a week without either being aware of the fact. It was decided that they should secure rooms together.

And then a strange thing happened. Two men lived together and received mail from the same woman. The letters to one were full of protestations of love and faithfulness; to the other they were only the dutiful epistles of a wife to a husband. Both the men knew that his condition of affairs was wrong, but neither had the strength to put an end to it. For weeks the correspondence continued as it had started. Then Willie determined that his letters to Margaret should stop. It was certainly unfair to Curt for he and Margaret to continue corresponding longer.

Willie sent a farewell letter to Margaret. He told her the condition of affairs that he and Curt had been facing for weeks. He heard from her no more. She saw the fairness in his request for a cessation of their correspondence, and although it grieved her much, she obeyed the request. Curt did not know of Willie's act, but he soon noticed that the correspondence between his wife and Willie had ceased. He thanked Willie with a silent hand clasp. Not a word was spoken, but both knew what the clasp signified.

The war soon ended, and the two men returned to the United States. They parted in New York with genuine regret, friends from the depths of their souls.

Margaret and her husband have a beautiful home in Seattle, and they are very, very happy. So great a vision of self sacrifice, of a man's love changed into friendship rather than hatred for his rival, made both of them feel that life was worth living after all. No happier couple lives beyond the Sierras.

Willie Burrus lives in New York.

Lovers' Leap

Ruth Early, '20

One comes upon the scene suddenly. It seems as though the thick-foliaged trees which have been jealously hiding a treasure, having been moved by the magic word "sesame," have opened the way to the prize. One moment all is green with the green freshness of the natural wood; the next, a huge gray rock meets the astonished gaze—a rock the enormity of which makes one wonder how even the century-old trees that surround it could have hidden it so well. A prize it is indeed; treasure here among the trees that might inspire many an artist on to heights unreached.

It is the hugeness of the rock which first impresses one, but the attention is not wholly centered in this alone. In fact the explorer very soon notices its striking peculiarities; he sees with wondering eyes two great cracks in thus massive rock wall—cracks big enough for a man to pass through.

How came these cracks there? How came these streaks of dull red on the cliff-like rock and the dark stains on the rock bed at its foot?

A spirit of adventure seizes the exployer, and he makes his way to one of the great cracks. With slight effort he pushes himself onward and upward through it until he suddenly finds above him once more the clear open sky and under his feet the flat surface of the great rock. He has gained the summit of the cliff, and now he stands, gazing out over the tops of the giant trees.

Everywhere there is stillness. Not a lizzard curls himself lazily in the sun, not a snake goes gliding off across the moss. The leaves on the trees and scrubs are as motionless as painted ones; there is not a breath of air stirring; no bird opens his throat to pour music into the air. Death seems symbolized in everything—the gray of the stone, the blood-like stains upon it, the stillness and silence of both animal and vegetable

life. The very atmosphere of the place makes one feel that here there is no Time, that God, one day when the world was young, said, "Be still, O Time, and here let there be everlasting silence."

The story of the place runs thus:

Many, many years ago when the red Indian was in full possession of all the vast hunting grounds of the great North American Continent, there lived near the eastern coast, two powerful, but hostile, tribes. And to the chief of one tribe was born a son, and to the chief of the other was given a daughter; the Fates wove the threads of the lives of these two together so dexteriously that not even the great chieftains, their fathers, were able to draw them apart.

Love came to Red Feather and to Nahomee as naturally as the bee comes to the honeysuckle. Love blossomed, and its flower was ready to burst into full bloom, when unkind Fortune opened the ears of the fathers of the lovers and permitted Rumor to tell the secret of their love.

And so in an agonized moment of despair at being forever separated, Red Feather, the pride of his tribe, and Nahomee, the joys of hers, clasped in each other's arms, leaped from the cliff where they had so often been wont to meet, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The world suddenly became as black as night; lightening flashed across the jet-black heavens; thunder roared; land and sea heaved under the strain of a great earthquake; rocks were burst asunder, and great trees were torn up by the roots.

In far-away Judea, a Saviour was being nailed upon the cross, crucified by His people, and God was angry.

It all seems to have happened yesterday instead of more than a thousand years ago. One stands upon the great rock called "Lovers' Leap" and feels that here he is living in a Yesterday in which Today has no part. The stillness which comes after all storms yet reigns; the silence of the tomb is still felt.

Evening Heights

John H. Small, Jr.

Sunset, and vaporous sky
With me alone, dream clouds that lie
Like gray imaginings of frost
Which smile and smilingly are lost.
Cumulus buds of lilac blue,
As dainty as a lilac, too,
Yet with no body as a flower
Or such life, save at sunset's hour.

Nimble and swift and boldly strong
I charge the heights to voice my song
Of love, deep-throated, blithe, and clear,
In confidence that you will hear
And, hearing, once again return
Above my winged path to burn
A Pilot Star. So now my flight
Is swift into approaching night.

Far distant and above, a smile,
Amid a cloud, yet framed awhile
By lips so clearly part of you
That I might judge my song come true;
And leaping through defiant space
I see in sunset land your face
Ever nearer until, at last,
You smile, but smilingly have passed.

As you are lost impatient day,
Quickly regretful of delay,
Spreads a naive monotony
On earth whose previous symphony
Of light and quilted coloring

Gladdened my aerial wandering.
And yet, through covering mists, my flight
Persists into the sombre night.

A night whose early shadows fade
As gossamers of dreams delayed;
For moonlight soon has followed day,
A breeze has swept my pang away,
Each bit of cloud it molds anew
Into lips, the eyes of you,
And I have won at last your smile
To guard my winged path the while.

Thine Eyes

Dallas Walton Newsom

As the waterbrooks and rivers
    Go a-singing to the sea,
My thoughts are always turning, love,
    Are turning towards thee.
As the birds turn towards the Southland
    Where the skies are warm and blue,
So my heart is ever fleeting
    Toward the glad sunshine of you.
As the needle seeks to wander
    Where the bright north star doth shine,
So my life just keeps a-flitting
    Toward those star-like eyes of thine.

EDITORIALS

WHAT TRINITY NEEDS MOST

"What does Trinity need most?" is a question that we hear again and again this year, and the answers given are as various and as different as the people who make them. If one were to believe everything that he hears about the needs of Trinity, he would be forced to the conclusion that the College is on the verge of ruin, complete and disastrous, and that only radical changes can save it from destruction. But happily for the welfare of the College and the people who are influenced by it, there are still many who believe in Trinity and the greatness of her future. However, the most persistent optimist cannot help seeing that there are many changes which would greatly improve Trinity.

The need we hear mentioned most often is the pressing need for more buildings. With the dormitories full to overflowing, classrooms crowded, and the gymnasium pitiably inadequate for the requirements of the students, no long argument in favor of a large building program for Trinity is necessary to convince the man who has the welfare of Trinity at heart of the reality of this need for more buildings.

"More and better equipment" is the shibboleth of the industrial world today. If the College is to train men and women adequately to take the lead in this industrial world, it must be quick to adopt new methods and to provide a sufficient amount of the very best equipment for the training of its students. Trinity's greatest need for equipment is in the scientific department. To put this department on an equal footing with the scientific departments of other colleges in the State a new building and much new equipment are necessary.

The need for a larger faculty is evident to everyone. In many classes there are as many as fifty or sixty students. No teacher can give sufficient attention to the individual in a class of this size. Several additions to the faculty must be

made if the College is to provide sufficiently for the rapid growth that should come in the next few years.

The greatest need of Trinity, however, is not more buildings, not more and better equipment, not a larger faculty. The greatest need of Trinity is a larger number of students who take their work seriously—real men and women. It is characteristic of every age and generation that the members of that age or generation see more of its faults than of its good qualities. We are always looking to the past or to the future as the golden age. It is, after all, only natural that we should do so, for all our teaching has tended to inculcate in us this belief in the weakness and even wickedness of the present. In college, as we learn, we also unlearn, and every day has its disillusionment. We come to doubt almost everything; we become skeptics and cynics on every subject; we lose our faith in the goodness of man and of his institutions. Thus it is but natural that we should observe and magnify faults in the College and in our fellow-students—and even those of us who love Trinity most must admit that she has many faults. But the greatest fault of the College is in the students themselves, and the students alone can remedy this fault. The students of the past have made the Trinity of the present, and the students of the present will make the Trinity of the future.

Two summers ago we spent several days at Old Trinity, walking over the old campus, through the old halls, and through the old chapel where lived and worked the students who laid the foundations and built up the traditions of the Trinity of today. Out from Old Trinity have gone business men, lawyers, doctors, politicians, and ministers who have taken their places in the world and who have done much to make it a better world in which to live. They have been Trinity's contribution to the civilization and the progress of the nation and the world. Shall Trinity continue to send out men who shall become leaders? The students alone can answer this question, and upon their answer rests the future of our Alma Mater. Shall Trinity's influence for good in the

world continue to live and to grow? Shall she continue to lead in the progress of the world? Shall we continue to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before? These are questions that every loyal Trinity student should ask himself, and he must look within himself for the answer.

Every day we hear it said by members of our faculty and by students that the standard of the students of the present generation is lower than that of past generations. Undoubtedly, this is true in many respects. When Trinity was a small institution, the men who came to the College came to work, and there was less to distract them from their work. Now that the College is situated in a city and women students form a large part of the College community, there is much to call even the most earnest student from his work. The College has become a very pleasant place in which to spend the winter; classes alone prevent it from being a perfect winter resort. Because of this fact, a large number of men and women with no definite purpose in their lives have been attracted to the College, and this element has done much to demoralize the entire number of students. The war came, and with it, for many students, new ideas and ideals, and with these, a resulting lack of interest in dull books and the routine work of college life. Many men were forced to leave college and thus to interrupt their work. After the war has come a wave of unrest, of dissatisfaction, of perplexing doubts and questions, of extravagance. One has only to read the newspapers and periodicals to realize the force with which this wave has swept over the world. In many respects college students have felt the force of this wave more than the rest of the world. They feel, as no other class, the unrest and uncertainty that is so prevalent, but they forget that a similar period has followed every other great war and that the best equipment they can possibly have for life in such a period is the training that colleges offer.

College students, along with the rest of the world, are fiddling while Rome is burning, but there must be an end to all this fiddling soon. If the conflagration is not stopped, the

very foundations of our civilization will be destroyed, the top-heavy structure will crash to a blazing ruin, and the world will have to begin all over again. The present state of Russia and of central Europe are evidence that this is no idle prophecy. Earnest, sincere thought and effort are needed. Colleges have long been leaders of thought, but if they are to retain this leadership, they must send out within the next few years men and women who can think clearly and act fearlessly. Shall the colleges keep this lead? Shall Trinity continue to hold her place in the heart of the world? The answer again rests with the students.

What Trinity needs most—what the world needs most—is a larger number of men and women who think of life as something more than a long vacation, men and women to take their duty and obligation to the world seriously, men and women who are willing to work and fight for what they know to be right. **Trinity needs real men and women.** Must she look **elsewhere** for them? **Or will we, the present students,** awake to a realization of this need and **fill** it?

THE NEW YEAR AND THE NEW TERM

Christmas has come and gone. We have rung the New Year in with revelry—and with a hope that it will be better than the old. We have made numerous resolutions—and have broken them. We have come to our mid-term exams—and have passed and have flunked.

The old year was one of trial and of failure to many of our fathers and friends in the world of business; the old term has been one of failure for many of us.

But the new year and the new term are here. Is the new to be better than the old? Or will it be worse? It will be whatever we make it.

EXCHANGES

The **Grinnell Review** is of a type rare among college magazines. It appeals, not to the reader of frivolous stories, but rather to the reader of serious discussions of important topics. "The League Issue," an editorial, gives a very clear discussion of the situation in regard to the League. "Peace and the League of Nations," two parallel articles by Governor Cox and Senator Harding, were especially appropriate at the time of publication and are unusual for a college magazine. "A Conservative American," an article on Robert E. Lee, shows a real appreciation of this great Southern soldier, statesmen, and teacher. This is the first copy of the **Review** that we have seen, and we have been very favorably impressed by it. We wish to congratulate Grinnell College on having such a publication.

The **Pine and Thistle** begins its December-January number with "Winter Love," a selection in free verse that is a very good piece of work. "The Substitute," a story of basket ball, the chief sport of a girls' college, is the conventional story of the substitute who enters the game at the last minute and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat. "The Golden Mean," a translation from Horace, is work not usually attempted by college students. The author of this translation has been very successful and deserves commendation. A department in the **Pine and Thistle** not included in most college magazines is the "Book Shelf." Other college magazines would do well to imitate the **Pine and Thistle** by installing a similar department.

Again the **Furman Echo** is receiving some very favorable criticism. One article particularly, "Chinese Writing and Literature," is very pleasing, not because of any unusual literary value that can be attached to it, but because it is a unique article on a very unique subject. Written by a native Chinese student, as we presume from the name of the author, the article makes us feel that we are at last being let into the

secret of the whys and wherefores of the Chinese language. The explanation of the character forms and the difference between the written and the spoken languages does not entirely do away with our conception of Chinese writing as being more or less a system of puzzles. However, a little light on any subject is better than none at all. We also discover from this article that such a thing as Chinese poetry actually exists. We have never conceived of such a thing before.

The Tattler was one of the best exchanges received this month. The essay, "Dreamy Chinatown Awake," is written in a good clear style. It pictures for us real Chinatown. Another essay, "The Quest," is very good. It is brimful of beautiful descriptions. We agree that the quest is still on. The editorial is indeed excellent. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Why is it that someone is always insulting our intelligence? We wish the **Tattler** had given us the tip for writing letters to Santa Claus before it was too late. We, too, should like to ask for some things which it seems impossible to get.

The **Roanoke Collegian** is certainly a short and snappy magazine. The two poems, "Memory's Retrospection" and "The Greatest Gift," are well written. More attention should be given to short stories and special articles.

We always welcome the **Wake Forest Student.** It is one of the most creditable magazines that it has been our pleasure to receive. Each contribution is worthy of mention. The war story, "Greater Love Hath No Man," is told in a pleasing, vivid manner.

Among the other exchanges we acknowledge the following: The **Acorn,** the **Haverfordian,** the **Emory Phoenix, Hollins Magazine,** the **Isaqueena,** the **Furman Echo,** the **St. Mary's Muse,** and the Woodrow Wilson High School **Student.**

WAYSIDE WARES

TWO STRANGERS

By Mask. U. Linjender.

It happened in the Goody Shop Cafe, where wealth accumulates and men decay—or, to be less poetic, where full pockets, medium steaks, and empty stomachs come together in a happy combination at all hours of the day and night, thereby swelling Theodore's bank account, your abdomen, and the indigestion ward in Watts' Hospital.

Me and my friend Jule are great pals, you know. It so happened that we were sitting at a table in the Goody Shop one night about supper time. There is always something down in a fellow's carcass somewhere that insists on telling him what he wants, and ought to have. Methodist preachers call it the still small voice, but it could have hollered itself hoarse and never have done any good down at Mrs. Thompson's boarding house; so me and Jule preferred to call it just plain appetite. And the said appetite is what made us go to the Goody Shop (knowing Theodore's willingness to cash bogus checks) in quest of that piece of steak that passeth all understanding, or undertaking.

The Goody Shop, you know, is equipped with four-passenger tables, tomato ketchup ketched in 1912, and several Greeks and colored gentlemen who wait—on customers' tips and quitting time. (Women who wait are not wanted.)

As I was saying, me and Jule were sitting at seats No. 3 and 4 at the front table, where we could look out the big plate-glass window and see beautiful Wholeproof silk hosiery displayed naturally by the wind to better advantage than the Saturday Evening Post advertisement artists or Shirley Graves' English co-eds could equal with all their cunning. And while the wind was playing havoc and the dresses were

playing around the knees, the Salvation Army on the corner was playing—

"I'm pressing on the upward way;
New heights I'm gaining every day."

Now the story begins. All of a sudden a couple of men blew in and sat down in chairs No. 1 and 2 at our table, and since it was getting dark outside anyway, we shifted the locus of of our interest from them (hosiery) to them (men.)

Man Number One was just an ordinary man, clean-shaved, with neither **with's** nor **without's** to attract attention. You have seen thousands like him.

But Man Number Two was different. He had the sallowness of a Spaniard, the beard of a Bolshevik, and a necktie as red as Cal Hornaday's face turns when Cal tells a joke and nobody laughs at it.

The two men sat, and nothing more. So did me and Jule. The waiters, of course, were waiting—for the usual alarm that customers give by tapping on their glasses at the end of the first half-hour they have been sitting there before giving their orders.

Five minutes passed. It was evident that the two strangers were not acquainted with each other and had just **happened** to come in at the same time and sit at the same table.

"Ho-hum," yawned Mr. One (the clean-shaved, ordinary man,) as if to start a conversation. "Fine day."

"Yahs," replied the strange-looking bearded Man Number Two, deliberately.

"I see in the paper that the President-elect has just arrived in Washington."

Mr. Two scratched his beard and whistled. "And I must ask, my good friend, where Washington is?" he said.

"A hermit," thought me and Jule, "come to town after twenty years in the Smoky mountains."

"Man, man!" ejaculated Man Number One, amazed.

"Don't you know where Washington is? It is the capital of the United States!"

"Yahs, even so, my esteemed sir," replied Mr. Two. "You will pardon my naive unfamiliarity with such common things. They are quite unworthy of note. We scholars do not accord any merit to anything that has been since the Fall of Rome, in 476, A. D. As Xenaphon has said—"

"I see also," interrupted Mr. One, "where that negro, Jeff Tompkins, was lynched in Pasquotank county for assaulting that 13-year-old white girl last Wednesday. Have you been keeping up with that case?"

Mr. Two frowned sternly. "Sir, you misunderstood me," he said stiffly. "I was just saying that we of the intellectual aristocracy live exclusively in the past. We do not insult the hallowed spirt of wisdom, of which we are the guardians, by reading the low and vulgar things of the present age. By the seven hills of Rome and the sacred sands of Jordan, I vouchsafe my word that not a newspaper have I read since, as a student in Wofford in 1890, I pledged my troth that I would thenceforth be a Knight of the Exclusive and Ancient Order of the Past."

Me and Jule were interested now, and kept listening. But we changed our minds about this fellow's being a hermit; we simply didn't know what he was.

Mr. One was quite astonished at Mr. Two's speech, and hardly knew what to say.

"Well," he ventured, "you are an interesting specimen, whoever you are, but I don't see how you make a living with nothing but the dead past for your capital. You must have an awful graft somewhere. As for me, I work, and don't bother much about Greece and Rome.",

"As I was saying," Mr. Two went on, "Zenaphon has given us an edifying presentation of the Lacedaemonians in his account of 'The Battle of Leuctra.' To quote verbatim, according as my memory serves me, with your indulgence, sir—Hiero, the Phocian peltosts, and the Heraclean and Phliasian cavalry—"

"As I was going on to say," interrupted Mr. One, "this negro was hung to the cross beams of a suspension bridge across Little River about a mile from Okisko, in Pasquotank county. The sheriff was helpless. Thirty-seven men, masked and armed, came out of the wood, yelling 'Lynch him!'—"

"Did you ever read Plutarch's 'Demosthenes and Cicero Compared?' I advise you, my good sir, to partake of these refreshing drafts from the spring of knowledge. To quote further, 'As Diopithes and Leosthenes were holpen of Demosthenes, so—"

"Well, I reckon you are right," ventured Mr. One, trying desperately to change the subject. "Say, what do you think of Bringing Up Father?"

"Father Abraham, I guess you mean. Yes, he was brought up by Jehovah out of the Land of Ur to the chosen land which his children and his children's children—"

And so it went on.

Me and Jule just looked at each other and wondered what had come to town. We couldn't make head nor tail of this curious specimen No. Two. And when we looked at him and listened again, he was talking something about the "inevitable fitness of thing," mentioning Schlegel and Hume, and saying that it behooved a man of great learning, for instance, to wear a beard and have a pedantic countenance in order to proclaim to the world his high and scholarly—

Just then a rough looking guy from another table came over and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I say," the stranger began. "Ain't you the feller that runs the shoe fixin' shop down at Five Points? Well, seein' I've got you cornered, I'm tellin' ye that that there pair of half-soles you put on them work shoes o' mine last week simply wasn't no account a-tall, and I'm sayin' that if you are anyways decent you'll pay me my money back, and if you ain't—I ginerally board at J. J. Neal's—I'll knock your business to all those nice folks as an act of kindness. What you got to say for yourself?"

People with red blood in their veins turn red in the face

and ready with the fist when they are insulted; but people with blue blood in their heads turn blue in the face and get blued in the eyes when they are insulted.

Man Number Two turned deathly pale.

"My good man," he protested, forsooth you are in error. The kind of soles you speak of must be low and dirty, and I have nothing to do with low and dirty things. I insist, sir, you have most assuredly made a gross mistake in your identification. Do you know, sir, who I am? I am none other than the distinguished Dr. William Phreshman Spew, A. B., A. M., Ph.D., LL.D., and I have been President of Trinity College since 1910."

The tough looking fellow didn't faint, so me and Jule decided he was an electric lineman and was used to sudden shocks.

"'Scuse me," he said awkwardly, "I never would 'a took you to be a college president—never—never. I made sure you was Five-Points Shorty's brother-in-law," and off he went.

Me and Jule looked at each other in blank amazement. Indeed, the learned President of our own College!

"Ain't that funny?" I said. "I didn't know Trinity ever had a President; did you?"

"Not I," said Jule. "But come to think of it, seems like I have a faint recollection. Ain't he the feller that made us a speech the second day after we got to the campus in our freshman year? In 2D, you remember?"

Sometimes we remember little things like that for four years.

"Yeah, I remember. But I didn't know he was making us a speech. I thought he was just practicin' some platform poses in still life to get in the Path Weekly. Me, I never heard a word he said, if he said anything."

"I did," said Jule. "I heard two words. And besides that, Dean Whatafaker introduced him and said his text was, 'My son, be thou strong, and show thyself a man.' "

That's all the story I've got to tell.

Oh, yes, I was about to forget. You want to know about Man Number One—the ordinary looking gentleman who said he didn't bother with scholarly things because he had too much work to do. Well, me and Jule never had seen him before, and never have seen him since. But we asked Theodore who he was, and he said he thought the fellow was named Cap Card and that he had something to do with the gym up at Trinity College, whatever gym means.

But we didn't know what it meant, and never had heard of the Cap Card fellow, so we didn't inquire further.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

SKETCHES

James Cannon 3d, '14.

No apoligies are made for the publication of this paper. It is made up of several sketches which have existed previously in the form of notes, impressions and ideas gathered during the course of our recent belligerent activity. Such unity as it contains comes only from the fact that it represents the reaction of one mind to a given series of experiences. Liberties are frankly taken with individuals known both casually and intimately in different localities and under widely varying conditions. Though none of the persons mentioned will see or hear what I have written about them, I am quite sure that were they to do so I could readily convince them of the complete good humor and harmlessness of what I have only to say about them.

First of all, I want to relieve my mind of certain thoughts on the French Language. It is beyond doubt the greatest medium of communication ever invented. I am sure modern spiritualists receive their messages in French. Moreover, French was unquestionably the language of pre-historic man. I say this not because of any revelations of late research; I admit that all the most ancient inscriptions are made in Babylonian, in hieroglyphics, and other strange systems. Yet my belief in the antiquity of French is based upon sound logical deductions. What other tongues, for instance, could possibly have served the purpose of Father Noah in the control of his highly interesting household? What other is so well adapted to the joint use of man and beast? When that first argonaut touched solid bottom, when the roof was thrown back, when all the assembled multitude of species, families and varieties lifted their eyes to rainbow colors and lowered them again to behold good steady earth beneath their feet, and when the fangs of the first seasickness departed,

nothing could have expressed their one and several animalic emotions except the French language. And I am convinced that with joint voice, howl, shriek, roar, whistle, and grunt, their uplifted hearts gave vent to long bent emotions in one grand, final, all expressive **'Ou La La.'**

But whether or not I maintain my case as to the antiquity of French, I further claim that it is the most marvelously simple and adaptable instrument of expression that we have among our supply of languages. None is so well able with so limited an assortment of words to meet the needs of all men at all times and under all circumstances. Let me here pause to remark that French as I understand and speak it is most emphatically not the lingo in vogue at present in the French department. I studied that kind of French when I was a student and bitterly do I regret the uselessness of the process. Works of supererrogation have never had any place in my theology, and nevermore shall they figure in my study of language. The marvelous thing to me is that as many Frenchmen steadfastly believe that several thousand words are necessary to their language. I am at a loss to understand this delusion on the part of people who have so many words and use so few. It is conceivable that a foreigner who knows no better might assiduously and in good faith collect a couple of hundred assorted verbs, nouns and adjectives and think he was quite on the way to the mastery of the language, but the failure of Frenchmen themselves to perceive the superfluity of so much that passes as necessary French is evidence of a strangely obtuse mentability on the part of a usually clever race. I am willing to maintain against all comers the proposition that besides **Ou la la,** only three words are necessary for an American to maintain an indefinitely happy existence in France, and that a Frenchman of average intelligence, provided always he is furnished by nature with the customary assortment of legs, arms, face, shoulders, eyebrows and breath, can carry on a perfectly normal life with but air.

For the maintenance of my first point I call as witnesses, any one of two million dough-boys who at one time comprised

the A. E. F. and feel fully assured that my three selected words any one of these gentlemen would willingly undertake to maintain a normal, even blissfully happy, existence in any French community for any designated length of time. With my first my respectable doughboy could secure all that is necessary to support life. With the second he can ascertain its price. With the third he can say everything else. These words are **Vin Blanc, Combien and Comme Ca.**

For the Frenchman the proposition is far simpler. Give him but **Comme Ca,** and the world certainly the French part of it is his. Never forget, of course, the hereinbefore mentioned shoulders, eyebrows, legs, arms, face, and inflections. To prove this point I summon as witness an old French carpenter of the village of Treveray, France, who once built a house for me. As I am not French myself and my arms, shoulders, legs, eyebrows, face and inflections received an English instead of a French education, I make no pretense adequately to represent the carpenter's side of the following bit of dialogue between us.

Can you put up this building? **Comme Ca.**
Do you want pay for it? **Comme Ca.**
Do you need a ladder? **Comme Ca.**
Is it going to rain tomorrow? **Comme Ca.**
Are you ready for dinner? **Comme Ca.**
Are the Germans retreating? **Comme Ca.**
Are there any eggs in town? **Comme Ca.**
Do you like Americans? **Comme Ca.**
Are you married? **Comme Ca.**
And so.

It is that I am convinced that in French there are only three necessary words: **Vin Blanc, Combien,** and **Comme Ça,** but the greatest of these is **Comme Ca.**

* * * * *

And now with your permission I will introduce three of my boon companions of the war.

First: Charles H. Van Cott, from Long Island and the A. E. F. In the latter community his occupation was that

of professional K. P., to an entertaining family of engineer mules. I think Van Cott had gravitated to this position by force of intellectual compatability. Inherent laziness may also have played a part, for he was quite incapable of making any exertion that did not concern itself with the chow line. On a hike, for instance, it was the simplest and for him the most natural process imaginable to drop back beside the driver whose assistance he was into the warm interior of the covered wagon, there to stretch himself on top of tool chests, canned rations, or if, fortune favored him, upon some thoughtless officers blanket roll. I speak feelingly on this last point. On several occasions the blanket roll was mine. Van Cott had evidently heard the little couplet "Germs: Adam Had 'em." Van had decided that Adam wasn't going to have anything on him; so when I rescued my roll I often realized that Van Cott had 'em, too. The most hetic night of my career was spent in a mudpuddle beneath Van Cott's wagon, while his vicious mules tethered to the wheels held guard without and Van Cott snored peacefully above upon my blanket roll impervision to sounding cannon and deaf to any voice save that of the bugle.

But other things besides myself found haven under Van Cott's wagon. Theoretically one empty water bucket hung beneath each wagon. In reality under and over and around Van Cott's there clustered as may as could be attached to it. And in these various receptacles was carried everything utterly useless that the American, French, or German armies had ever abandoned in his neighborhood. When everything else failed to amuse, the company commander would regale the outfit by an inspection of Van Cott's plunder. The most classic of these inspections resulted in the disclosure of the full amount assortment, the assortment was: one battered high silk hat, one mouse trap, one pink ribbon, half a pair of army trousers, three black false teeth, and one splendidly new but unfortunately badly ripped hot water bottle.

Letters home were Van Cott's Magnum Opus. He toiled assiduously to produce at least one every week. Always to

his mother and always censored by myself; always one page in length, always printed in laborious capitals, and always identical in contents. The standing form was this: "My good mother:

'This is the nineteenth letter I have written you since I have been in France and the last letter I got from you was the twenty-first letter you have written me since I have been in France. The next letter I write will be the twentieth letter I have written you since I have been in France and the next letter I get from you will be the twenty-second letter I have gotten from you since I have been in France. I will write next time and hope you will do the same. Your son, Charles H. Van Cott."

The crowning event in Charle's life came when he was King for a Day, in other words corporal for an hour. But it was a mistake. The company clerk played a joke by telling Van Cott an order had just come down from regimental headquarters making him a corporal. Van Cott fell for it and immediately went in search of a corporal's chevrons. He found what he wanted but decided to improve on army regulations by putting one stripe on each arm, so nobody could fail to recognize he was an officer, as he explained afterwards. Thus arrayed he started out to inspect the mules. Every mule in the train had just been curried and cleaned until he shone, but Van ran his hand through the hair, discovered a bit of dust on his fingers and immediately ordered the whole outfit done over again. There was a small riot, but Van Cott, after adjusting the little matter of chevrons, stood his ground and was superintending the cleaning with a lordly air when the top sergeant happened by, his poor-head failed to see the joke since the rest of his company had just been lined up for inspection and the captain had been strangely peeved at the unwonted gays in the ranks. Van Cott finished Der Tag in the gaurdhouse.

Second: Sobeky was a cook, when he wasn't drunk. Being the Colonel's cook he unfortunately, and to his mind unjustly, paid in full for all his pecadillos. The first time I

saw him he was hunting for eggs for the colonel's dinner. The last time the colonel was hunting for Sobeky and a punishment sufficiently awful to impose on a cook who had put him and the division commander down to dinner, served them the soup, drank all the colonel's cognac, left the rest of the dinner to care for itself and gone. A. W. O. L. into the neutral zone of the American bridgehead. I gained the impression from the colonel's language that when Sobeky came back from his little trip he would immediately become distinctly and emphatically S. O. L. But Sobeky's doughnuts were famous throughout the first division. I doubt if the Salvation Army had a wider fame for its product. And it is exceedingly difficult to rebuke the moral lapse of the cook when on his good will depends the size of your dish of slum, the amount of punk, and coffee and the place in the chow line you draw for your one meal a day when the army is on the move. Sobeky was also an Austrian. He lived in mortal fear that the intelligence department would send him to the S. O. S. His emotion on this score was about the same as that of certain colored service batallions when they dreamed of being sent to the front. But Sobeky gave undying proof of his loyalty when he cooked a grain sack of perfect doughnuts, left his post with the kitchens in reserve, and after an all-night search found and fed a batallion of his regiment that had taken and held a section of front line territory for three days on field rations.

In most of the territory traversed during the last months of the war there was very little food left except cabbage. No cabbage field was safe from Sobeky if it lay within half a killometer of the course of the march. In fact, his usual scouting position on a hike was in all fields on either side of the road, and not an officer recognized him then, for it meant hot cabbage for supper. To those of you who did not travel with the A. E. F. I would like to say that the fragrant odors wafted upwards from the college mess hall in West Duke building bring only fond memories of Sobeky's pot liquor and cabbage juice to me.

Third: Jerry was the blackest eyed, the distinctest skinned and the cleanest, neatest Italian I ever expect to see. His official position was assistant truck driver, and there was in his eyes no position more exalted. The driver himself was Jerry's tyrant, lord, and God. What a corporal is to his squad, a hard-boiled top to his outfit, and a Colonel to Shavetails, that driver was to Jerry. But if the driver was his master, the truck itself was his sweet-heart. It wasn't much of a truck. A year with the British and another with the A. E. F. had brought strange things in its interior. There was no power left to speak of. The top was in rags. It had not been repaired in all its military history. But Jerry loved it. He never had a chance to ride on the seat. Some company officer, or dead-beat chaplain rode there with the driver, and Jerry stood on the step. Driver, officer, truck, and Jerry were often gone for days at a time in search of a ration dump or railhead. About every second night the old truck would go off the road in the darkness, driver and officer came in to headquarters for help. But Jerry stayed with the truck. Under the seat there was a box, sacred to the officer, the driver, Jerry and me. In it there was always a loaf of bread and a can of jam. Where did they come from? There was no Elijah about. Colonel's and Generals offered rich rewards for jam. And Jerry knew neither English nor French, not even **Comme Ca.** But the bread and jam were always there. Never a whole loaf of bread nor a full can of jam, but always enough for we four and no more.

Jerry looked, jabbered, and acted more like a monkey than any other human being I have ever seen. He went over with the outfit, in my opinion, because that was the best way back to Italy. His old father and mother still lived there. He sent them every last centime of his pay every time the rare paydays came round. I mailed it for him and made a little prayer every time that it would somehow get there, though I have doubts that much of it ever did. And after the armistice Jerry wanted to go to Italy. He wanted it till it hurt. But he never got there. Generals, colonels, lieutenants, war

workers and everybody else who had any excuse or none to go Italy got there after the armistice. But not Jerry. Something always happened. Everybody in the outfit was pulling for him. Once the whole thing seemed clear, the papers were at corps headquarters for final approval. Then some squarehead shot another in Berlin, and a scare order came for all leaves to be cancelled. It was all over in two days, but in the meantime Jerry's papers came back disapproved. That experience would have tried the patience and patriotism of many a native born American, but it never seemed to occur to Jerry that it was anything but the fortunes of war. He wouldn't have understood **"C'est la guerre"** if he had heard it, but he had the spirit. Yet there was never any flagging in his devotion to the truck or in his service to the tyrant driver, and the bread and jam, when peace came, was replaced by mysterious supplies of eggs, chickens, and other dainties. I was living at division headquarters then, but it always paid to take a run out to Jerry's truck in the train.

I saw him last at the final division parade in Washington. He was still assistant driver. There was a new truck, new and clean and powerful. Jerry's face was clean also; the driver was bland, and there was no longer need for bread and jam. Othello's occupation was gone. But there seemed to be a bit of weariness and far awayness in those black Italian eyes as he rode majectically in the seat of honor. Yet the enthusiasm of his greeting was undimmed, as, to the total destruction of all the dignity of the chaplaincy, he rushed upon me, yelling at the top of his voice about having "found his little boy." I have been patronized by freshmen and been amused, by seniors and been peeved by professors and been furious, by cold and been delighted, but though Jerry's skinny arms had lifted me off my feet and my cap gone flying under marching feet, the only line that came into my head was the one which reads:

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Dip."

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The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1921

FOR THE FRONT OF THE "KASIDAH"

Maharik Jehn.

Tinkle, tinkle, through these pages,
Heard afar, the bell presages
    Death, the climax of a fraud.
Stark, the hard fact glitters barely,
Pleasure, laughing deboniarly,
    With the Aesthete, is outlawed.

We shall read and we shall hearken,
Till the old mirages darken,
    Till the olden fancies die;
Till, in clarity of vision,
We have laughed our keen derision
At the Fallen, once the High.

But as Youth's superb consistence
Drinks the pleasure of existence
    Spite of logic argued well,
So, in wholesome-hearted laughter,
Many, many times hereafter
    We will mock the camel bell.

Note: In Burton's Kasidah the camel bell is the symbol of approaching death.

Where Nature Did Not Intend

W. J. Bundy.

Hampton slowly awoke, as if from a drunken sleep. He felt dizzy, even somewhat dazed. At first, he was conscious of nothing but that he was on a bed, but as he slowly regained consciousness, and began to look around him, he perceived that he was in a small, clean, white hospital room. Being very particular about his personal appearance, Hampton had formed the habit of rubbing his face with his hands, when he first awoke in the morning, to ascertain if he were in need of a shave. He subconsciously carried his hand to his face, and when his hand touched his face, he gave an involuntary exclamation: "Gosh, where did I get all this stuff?" His beard felt long, rough and coarse.

He immediately looked toward the mirror to acquaint himself with the amount of vegetation on his physiogomy. When his eyes looked into the mirror, he gave a cry of astonishment, mingled with agony, and fell back on his back. What had he seen? In the mirror he had seen a monkey; a real, live monkey, and that monkey was he—it could be no other, for his bed was against the wall opposite the mirror. Mustering his strength, Hampton looked again to see if he were dreaming. He moved his head, and his hand, and the image moved exactly as he moved. He looked down at himself, and he saw that the mirror told the truth.

Surprised, appalled, and shocked, Hampton fell back on the bed and tried to think. If Darwin's Theory of Evolution was not true, there was a theory of devolution which must be true, for here was an example of it in himself. The monkey on the bed knew that he was Charles A. Hampton, for he could think as he had always thought, and when he tried to speak, he could speak without any difficulty.

What was he doing in this hospital, transformed into a

monkey? He began to think. He remembered very well that a few days ago he had been defeated for Congress by James H. Brevard, his opponent in many law cases, and his rival for the hand of Eloise Carthington, a young society girl of Atlanta's most fashionable set. A few days after the announcement of the outcome of the Congressional race, in an embarassed manner, Eloise had told him that she was engaged to Brevard.

It seemed that luck was failing him; that the world had turned against him. Two defeats in a week: for Congress, and for the girl he loved, and by the same man. He recalled, that after the crushing announcement of Eloise, he had gone out walking in order to meditate upon his plight. He was walking in the heart of the city, on Peachtree Street, lost to himself, and caring naught for what was going on around him. Absent-mindedly, he went to cross the street, and a fire-truck came bearing down upon him before he was aware of its proximity to him. The truck struck him and all was black—and now, here he was a monkey.

At this moment, the nurse who had only left the room a few minutes, gently opened the door and entered. Seeing that he was conscious, she rang the bell for the doctor. Almost immediately a tall, slightly-bent old man with iron-gray hair and a goatee, entered, closely followed by a younger man, whose appearance very much resembled the older man's. Hampton at once took them to be doctors, which surmise was correct.

"Good-morning," said the elder man very politely, and the younger man nodded.

As Hampton could say nothing else, he returned the salutation.

"I hope you are feeling well," the elder doctor continued in a gentle tone.

"I feel all right, but what I'm worrying about, is the way I look. The day of miracles must not be over. Some power must be performing miraculous deeds still. Yesterday I was

a man; now I am a monkey. And can talk, and everything. This is the most mysterious and uncanny thing I have ever heard of in my life. I am changed in the body, but retain the same thinking and talking powers. Doctor, explain all this to me if you can; if you can't, shoot me, or do something to put me out of this misery."

"All right, my man, that is just what I came in here to do —to explain to you what seems to be a miracle. It really is a miracle, but a miracle performed by science and skill, and not by some hyperphysical power, as you suppose. Where were you the last time you remember?"

"I was crossing Peachtree Street when a fire-truck came bearing down upon me. After that, I remember nothing. I suppose I was knocked unconscious by the truck."

"You were. The accident occurred about two blocks from here. And now, if you'll be calm while I explain, I'll clear up all this mystery to you. What I'm going to tell you may sound incredible, but if you'll bear me out until I finish, I can explain this matter to you."

Both the surgeons sat down, and the elder one launched into the following explanation:

"I am Dr. Cornelius Bainsteing, and this is my son, Andrew. We own and operate this little hospital. It is two blocks from Peachtree Street, on a quiet cross street and almost in the center of the city, and is called The Central Emergency Hospital. Being situated almost in the center of the city, it is very convenient for accident cases, and we are always well supplied with patients who have received injuries from accidents and are rushed here. My son attends to the minor cases, while I spend much time in research and experimentation.

"Some time ago I conceived the idea that it would be possible to transfer the brains of one person to the head of another, leaving the brains unaffected by the transfer, and the person to whom the brain was transferred, alive and well. In pursuance thereto, I began to experiment with rabbits. You

would not believe it, but I was successful. I put two rabbits under the influence of chloroform, took the brains out of one, and then took the brains out of the other rabbit, and put them into the head of the first rabbit. I could not make an exchange of brains between them, for the operation must be performed as quickly as possible. I waited anxiously to see the result of the experiment, and to my unbounded joy, it was entirely successful. When the rabbit in whom the brains had been placed regained consciousness, he acted like any other rabbit.

"I was overwhelmed with joy. I had made an important discovery in the scientific world: something never attempted before by mortal man. I had established a name for myself if I could prove what I had done. But as I felt sure that no one would believe it, and as I was not yet ready to make my discovery known, I said nothing about it.

"I thought that if I could now get an opporunity to perform the same operation on a person, my dreams would become a realization to the world. However, I saw little chance of such an opportunity offering itself. The only way by which a transfer of brains could be brought about was for me to find some person who was so mangled in body that he could not possibly live, but whose brain was unaffected, and transfer his brain to another man. Another problem was where to find the second man. If I could get hold of a crazy man, he would answer the purpose admirably; but where was I to get him? No asylum would let me have one. They would think I was mad if I told them what I wanted to do.

"In racking my brain to solve this problem, I thought of a monkey. As you know, a monkey's head is almost exactly like a man's. I bought a monkey and kept him here, waiting impatiently for an opportunity to make another transfer of brains. The opportunity came sooner than I expected, and it was better than I had dared to hope for. That opportunity was you."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you took my brains

out and put them into this monkey? Who gave you the right to do so? I was a man; and now, by your devilish zeal in behalf of science, you have made me into a monkey."

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow, calm yourself, and let me finish my explanation and defense of my action. I considered everything before I took the step. You were ushered here in an ambulance. On examining you, I ascertained, that in your mutilated and lacerated condition, you could not possibly live but a few hours. I saw that I could not save your life. Why not save part, if not all? Why not save your brain, if I could not save your body? There was no time to lose. I had to act promptly. My son applied the anesthetic to the monkey and to you, while I prepared to perform the greatest operation man has ever attempted. I opened the monkey's skull and took out his brains, and then took out your brains and put them in the monkey's head. It was extremely delicate work, and had to be done quickly. I sewed up the monkey's head and waited for the result, anxiously, you may be sure. The operation was last Friday, and today is Monday. In the meantime, you have been unconscious. I have watched you closely all the time, praying for the success of the operation. Young man, I owe you an inestimable debt for the opportunity you offered me and the world of science."

"Well, I don't know whether I appreciate what you did or not. What in the world am I to do in this condition? If people hear me talk, they will be amazed and scared to death. What do you intend to do with me now? You have ruined me this far; do what you like."

"Don't be angry, young man. Remember your brain is still as sound as it ever was. I preserved it; kept it from dying as your body died."

"By the way, where is my body?"

"It is buried. To the world, Charles A. Hampton, Attorney-at-Law, is dead and buried. There was nothing else to do. I could not announce what I was going to do. I put the monkey's brain in your head, and notified your law partner

that you were dead. Your body was taken and buried. No one but my son, trusted trained nurse and I know that your brain still lives. No one would believe it if they were told. And no one not even my son, knows how to perform the operation of which I just told you. It is too detailed and technical for me to try to explain it to you. Having never studied medicine, or surgery, you could not follow me should I attempt to explain. Besides, I am not ready to let it be known.

"Now, young man, there is but one thing for you to do; remain here and await the opportunity when I can transfer your brains to the head of a man. If I can get a man here whose brain is badly affected, I will be doing no one harm by transferring your barins to him. The chance may be a long time in coming, or it may come sooner than we expect, as the other one did. All that we can do is to hope and pray."

"Well, doctor, I guess you are right. You certainly have performed a marvelous operation, and made a great contribution to science. You saved my brain, it is true. In spite of the fact that it all sounds incredible and like a fairy tale, I am forced to believe it, for my mind is the same that it always was. There is no other explanation of it. However, my brain is no help to me. I am believed to be dead, and if I were believed to be lost, and not dead, and attempted to assert that I, a talking monkey, was Charles A. Hampton, I would not be believed. As you say, there is but one thing to do: await the opportunity which you mentioned. I sincerely hope, however, that the person to whom my brains are to be transferred, if the opportunity ever comes, will be a person of good repute and standing. Now, I can do nothing; I am at your orders."

"Thank you, my dear fellow, for the attitude you have taken. I feel that God will send us the opportunity, and that it will not be long before it arrives. You had best remain in your room. Anything you want to read, or anything else you desire for your amusement will be afforded you. I will see you often. Good-day, sir."

After the departure of the surgeons, Hampton lost himself

in thought. Every channel into which his mind wandered led finally to the thought that here he was a monkey. He could think of nothing but his present piteous and abject condition. A few days ago he had been a successful young lawyer, respected by his fellowmen. His career at the bar had been marked by a gradual rise until he had become one of the best attorneys in the State. It is true, he had been defeated for Congress, but only by a small majority, and his reputation had remained inviolate. He might yet have become a great statesman. At any rate, he was still young and successful.

Now his ambitions were completely shattered. What could he do in the form of a monkey? To go out into the world of men was impossible. The best he could do was to await an opportunity of having his brain transferred to another man. The operation might be successful. If it were, he might find himself with the body and person of some one whom he would not want to be. He almost wished that Dr. Bainsteing had not meddled with his brain, but had allowed it to die as his body had died.

When he had reviewed every phase of his condition several times, he finally hit upon an idea which gave him some consolation and hope. His brain was unaffected by the change of habitation. If the doctor would be as successful in the next operation as he was in the first one, there was still hope for himself. If his brain was not affected by the second transfer, he would be the man mentally that he formerly was. To the world he would be a different man, but to himself he would be the same, except in body. He could not claim his property, his reputation, his prestige, nor anything that had been his, for his relatives and friends had seen his body buried. To them and to the world Charles A. Hampton was dead, forever dead. If the second operation was successful, his brain would be the same. He would know as much about law and business as he ever knew, and he could address a jury as well as he be worse or might be better. He would retain the same qualiever could, only excepting the change in voice, which might

ties and talents. He could begin again the practice of law, and with the knowledge and experience he had acquired, perhaps, rise to his former level. It all depended on Dr. Bainsteing. If the operation was not entirely successful, Hampton would suffer accordingly; if it was unsuccessful, he would buckle down to hard work, and again command the respect and admiration of his fellowmen. He could only hope for an early opportunity for the operation to be made, and for the complete success of it.

For the next two weeks, Hampton, the man-monkey, lived in fairly good spirits. He would often wander around in the halls of the hospital. He spent a great deal of his time in reading, for by doing so, he diverted his mind from his present state of animal life. One of the doctors, or both, would often come to talk with him. Their purpose was to keep him as buoyant and cheerful as possible. The man-monkey and the young doctor swapped many jokes together. In fact, Hampton was living as happy as he could under the existing conditions.

After the first two weeks, however, Hampton began to grow impatient and restless. He was tired of living in the form of a monkey. He wanted to become a man again, to go out into the world of men, and begin life over. He expressed his impatience to the elder surgeon who replied, "Be patient, my boy, be patient. The time will come, perhaps, sooner than we expect. I am doing all I can. It is a very difficult matter to get a man whose mind is badly affected. No one would believe me, or would allow me to perform the operation. As this is no asylum, I can hardly get a man here whose mind is affected. One only hope seems to lie in the chance of an accident befalling someone, seriously affecting their brain, and of him being sent here immediately after the accident. Then, unknown to anyone, I can make the transfer; the man will recover, and the world will be none the wiser."

Several more days elapsed and Hampton's impatience increased. He began to be angry with the doctor, for having

placed him in this deplorable state. He became melancholy and sullen, and remained in his room all the time. He even contemplated suicide. His condition became such that it looked as if his mind would become seriously affected before Dr. Bainsteing would get the opportunity of transferring it again.

It is darkest just before dawn. When we are about to abandon all hope, and are ready to give up, then comes the time we have longed for. So it was with Hampton. At the time when he had given up hope, and was almost ready to kill himself, thereby ending his miserable existence, the opportunity for which he had been waiting arrived.

It was Saturday afternoon. Having been awake several nights previous, thinking about his deplorable plight, Hampton had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion. He dreamed that he was making his first speech in Congress, and that it was calling forth the applause of his fellow-Congressmen.

While he was sleeping, a man was brought into the hospital. The account given the doctor was that while the gentleman stood talking to his contractor in a building that the gentleman was having constructed, a brick accidently fell and struck the gentleman squarely on the head. The brick had gained consireable momentum when it came into contact with the gentleman's cranium. On examination, Dr. Bainsteing ascertained that there was a concussion of the brain, and that the gentleman's mind was entirely gone. Seeing the opportunity for which he had long been waiting, he bade the young doctor apply the anesthetic to the man-monkey, and to the injured man, while he again prepared to perform the most marvelous and delicate operation that man had ever had the audacity to attempt.

On Tuesday morning, Hampton again regained consciousness. The white-clad nurse was sitting by his bed watching him intently, for he was supposed to become conscious some time that morning. As soon as he had become fully awake, she held a small mirror before him, and motioned for him to

look in it. When he did so, he uttered a startled exclamation. He looked again, and he saw what he saw the first time; not his old self, not a monkey, not someone he had never seen, but in the mirror before him he saw the living image of his old rival and successful opponent, James H. Brevard. The man on the bed was amazed, confounded, speechless! He could not believe his eyes. He continued to look into the mirror to see if his eyes were playing him a trick. The nurse took away the mirror and left the room, telling him that the doctor would be up in a few minutes.

In about two minutes, young Dr. Bainsteing entered, with a look of sadness and dejection on his countenance. The man on the bed immediately preceived that the young surgeon was very much troubled. He sat down beside the bed and took the hand of the man on the bed in his.

"Well, old man," said he, "the chance for which we all hoped arrived Saturday afternoon while you were asleep."

After telling about the accident which befell Brevard, and of Brevard's being brought to the hospital, the doctor continued: "My father perceived that Brevard had a concussion of the brain, and that his mind was forever gone. Seeing the chance for which we had been waiting, he ordered me to apply the anesthetic, and to prepare you and Brevard for the operation, while he calmed himself for the ordeal. We thought it best not to awaken you and acquaint you with what was going to be done. As Brevard's skull was bruised by the fall of the brick, the operation was all the more serious and tedious. The intrusion of the skull-bone had injured Brevard's brain, but when the brain was removed, it was comparatively easy to doctor the fractured part of the skull so that it would cause no injury to the brain that was put in the skull.

"My father worked rapidly, because haste was necessary. The nurse who just left the room and I were constantly by his side, should our aid be required. We were needed, too, for father was continually giving orders for this and that. I noticed that he was a little nervous during the operation,

which fact caused me much apprehension for the success of it. Brevard's ruined brain was put in the monkey's head, and the monkey died."

A look of overwhelming sadness crept over the visage of the young doctor as he said, "And the monkey did not die alone. The intense study that my father has been doing for the last several years and the strain of these two operations were more than he could stand. After the operation, he was compelled to go to bed, and died the next day, carrying to the grave with him the greatest secret that a man ever had. If his discovery could have become known, the world would mourn for him. But it cannot be helped; such are the tricks of Fate.

"The nurse and I waited anxiously and prayerfully for your recovery, and now, thank God, you have recovered, and my suspense is over.

"Now, Mr. Brevard, for that is who you now are, you must remain here until you have completely recovered and regained your strength. In a day or two, I will allow your friends to see you. You are the brains of Hampton in the frame of Brevard ,and you must play the part of Brevard. It will require good acting, but a man of your intelligence should be able to cope with the situation. After the first few meetings with Miss Carthington and others, you will get along fine, I hope. You must not tell what has happened, for no one would believe you. People would think you were mad."

"Well, Bainsteing, old man, I think I see my situation clearly. It is a very unique one, to be sure, but there is no other course to pursue than to act the part of James Brevard. I will keep this matter secret, for, like you say, it would be folly to tell it. I am sincerely sorry about the death of your father, and I feel that I was partly responsible for his death, but I could not prevent it, as it was all the outcome of accident. I shall forever revere his memory, and hold you in the highest esteem."

A few days later, after he had completely recovered, and

had been visited by his friends, through which ordeal he had passed very creditably, the man known as Brevard left the Central Emergency Hospital with very peculiar emotions. As he told the young surgeon good-bye, the two men shook hands with a feeling no other has ever experienced.

Sometime after, there was a big wedding in Atlanta society, and after the honeymoon, the bridegroom took his seat in Congress.

A PAIR O' EYES

M. Ribeau.

Upon a certain class I sit
Three times a week and hear
The deepest, dryest line o' dope
That ever man did bear.
But hearing's all, nor hardly that,
(Egad, it's no surprise!)
For just in front o' me there sits
A pair o' wondrous eyes.

The deepest, richest eyes o' brown
A lassie e'er possessed,
With more o' splendor in their depths
Than sunset at its best!
Whene'er they turn my way, so soft,
So gentle, kind and calm,
My heart a-flutter's lost beneath
Their lovely mystic charm.

You'll never know, perhaps, my lass,
Nor care if you should know,
The silent heart that's raving o'er
The silent heart that's raving o'er
Your eyes that sparkle so!
Tho' it their love may never claim,
(It lacks the winning art!)
Just know, those big brown lustrous eyes
Do thrill one lonely heart.

The New German Constitution Versus The Old

(Winning Braxton Craven Essay, 1920.)

J. L. Jackson.

A comparison of the constitution of the new German Republic with the imperial German constitution presents an interesting study for the student of economics or government. The new constitution seems to express in full what might be expected of a self-reliant people who, after half a century of oligarchical rule, claim to have rid themslevs of the evils of an absolute despotism. The new instrument of government provides for many remarkable changes, which, if carried into effect, are calculated to produce the greatest degree of benefit to the future German developments. The fundamental principles, on which the new document is based are diametrically opposed to the monarchial ideals which have existed heretofore. The present constitution as it exists upon paper is apparently destined to place the German people in the roll of the world's greatest republics and democratic governments. However, its ultimate value must be determined not by its wording but by its actual working. Inasmuch as the present system of German government has not had sufficient time in which to prove itself in practice, it is obviously difficult to measure and compare the merits of the old and new constitutions. Nevertheless, one may be able to deduce from the written form something as to the basic principles of both. It is the purpose of this theme to set forth some of the outsanding characteristics of the new constitution by way of comparison with he old, and by so doing, to indicate the overwhelming changes which have recently been effected in the trend of German national life.

In order to understand clearly the nature of the two con-

stitutions it is necessary to review the circumstances and conditions under which they were formed. The former constitution was the final result of a strong manifestation of a national spirit of unification, which one man, Prince Otto von Bismark, perceived to be fastening itself in the hearts of the German speaking people. He grasped this spirit, fostered and cultivated it, and by process of the world's greatest diplomacy, made Germany one of the foremost nations of the world. The new constitution came as a result of the revolution which broke out in Germany on November 9, 1918, causing the abdication and flight of the Kaiser. With surprising suddenness the military dictators of Germany were overthrown, and the imperial constitution became "a mere scrap of paper." Both imperial and republican constitutions represent principally the work of an individual, especially in the case of the former. The first was drawn up by a man of affairs who had a clear and definite idea of what he wanted, and who understood very well the extent to which he was limited in carrying out that idea and the concessions he was obliged to make to the existing conditions of his time. His prime object was to create an invincible military state; consequently, most provisions were meagre; but those concerning the army, navy, and revenue were given as much attention as those befitting the by-laws of any large financial organization. The new constitution was likewise drafted largely through the efforts of one man, Dr. Hugo Preuss,[1] who, as professor of the Berlin Commercial College, leader of the Radical party, and historian of German municipal government, has held a prominent place among the learned and influential men of the time. His connections with the new constitution and recent German developments account for much of the confidence placed in the new Republic. For many years he has been an ardent advocate of German democratic reform. A letter[1] received in the United States previous to the German collapse

1. **Fortnightly Review** 105:324125. (Facts secured by William Harbutt Dawson, a personal friend of Dr. Preuss.)

1. **Fortnightly Review** 105:324-25. This letter was received August 26, 1918, by the friend of Dr. Preuss, mentioned in note 1, p. 6.

stated his views on the German situation and clearly proves his sincerety. As is to be expected, therefore, the new constitution makes a clean syweep of the old policy and draws a striking contrast to the principles set forth in the old constitution. A clearer conception of the two policies which are contrasted in the two constitutions may be obtained by referring to a few words in Herr Ebert's opening speech, in which he said, "It is only on the broad beaten track of parliamentary debate and decisions by resolutions that progress can be made with the pressing changes in the economic and social domain." The fatal blunder was made in September, 1862,[2] when Bismark, in defiance of all democratic reform, signalized his acceptance of the ministerial duties with these challenging words: "The questions of the time will not be decided by speeches and resolutions of majorities, but by blood and iron."[3] These two statements, it will be seen, are of unusual significance, because they represent the foundation of two systems of government.

The imperial constitution was approved by the German Reichstag and adopted by the States April 16, 1871, and went into effect on the fourth day of the month following.[4] The new document was adopted by a National Constitutional Assembly, which, instead of convening at Berlin, the usual place of assembly, met at Weimer. It was adopted on July 31, and went into operation on August 11, 1919. Many reasons have been advanced for the convention's assembling at Weimer, the most logical of which is that they wished to immune themselves from the Sparaticist movement and opposition in Berlin. No interest was shown in the progress of the convention, and no co-operation was given by the people; for by making the change of location, the convention attracted little or no attention from the Berliners. Many of the convention members had, at one time, held seats in the former Reichstag, and

2. History of Modern Europe by C. A. Fyffe. Vol. III, p. 313.

3. Fortnightly Review 105:321. Ebert may have had Bismark's expression in mind.

. Dodd's Modern Constitutions, Vol. I, p. 323.

the convention itself resembled that body, most of its members being men of meagre ability. The discussions on a whole lacked enthusiasm, and there was a decided absence of the high ideals and lofty conceptions which characterized the Frankfort Parliament of 1848. These conditions may account to some extent for the lack of polish and unnecessary length of the new constitution. Many of the ordinarily important provisions of a constitution have been left to subsequent legislation, while comparatively unimportant statements of facts, doctrines, and ideals have been given much space. Considering the handicaps under which the new constitution was framed and adopted, it is an unusual achivement and affords a satisfactory instrument of government.

Before continuing further, it will be well to explain briefly what actually took place upon the adoption and promulgation of the German republican constitution. The Constitutional Convention had adopted a law fixing the organization of a provisional government pending the adoption of a permanent constitution for the republic. In making the change, Friedrich Ebert, president of the convention, took the oath of office and assumed the duties of National Executive, while the National Convention itself took over the functions of the Reichstag. In other words, that which served as the provisional form now became legal and permanent.[1]

The new constitution is composed of a preamble and one hundred and eighty-one articles, while the old constitution agraph. The republican constitution is divided into three main heads, the first division dealing with the formation and functions of the government. This first chapter embodies contained but seventy-eight articles and an introductory parseven subdivisions pertaining to National Government and the State, Reichstag (National Assembly), Reichsrat (National Council), President and Ministry, national legislation, national administration, and administration of justice. The imperial constitution can be divided in a similar manner, with the exception that its provisions on army, navy, postal, tele-

graph and telephone, railroads, and waterways are now inclulded under the head of National Administration. The second main head deals with the fundamental rights and duties of Germans, embracing matters pertaining to the individual, social life, religion and religious societies, education and schools, and economic life. With a possible exception of a very few concerning the rights and duties of Germans, the old document contained none of the provisions dealt with in this second chapter of the new constitution. The last division falls under the heading of Transitional and Final Provisions and will not be dealt with in this theme.

The former constitution was constructed in such a way that the government derived its powers from the sovereign rulers of the separate states, a condition which is in direct contrast to the present specifications, which declare the constitution to be an instrument enforced by the people. It is further specified that "The German people, united in all their branches, and inspired with the determination to renew and strengthen their Commonwealth in liberty and justice, to preserve peace both at home and abroad, and to foster social progress, have adopted the following constitution."[1] The principle of popular sovereignty is still further exemplified in Article I, declaring that "Political authority is derived from the People." The new constitution effects no change in the composition of the new Republic, but defines that the same states shall compose the Reich or Commonwealth as constituted the former Empire.[2] "Other territories may be incorporated into the Commowealth if their inhabitants, exercising the right of self-determination, so desire." Changes in boundaries may be effected by national legislation, or by referendum when demanded by the people.

1. The Constitution was not referred to the people for their approval.

1. The Preamble of the new Constitution.

2. The term "Reich" was used in the old Constitution and formerly meant Empire. The term is now translated to mean Commonwealth, although the Germans man continue to place the original interpretation upon it. This may be understood better by referring to the British nation. Even though she has in reality ceased to exist as Emprie, she retains the name.

The exercise of political and legislative authority as set forth in both constitutions must follow in accordance with provisions of the constitution, and laws of the Federal government hold precedence over the state laws which conflict with them.[3] The legislative competence of the present National government, determined in a long enumeration of powers, is far more extensive than that conceded by the imperial system of affairs. The special constitutional prerogatives of the south German states have been entirely eliminated, and the centralization of the new government is even more complete than ever before. Both constitutions hold within the bounds of national legislation the following matters: colonization and migration, freedom of travel, citizenship, organization for national defense, military and naval affairs, coinage and issuance of currency, regulation of weights and measures, press associations, public meetings, customs duties, passports, trade and industry, commerce, and protection of intellectual property. Besides these, the new government further extends its domain of national legislation by laying within its grasp such matters as railroads and waterways, church and State, land tenure, theatres and moving-pictures, rights of labor, social insurance, protection of the wage earner and other employees, war veterans and their surviving dependents, expropriation, and the establishment of organizations for vocational representation.[1] As was a characteristic weakness of the old governing system, the execution of the Federal laws is placed in the hands of the State. Both constitutions have been weakly equipped for the execution of national legislation, for the responsibility is placed upon the State officials, the National Cabinet reserving the liberty to issue any instructions it may see fit. The authority of interpreting and declaring the constitutionality of laws formerly rested with the Bundesrath, while the National Cabinet now enjoys this prerogative.

Article 17 of the present constitution definitely specifies

3. Cf. Art. 2 old Const., and Art. 13 new Const.
1. Cf. Art. 4 old Const., and Arts. 6-10 new Const.

that "Every State must have a republican constitution. The represenatives of the people must be elected by universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage of all German citizens, both men and women, according to the principles of proportional representation." This provision means then that the former powers of election exercised by the large land owners, through the three class system of property election, has been swept away.

A discussion of the executive and legislative organs of the new Republic must necessarily be preceded by a brief discussion of these functions as cared for by the old government. The executive powers were under the control of an Emperor[1] who, as King of Prussia, secured the legislation he desired, and who, as Chief Executive of the Empire, promulgated and put the legislation into execution. The governmental center of gravity was to be found in the body representing the sovereign States, and here Prussia had a controlling influence and a veto on most important matters. The Federal system of representation as instructed by the old constitution displays a striking contrast to this system as governed in the United States, since the Confederation was not a union of states with equal powers and rights, but rather an association of privileged members so contrived that Prussia had a predominating control, subject only to a few restraints by the other states. The German Empire was so organized that it could operate successfully only in case the preponderance of one individual state was strong enough to keep the organs for central government in its own hands, a system which would utterly destroy the character of our union. The members of the Bundesrath, the body controlling the legislative powers, were responsible only to the sovereign rulers of their respective states. The Reichstag, on the other hand, was the representative body of the people, the election of which was one of the few democratic concessions given to the people by the former system.[2] This body, whose powers on paper looked exceedingly great,

1. See Arts. 11-19 old Const. 2. See Sect. V. Art. 20 old Const.

but in reality were only minor,[1] was supposed to represent the will of the people. It could demand reports and make investigations, pass resolutions as often as it pleased, and discuss everything under the heavens, except the all potent personage on the throne; but flouted and hampered at every turn by the Bundesrath, it could bring nothing to pass. Its powers were wholly negative, and it served only to keep the people in the belief that they were being represented.

As provided by the new republican constitution, the powers of the state and people have shifted to the opposite from that described in the preceding paragraph. The Reichstag, continuing to function as the representative body of the people, now exercises the powers which were formerly conceded to the Bundesrath.[2] The other chamber, which corresponds to the Bundesrath and represents the separate states, is termed, the Reichrat or National Council. Because of this change, it will be difficult to follow out an accurate comparison of the duties and procedure of these two bodies with the two legislative bodies which existed up to a short time ago. In a discussion of them, therefore, it will be necessary to deal more from a standpoint of powers and not from a standpoint of what they represent.

The members of the Reichstag or National Assembly, as stitpulated by both constitutions, are reresentatives of the people as a whole and are not to be bound by the instructions of the State Sovereign.[3] Particular notice should be taken of this clause: "Delegates are elected by universal, direct, and secret suffrage by all men and women over twenty years of age in accordance with the principles of proportional represantation."[1] It changes to a great extent the qualifications for elections, suffrage, and voting. By this clause womanhood suffrage is placed upon an equal basis with manhood suffrage, and the suffrage age limit is reduced from twenty-five years to twenty. Accordingly, one delegate is now allowed for each

1. See Arts. 22-32 old Const. Note 2, Sec. II Arts. 20-30 old Const.
3. Art. 7, par. 3 old Const. and Art. 21 new Const.
1. See Art. 22 new Const. (This is not the same clause mentioned on p. 11. See also Art. 17 new Const.)

one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in a district, whereas the old system provided for one delegate for each hundred thousand.[2] The term of office for members of the Reichstag has likewise undergone a change, being reduced from five years to four. The National Assembly must still be elected within sixty days after its term expires and must convene within thirty days after election. In dissolving the National Assembly, the National President is no longer restricted to the consent of the State representative body, as was the German Emperor, but can dissolve it whenever he feels it is expedient or necessary.[3] Both constitutions direct that the proceedings of this body shall be open to the public. The usual freedom from arrest and irresponsibility of vote is guaranteed by declaring that no member shall at any time be subject to any judicial or disciplinary prosecution on account of his vote or opinions uttered in performance of his duties.[4] Instead of the Reichstag as a whole examining the elections of its members, as was the method in the former system, there is now a commission for this function, consisting of members from the National Assembly and of members from the National Administrative Court, nominated by its President and elected by the National President.[1] Both constitutions definitely place the system of procedure into the hands of the body itself, with full powers to elect its own president, vice-president, and secretaries.[2] This body continues to act by majority vote, but remains subject to a few exceptions. According to the imperial plan, the members of the Bundesrath were accredited the right of speaking in the Reichstag in behalf of their states, whereas now the states may be represented

2. The new proportion has not been definitely made, being left to Statutory enactment. The proportion of 150,000 to each delegate was established by the Provisional Government, but in all probability, it will be made permanent, as were most of the other provisional forms.

3. Cf. Art. 24 old Const. and Art. 25 new Const.

4. Art. 30 old Const. and Art. 37 new Const.

1. Art. 27 old Const. and Art. 31 new Const.

2. It must be understood that these similarities of the two Constitutions are fundamental. They are only minor in comparison with the importance of the changes made.

3. See Art. 33 new Const.

by sending plenipotentiaries or members of the State Cabinet to take part in the deliberations of this body.[3] The scope of authority of the National Assembly is still further accentuated by placing in its hands the power to impeach the National President, Chancellor, or Ministers before the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth. It can effect the resignation of any member or members of the Cabinet, a prerogative which would have been destructive under Bismark's scheme.

As outlined in a previous paragraph, the Reichsrat[4] now functions as the former Bundesrath and sinks from a predominating legislative body to one of great inferiority. One delegate to this body is guaranteed to each state, and one additional member is granted for each additional million inhabitants after the first million. Every nation of the world, besides the smaller German states, views with intense satisfaction the new constitutional provisions which are calculated to guard against the possibilities of Prussia's regaining or exercising her former powers. It is now clearly stipulated that no state shall secure more than two-fifths of the total number of votes in this body, thus preventing Prussia from again securing a controlling vote in this house.[1] It is to be remembered that Prussia is larger than all the other German states put together, and unless certain restrictions were made, there would be no reason why she could not again control a decisive vote in the state representative body. To prevent the distribution of votes from becoming unequal, a serious fault with the old system, votes are to be determined anew every ten years. Prussia is even further stripped of her former supremacy by providing that no state shall have more than one vote in the committees of the Reichsrat and that one-half the votes of Prussia shall be at the disposal of Prussian Provin-

3. See Art. 33 new Const.

4. Cf. Sec. III old Const. and Sec. IV new Const.

1. See Art. 6 old Const. for distribution of votes. (Prussia formerly controlled seventeen votes out of a possible fifty-six. Upon the admission of Alsace Lorraine, the number of was raised to twenty.)

cial Administrations.[2] As planned by Prince Bismark, the state representative body was presided over by the Chancellor. Although the present constitution does not make the same provision, it does specify that the chairmanship of the National Council shall be held by a member of the Cabinet.[3] The Chancellor, or Ministers, may continue to exercise an influence in the Reichstag, as a right given them to take part in its proceedings. The plenary sittings of this body are now open to the public. The secrecy surrounding the late Bundesrath may account for the fact that little concerning this body was known in this country in comparison with the Reichstag, whose sittings have always been held in public. Discussions took place behind closed doors, and the decisions made were about the only information to reach the attention of the public. Decisions are made, according to constitutional directions, by simple majority,—a clause which was subject to a few exceptions heretofore. Attention is here called to the fact that votes in the Reichsrat are no longer instructed, but members are free and at liberty to act as they please. Formerly votes which had not been instructed by the State Sovereign were not counted, thus further making the delegate to the Bundesrath an instrument in the hands of the ruling Prince.

Initiation of legislation rests principally with the Reichstag and Ministry, but all measures proposed must first be submitted to the Reichsrat for its approval or disapproval. In case the measure is disapproved by this body, it goes to the Cabinet or Reichstag along with a written statement containing the reasons for such action. The Reichsrat cannot directly submit legislation which is proposed in that body, but the Cabinet is under obligation to submit it for hem, together with a written expression of the Cabinet's views on the proposed measure. The National Council likewise has a right to object to measures passed by the National Assembly, provided this right is exercised and confirmed within a month

2. Cf. 61-63 new Const.
3. Art. 15 old Const. and Art. 65 new Const.

after receipt of the legislation to be discussed.[1] The power of the National Council to object to proposed measures resembles in many respects the authority exercised by the late Reichstag, for the National Assembly may, if it sees fit, ignore the pressure of the Reichsrat (National Council) and make the measure a law by repassing it by a two-thirds majority vote. In a provision which closely resembles one of the articles in the old document, the new constitution directs that laws constitutionally enacted shall receive their promulgation through the medium of a National Bulletin of Laws. Furthermore, the clause which ordered that laws, unless otherwise provided, shall go into effect upon the fourteenth day after their promulgation, continues to hold good. Article 73 of the present constitution should be of particular interest to those who have in the least considered the new ideals which are to play so fundamental a part in the success or failure of the new German Republic. It secures for the people the right of initiative and referendum. Legislation may, if the National President so directs, be referred to the public within a month after enacted and may be annulled by a majority of all the qualified voters. Measures initiated by the public must be submitted to the National Cabinet, this body being required to lay the drafted bill before the National Assembly, accompanied with a written expression of the Ministry's attitude toward the bill. If demanded by one-twentieth of all the voters, any bill initiated by the people and not passed by the Assembly must be submitted to the public for a vote. Restrictions upon this right rests in the hands of the Chief Executive when it concerns the budget, tax laws, and laws relating to the payment and classification of public officers.

It will be well, before entering upon a discussion of the functions and duties of the National President and his Cabinet, to precede that paragraph by a discussion dealing with

1. Refer to Art. 74 new Const. (This system closely resembles the process of passing a bill over the President's veto in the U. S. If the legislative body sees fit, it can make the measure a law.)

national administration.[1] As stated in the paragraph outlining the divisions of the new constitution, the section pertaining to National Administration is so organized as to include a number of sections contained in the old constitution. Conduct of foreign relations is exclusively a function of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the most important, at least the most essential, section of the former Federal governing instrument was that pertaining to military affairs. It is interesting to note that the new constitution devotes but a single article to this important matter, referring he whole of German organization for national defense to Statutory enacement.[1] In matters of Customs tariff, taxes, and revenue both constitutions make very nearly the same provisions. In both cases the power of legislation concerning the items of uniform tax, organization and functions of the authorities charged with the execution of the National tax laws rest in the hands of the Federal government. It is now specified, in almost the same words as are used in the old constitution, that all revenues and expenditures of the Federal government must be estimated for each year and included in the budget.[2] The latter is adopted at the beginning of each fiscal year. For various reasons an annual report must be made out accounting for the disposition of all national revnue and submitted to both governing bodies. These sections of both constitutions are still more likened unto each other in that they permit, in case of extraordinary need, the borrowing of money, and this being permissable only by authority of national legislation. Matters regarding postal, telegraph, and telephone service were given a considerable amount of space in the former document. It went at length into details about their organization, subjections to legislation, oaths and obedience to the orders and regulaions of the Emperor.[3] The present constitution devotes but a few lines to these public service functions, de-

1. Refer to Section VI new Const.
1. Refer to Sec. XI old Const. and Art. 79 new Const.
2. Cf. Art. 69 old Const. and Art. 85 of new Const.
3. Refer to Section VIII old Const.

claring them to be exclusively functions of the Commonwealth. The student of history or economics will be particularly interested in observing Article 80 [4] of the new constitution, since it provides for a matter which marks one of the few failures in Bismark's diplomatic atempts. Legislation securing the Federal control of railroads is one of the comparatively few demands which was not given the necessary support in the Bundesrath. Railroads under the control of the State or private corporations must now be handed over to Federal control upon the demand of the National government. The Federal government, by the constitution, also acquires the right of expropriation, or the right to deprive a state or individual of property. In any case, therefore, where the central governing bodies believe it to be advisable, they can bring any matter concerning rate, construction, operation, or traffic under government supervision. Under the old system the Government could dictate to the railroads only when concerned with matters of defense. Notwithstanding the change, the railroads are to be run as independent corporations and are to regulate and cover their financial obligations. Socialization and administration of the waterways is also provided for under the new system. Except for commercial reasons, these provisions are of minor importance and might well have been left to Statutory enactment.

Like the imperial, the republican Constitution is to receive its ammendments through national legislation. It is interesting to note that in the former Government the powers of Prussia extended to such an excessive degree that her votes alone were sufficient to reject any amendment proposed. It will be remembered that the fourteen votes that Prussia controlled were sufficient to defeat any amendment resolved.[1] As stated before, this voting power of Prussia has been carefully

4. Bismark made three attempts to secure legilsation which would provide for the same matter as does Article 80. The combined vote of the other states defeated the Prussian policy.

1. See Art. 78 old Const.

amended and passed by the Assembly, and by a two-thirds vote in Council, it may be referred to a popular vote.

Up to this point little has been said concerning the functions and duties of the National President and National Cabinet. The overwhelming change i nthe system of government has had its effect upon the relative importance of these two and has tended to make them more dependent than they formerly were. The specifications in the new Constitution in regard to the National President and Ministry are comparatively brief. The Chief Executive is now chosen by the people as a whole, a system which resembles the Swiss plan, in that the President receives his appointment directly through the vote of the people.[1] As cared for by the old Constitution, the presidency of the German Empire was vested in the king of Prussia. His title was not Emperor of the Germans, as he would like to be, but rather German Emperor, since it represents more nearly a heriditary than an elective office.[2] The former Kaiser was responsible to no human being whomsoever, and as long as his army remained intact upon the field, his position was secure. Particular notice should be taken of the way in which this blunder has been remedied by the new Constitution. Whereas the former Emperor swore allegiance or obedience to no man, the National President, upon inauguration, must take the following oath before the National Assembly: " swear to devote all my energy to the welfare of the German people, to increase their prosperity, to protect them from injury, to preserve the Constitution and the laws of the Commonwealth, to perform my duties conscientiously and to deal justly with all." He is made directly responsible to the public for his acts and must enjoy their confidence. Upon a two-thirds vote of the National Assembly, followed by an affirmative vote of the people, the National President can be removed from office before his term expires. However, a refusal of th people to rmove the President from office is equivalent to re-election

1. Fortnightly Review 105:322-23 (1919.)
2. Dr. Boyd's lectures.

and automatically entails the dissolution of the National Assembly,[1] a program which offers many opportunities for fraud upon the part of unscrupulous politicians. The President must be thirty-five years of age, and like the French President, he is to hold office for seven years.[2] No vice-president has been provided for by the new constitution, and in case of resignation or permanent disability of the Executive, new elections take place immediately. The National President continues to represent the Federal government in matters of international affairs, to conclude alliances and treaties with foreign powers, and to accredit and receive ambassadors. The system which heretofore governed the authority for declaring war and concluding peace has undergone an important revolutionary change, in that it is now strictly a matter of National law. Those familiar with the old German constitution will recall that by it the power of the Emperor to declare an aggressive warfare was limited to the consent of the Bundesrath, while a declaration for a defensive war needed only the sanction and order of the Emperor himself.[3] This particular clause of the old constitution has been abused to no little degree; since by it the Hohenzollern House of Prussia has not only evaded all opposition which arose in the Bundesrath to thwart the Prussian aims, but has managed to alleviate the weight of blame upon the Prussian war-lords for drawing their victims into a position where war might be declared. It was this provision which accounts for the sudden declaration of war in 1914 before the Bundesrath was given a chance to discuss the exigency of such a move. Had not such a provision existed, a more open discussion would have resulted, and perhaps war could have been avoided. The Chief Executive continues to exercise the right of appointing or dismissing civil and military officials of the Comomnwealth. It continues to be the duty of the President to force recalci-

1. See Art. 43 new Const.
2. Hazen's Modern European History, Chapter XXII, p. 389. (French plan.)
3. See Art. II par. 2 old Const.

trant states to fulfill the obligations placed upon them by the constitution or national law. If necessary to maintain the safety and order of the Republic, the President may temporarily suspend the fundamental rights and duties of Germans, laid down in certain articles of the constitution. As was exactly the case in the former program, the validity of orders and directions issued by the President must have the counter-signature of the Chancellor, who thereby assumes responsibility for the same.[1]

Owing to the fact that the master diplomat who framed the imperial constitution intentionally secured for himself the seat of Chancellorship, and because he was bittrly opposed to having any subordinate ministers whom he must consult and convince when any important measure was desired, the constitution provided for a Grand Chancellor and nothing more. The Chancellor of the new Republic is appointed by the National President, and the Ministers receive appointment through the President upon nomination by the Chancellor. Unlike Bismark and his successors who defied the Bundesrath in bold speeches, declaring themselves to be responsible only to the Emperor, these officials must now enjoy the confidence of the people or resign upon withdrawal of that confidence.[2] They are held individually responsible for the conduct of their particular duties. The Cabinet makes its decisions by a majority vote, the presiding officer deciding in case of a tie. All drafts of laws, all matters decided by constitutional law, and all differences of opinion on matters which fall within the functions of the department are laid before the Ministry, to be discussed and decided upon.

Both constitutions make very brief provisions for the administration of justice. Ordinary jurisdiction, in both instances, is exercised by the State courts. The state system of courts will continue to be conducted under a uniform plan according to certain procedures specified by law. Military courts of honor have been abolished and are the only courts

1. Cf. Art. 17 old Const. and Art. 50 new Const.
2. See Art. 54 new Const.

affected by the constitution.[1] A Supreme Judicial Court, corresponding to the Imperial Court of Appeals, has been established for the Commonwealth. Judges are independent, subject only to the law, and hold tenure of office for life. Only for certain reasons provided by law can a judge, against his wish, be permanently or temporarily removed or retired, or transferred to another position. The law may fix an age limit at which judges may be retired, and in case of any above change, the judge is allowed full salary.

CHAPTER II.

The constitution of the new German Republic and its success in application has been made a matter of greater concern to the nations of the world than a first glance might show it to be. The modern provisions of Chapter II make it an outstanding example of a twentieth century governmental experiment. It has attempted to provide adequately for the social and economic problems which are characteristic of the present age, to bring about a better understanding between those who labor with their hands and those who labor with their minds, and to secure the greatest degree of harmony among the people and the state. Since almost all other countries are looking for a solution to these same baffling problems, the new German Republic will continue to keep the eyes of the nations turned to her and to the success of her undertaking. The second chapter, as previously outlined, deals with the fundamental rights and duties of Germans. Referring to the individual, both old and new constitutions make similar provisions for such matters as German equality before the law, rights and duties guaranteed to all citizens in any state of the Commonwealth, rights of emigration, and the right to travel or reside freely throughout the Commonwealth. Germans continue to enjoy the privilege of acquiring land and of pursuing a gainful occupation. In addition to the protection of each citizen, care has been taken to establish the principle

1. See Art. 105 new Const. (The military courts and courts-martials remain intact.)

of equality in place of the former discrimination. Privileges and distinctions due to birth are now abolished, and titles of nobility given by foreign countries are no longer to be accepted by Germans.[1] No German may be surrendered to a foreign government for punishment or prosecution, which may prove of unusual interest at some future date. Personal liberty is inviolable, and may be abridged only by authority of law. Every German citizen is now guaranteed the right, so far as he remains within the limits of law, to express himself through mediums of speech, writing, printing, pictures, or any other way in which he may see fit. Furthermore, he is not to be discriminated against for exercising this right, a provision which may or may not work out as directed. Censorship may be exercised in case of cinimagraphs, theatres, or matters of moral welfare.

In connection with community life and social protection, the present constitution clearly defines that matters of marriage, maintenance and increase of population, are under special constitutional protection.[1] Compensation is made for large families, and protection is guaranteed to motherhood. Offsprings, whether legitimate or illegitimate, are accorded equal opportunities for all-round development. The right to assemble is granted so long as it does not interfere with public safety. The formation of political, religious, or social associations and societies is allowed before the law, and they are not to be denied any rights as long as they adhere to the provisions of the law. The right of petition is granted to the individual or group of individuals.[2] Self-government is likewise cared for by the new constitution.[3] State employees receive life tenures, and in but a very few instances can they be removed or superceded from their positions. Civil officers are under constitutional obligation to work for the best interests of the whole community. but whether they shall obey this instruction remains to be seen.

1. See Art. 109 new Const.

1. See Art. 119 new Const. 2. See Art. 126 new Const. 3. See Art. 127 new Const.

The religious aspects of the new German Republic are in many particulars like those of the United States. The German constitution now provides for religious toleration, and definitely protects the individual from punishment because of religious belief. The divorcement of the church from the state has been made complete, and no one is under any obligation to a certain religious society or institution by the provisions of the constitution. Protection to religious intellectual institutions has likewise been promised. Contrary to the regulations which govern the United States Army, the German system recognizes the right of the soldier to the necessary leave for the performance of his religious duties.

The provisions on education, like many others, show some attempt at compromise between the Social Democrats and Center parties,[1] the two principal factions sitting in the Constitutional Convention. In the establishment of educational institutions the Commonwealth, States, and municipalities are expected to co-operate.[2] The entire supervision, however, remains with the State. School attendance is compulsory, and the student is under obligations to remain in school until his eighteenth year. This provision imposes no hardship upon any class, for school equipment for instruction is provided free—an innovation which would gladly be accepted by those of our own democracy who seek an education. Private preparatory schools have been abolished, and private schools may be substituted only under special approval of the State. Conforming with the ideals which might be expected of the new constitution is that paragraph which directs that "All schools shall inculcate moral education, civic sentiment, and personal and vocational efficiency in the spirit of German national culture and international conciliation." It is to be observed, however, whether this clause will be carried out. What inherent spirit of international conciliation the Germans may have is doubtful, and there is plenty of grounds for taking special precaution against any possible opposite tendency of instruc-

1. Fortnightly Review 105:325-26 (1919.) 2. See Art. 143 new Const.

tion in the German schools.[1] If the spirit of the German people remains unaffected, then what meaning can be found in the letter of these words?

The unity of the Commonwealth is no longer realized by legislation, but by economic means, such as the socialization of natural resources and the control of production and distribution, all based upon the fundamental principle of justice. Freedom of trade and industry is guaranteed, usury is forbidden, and moral practices take precedence over legal practices. Property rights are given the necessary safeguards ,and citizens may be deprived of such only by due process of law. The State is to be given a certain share of all inheritance, a plan which likewise applies to the United States. Natural resources are subject to State control, while the control of public economic enterprises is placed within the reach of the Federal government. Besides the special governmental protection given to labor, the right to combine for the protection and promotion of labor's welfare is definitely guaranteed, and no restraint of this liberty can be made lawful.

The Soviet idea of economic organization is lodged in the new republican constitution by the provisions of Article 165. Wage earners and salaried employees are to be represented by district workers' councils organized for every district, local workers' councils for carrying out local changes, and a National Workers' Council for looking after the social and economic interest, these Councils being fully recognized by law. This article goes somewhat into detail regarding these organizations. They are accredited the privilege of drafting laws of social or economic importance and of presenting them to the National Cabinet, where they go through the regular process pointed out in a preceding paragraph. Members of the National Workers' Council may also be sent to the Reichstag to deliberate on any measure which the Council has pre-

1. Reports from those who have visited Germany in the recent months tend to show that the minds of the Germans remain somewhat infected.

sented. The working element is now given just consideration in regard to time of voting and elections. The former system took an unfair advantage of the working class by holding elections on working days, thereby preventing the laborers from reaching the polls, and eliminating any socialistic element from securing any influence in the government by the labor vote.[1] Sunday is now set aside as a day for elections, a system which likewise resembles that of France.[2]

As far as a reading of the new republican Constitution will permit one to draw any conclusions, it can be said that the Constitntion is apparently the necessary instrument for the guidance of the new Government. Should the new Constitution work out as destined by its framers, Germany will have come out the real victor of the recent war. The roots of the new Goverment have not, as yet, had time to grow deep, and time must be allowed before the real value and strength of the new Constitution can be revealed. Its success will be realized to a great extent by the co-operation of all the German people in the single purpose of placing Germany again among the leading nations of the world. At the time of this writing, reports from official sources show the trend of German thought to be divided and not concentrated upon any special desire. No doubt, uprisings and minor revolution will occur from time to time as a result of certain reactionary elements; but from all appearances, the new German Republic promises to be a just and permanent Government.

1. Lowell's Gov. and Parties of Continental Europe.
2. Art. 22 new Const.

EDITORIALS

THE CATECHISM OF THE COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS

Learn It

Why are college publications? College publications are for the use of every student and alumnus and member of the faculty of the college—to keep all the members of the great college family in close touch and to preserve the best of college life for the generations of students that will come later.

Whom do college publications serve? College publications serve the college corporation, every member of the college community, and every alumnus.

To whom do college publications belong? College publications belong to the college corporation, the faculty, the students and the alumni.

Who are responsible for college publications? Under the present arrangement six under-graduate students, elected or appointed ,are largely responsible for the college publications at Trinity. The two literary societies, no longer vitally interested in its welfare, are responsible for any deficit incurred by the **Chronicle.** The senior class is responsible, through two editors and two business managers elected by it, for the **Chanticleer** and the **Archive.**

Who should be responsible for college publications? Those to whom the college publications belong, the college corporation, the faculty, the students, and the alumni, should be responsible for college publications.

What is the present condition of college publications, at Trinity and at other colleges? College publications, at Trinity and at other colleges, are suffering from a lack of interest on the part of students and faculty and from a lack of funds. Both quality and quantity of material are being lowered by

the necessity business managers are under of making ends meet.

What is the remedy for this condition? A publication collected from every student and entitling him to every issue of every publication is the remedy for this condition.

Why? It costs money to publish the **Chronicle,** the **Chanticleer,** and the **Archive,** and bills must be paid. But bills cannot be paid unless the money for their payment can be obtained. It takes interest on the part of every member of the College community to make the college publications a success. Without this interest they can never serve their purpose.

There have been, and there are now, many complaints against Trinity publications, especially against the **Archive,** and these complaints are not without justification. But knocking alone will never remedy these evils. Constructive criticism, planning, and effort, joined with a real active interest on the part of the entire College community in these publications which are the property of every member of this community can remedy these evils.

Other colleges subsidize their publications and require every student to subscribe to them, placing a publication fee in the regular college expenses along with the athletic fee. These colleges have realized that publications are as real and as important a part of student activities as athletics. The College authorities do not hesitate to charge us an athletic fee, and we do not object to paying it. We are glad to support athletics with our spirit and our money. And this is as it should be. But when someone mentions a publication fee, everybody else is shocked. The College authorities say that it will never do to add another fee to the College expenses, and students complain that a publication fee would deprive them of a drink or a cigar **every week.** We are perfectly willing to acknowledge that this loss would be terrible and possibly disastrous. But we would ask those students who object to a publication fee if they would be willing to be with-

out their College publications? We would ask them further if they are willing to see these publications that go out all over the State and to other colleges, reflecting real conditions at Trinity, weak and dry and lifeless because of a lack of interest and support on the part of the College community?

We want to see every member of the College community really interested in every phase of student activity, including our publications. If every student is to be really interested in college publications, every student must subscribe to these publications, read them, and contribute to them.

A publication fee collected at the college office at the beginning of the college year wil make every student a subscriber to all the college publications and will solve the problem that is worrying the present editors and business managers, has been worrying the editors and business managers in the past, and will continue to worry editors and business managers in the future until it is solved. A publication fee seems to us to be the logical solution to this problem. It is practicable and efficient, and it is not an experiment, for it has been tried in other colleges, where it is still giving excellent results.

The **Archive** advocates a publication fee—in the interest of the College, the faculty, the students, and the alumni. A publication fee cannot help the present editors and business managers, but it can assure the continuance of our publications without a further lowering of their standards.

These are the reasons why we believe in and advocate a publication fee for Trinity.

O, PROMISE ME ogrsff-noubl ffl ffl

Nothing more strikingly and forcefully presents the pressing need for the will-o-the-wisp gymnasium long uppermost in the minds of Trinity students than the crowded condition of the present gymnasium during the recent basket ball games. As matters now stand, instead of allowing the players all the room they need, the spectators are forced to stand

on the very border marks of the court. Had the court been larger and the spectators adequately roped off from the court, there would not have been so great a congestion during the regretable affair in one of the season's games.

However, there is another aspect of the situation. The students cannot be taken care of adequately during physical training classes, while those who wish to praticipate in amateur basket ball and other sports outside of the regular gymnasium classes are prohibited from doing so by the lack of space and equipment.

The agitation for the new gymnasium was started before the war broke out in 1914. It was promised that the new gymnasium would be built within a year or so. It was not. by 1917. It was not. It was promised that the new gymna- It was promised that the new gymnasium would be built sium would be built as soon as the war was over. It was not. The entire matter seems so far to have been one of promises.

Shall the new gymnasium be allowed to die of promises? Trinity needs a new gymnasium, large enough and with equipment enough to care adequately for all her students, both men and women. Let's get busy and show the faculty and trustees that we want a new gymnasium, that we feel the real need of the College for it, and that we are in earnest and willing to pull and work for **a new gymnasium that will be sufficiently large and well equipped to care for all the students that may come to Trinity as she grows in size and strength.** Let's build for the future, but let's build **now.**

S. M. H.

THE NORTH CAROLINA COL PRESS ASSON ARCHIVE—GAL SEVEN ffl ffl pvfi ffl ffl ffl ffl

On February 5 the editors of the college newspapers and magazines published in this State met at Chapel Hill and organized the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association. The college newspapers who are members of this association will

exchange news, and the newspapers and magazines will enter contests for the best news stories and fiction. All members of the staffs of the newspapers and magazines and all regular contributors are eligible to enter these contests. All material for entry in this contest must be in the hands of the editors of the college publications by February 1. We wish to urge Trinity students to enter this contest, and we shall be glad to give any information in regard to the contest that we may possess.

EXCHANGES

The January-February issue of the**Emory Phoenix** shows shows much improvement over the preceding numbers for this year. This issue is especially noteworthy for the number of original and unusual sketches and poems. "To a Mock-Bird" is good, showing a real problem to exist regarding this bird that perhaps the rest of us have never realized. "Bay Blossoms and the Study Window" is an excellent sketch and is well balanced by "The Personality in a Handshake." Both are rather unusual in subject matter and in style. "Never Again" is perhaps one of the most original stories of the issue. "Hard Times" possibly overdoes the dialect style. We wish to congratulate the editor on his departure from the usual style of editorial. Although the method used may not be the best possible, it is certainly an excellent method of drawing attention to the department.

The five poems in the February issue of the **Wake Forest Student** are especially good. The essay "Ideals of Americanism in Literature" is certainly worthy of mention. We shall have to agree with the Faculty Editor as to the prize winner of this issue. The different departments show good work on the part of their editors, and on the whole the magazine is well-balanced.

The January number of the **Haverfordian** possibly needs a little more "pep," if that word can be excused in this connection—more stories and not so many essays. The one story that appears in this issue, "Plans of the Mice," is very interesting. More stories of this kind would add to the interest in the magazine and make it better balanced.

The December issue of the **College Message** is very interesting and has some really excellent material in it. The Editorial Department seems to be staying on the job and doing good work. The verses are very good, especially "The Old-Fashioned Bee." The articles by Mr. Hurley are well written and

are on subjects not usually presented in college magazines. "In the Land O' Dreams" is in a class all by itself among the different kinds of material that appear in college magazines. This fantasy in verse shows real originality, plot, and ability.

We have received the first two issues of the **Chanticleer,** a fortnightly magazine published by the students of the University of Chicago. Its style and make-up are pleasingly different from the ordinary run of college magazines. There is a sufficient variety of material to suit every taste. "A Greeting" in the first issue is very appropriate, and the article "The Meaning of the Recent Presidential Election" goes beneath the surface of politics and gives us a view of things as they are with an explanation of their significance. We shall look forward with pleasure to the succeeding issues of the **Chanticleer.**

We wish also to acknowledge the **Erskinian** and **The Acorn.**

WAYSIDE WARES

AN' IT'S STUDENTS THIS AN' STUDENTS THAT

(Apologies to Kipling's "Tommy.")

S. S. Farabow.

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."
—Kipling.

I went into a movie show to have a little fun;
The ticket girl, she grinned and said, "Just watch him spend dad's mun."
Some boys behind me laughed and sneered, "Sure he's the loafin' kind."
I held my peace, but now I must give them some of my mind.
O it's students this and students that and students, "How they play!"
But it's "What's the plan, you college men?" for we must show the way.
O it's "What's the plan, you college men?" when time has come to say;
For we shall have to say, my freres, and we shall show the way.

I had been working hard all day, and so that night I went
Into a little girlie show—'tis true on pleasure bent.
For other girls and other boys it seemed no harm to be,
But it was truly shocking there a college man to see;
For it's "Don't do this and don't do that," and "Sonny, watch your soul;"

But it's "Call for Mr. Student," when someone is in a hole.
When someone's in a hole, my mates, when someone's in a hole.
For its "Call for Mr. Student," when someone is in a hole.

Now if a false alarm we gave, the firemen cuss and rage,
And news of our crime is heard upon the Edit's page.
They rant and rear and rage a while and speak in accent bold;
But, when we help to stop a fire, the news is never told.
An' it's students this and students that and, "Students did the deed;"
But it's "Who's the unknown hero?" when they're handing out the meed,
When handing out the meed, my mates, when handing out the meed,
An' they don't remember you at all when handing out the meed.

An' if we win some kind of game and celebrate a while;
Why can't you laugh and play with us or just look on and smile?
Is youth and life a sin and shame or something to condemn?
Are your own children vile and base? Why don't you laugh with them?
O it's students this and students that, an' "thrown the toughs in jail;"
But 'twas volunteers for Uncle Sam when bullets fell like hail.
When bullets fell like hail, brave lads, when bullets fell like hail,
And we students we the leaders there when bullets fell like hail.

It comes to this, in long and short, deny it if you will;
We're simply mortal like the rest. We're only John or Bill.

We pass; we flunk. We work; we play. We try to act like men;
So, if you want to make a hit, just show yourself our friend.
Tho' it's students this and students that and students are not nice;
Yet it's "Send for college men to speak," when someone needs advice.
When someone needs advice, my mates, when someone needs advice.
Yet it's "Send for college men to speak," when someone needs advice.

An' so we study, most of us, and work the weary while.
We even take the blame and taunts and pass them with a smile;
But, when we flunk on our exams and feel downcast and blue,
We say no word; we jest and smile, but we are human, too.
O it's students this and students that and student, "Don't you fail;"
But it's "He's gone home; his eyes were bad," with smiles they tell the tale.
"He's out of school; his eyes were bad," with smiles they tell the tale,
An' they tell the tale with glee, my mates, with smiles they tell the tale.

You say the college boy don't care, "he does not give a durn."
You say that he's indifferent, and he doesn't want to learn.
His "don't care" mien is all a fake; he cares more than you wot.
It takes some nerve to keep it hid; he cares a dog-gone lot.
O it's students this and students that and "they don't give a durn;"
But it's all because the college boy to be a man would learn;

An' he would drink the bitter cup with smile and hearty grin.
With smile and hearty grin, my love, with smile and hearty grin.

You bet your life he cares as much as any fellow can;
But he's a Spartan when it comes to proving him a man.
The grin is often bluff to hide a sorrow from your gaze;
And, when it comes to footing bills, you bet the student pays.
But you call him this and call him that and laugh at his vain ways;
Maybe you might see some pure gold if you would closer gaze,
If you would closer gaze, big world, if you would closer gaze;
Maybe you might see a pure-bred sport if you would closer gaze.

Some say perhaps, "The students spend much money for their clothes.
They swear; they cuss; they gamble, too. What else God only knows."
Now don't judge all by one or two, for all are not alike;
An' you would judge no horse or cow by looking at a bike,
But it's students this and students that and students, "Oh, such fools!"
Now do pray tell me, why is it that you send your sons to school?
O you send your sons to school, of course, you send your sons to school.
Is it that you would change them all to villains and to fools?

"All college men love ego, and all college men are vain."
You call them this; you cal lthem that and bitterly complain.
Is youth so humble and contrite and does youth ne'er grow proud?

Now please excuse our weakness, too, as others are allowed.
But it's students this and students that and students,
"Ain't they proud?"
An' it's kinda funny after all that every school you crowd.
That every school you crowd, my loves, that every school you crowd.
Now ain't it funny after all that every school you crowd?

Rastus On The Death Of Jezebel

Martin Chambers

The story is told of a class of ministerial candidates which appeared before the committee at Hog Creek Chapel, in Whangdoodle County, Mississippi, a few years ago. In the class was an illiterate old negro, Rastus Rockbottom, who had made a profession of religion late in life. His daughter had read to him some of the most familiar passages of the Bible, and he finally felt the call to preach. So on the day appointed he appeared before the committee in all his pomp and glory, and a new Prince Albert coat, for an oral examination.

The committee asked him various questions about church government and discipline, which he answered with some apprehension. But when the committee began asking questions on the Bible, he assumed an air of very-much-at-home. They couldn't stall him there; he "knowed the Book from Generation to Revolution."

"Rastus," inquired one of the dignitaries, "Dou you know anything about Jezebel?"

"Yassah," replied Rastus, "I knows all about Miz Jezebel."

"Well, suppose you tell us of the death of Jezebel."

"Yassah, I knows jes' 'zackly how thet lady met her decease. Jezebel was Queen of Sheba, and she had heerd tell of the glory of King Sulliman, about how he had three hundred wives and six hundred cucumber vines, and she took unto herself thirty pieces of silver and a hin of ile and went up to see King Sulliman. And as she was a-gwine down from Jerusalem to Jericho she fell among thieves and robbers. And they beat her and robbed her and stripped her of her purple and fine linen and casted her out on the wayside ha'f dead. And paht of her fell by the wayside, and the fowls of de ayer kem and toted it off. Paht of her fell on de stony groun', and hit dried up and blowed away. Paht of her fell amongst de

thorns, and he thorns sprung up and choked her. And paht of her fell 'pon de good groun', and hit kem up and brung forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundredfold. And she was hongry foh de hucksies dat de swine did eat, but dar wasn't nobody to give unto her. So she says to herself, 'I will arise and go to my father, for behold, de ha'f was not told me.' And arise she did, and a choriot of fiah kotch her up out of dey sight, and tuck her up and sot her down on de pick-nickle of de temple. And whilst de 'Postle Paul was a-preachin' she fell out'n de winder and broke her nake. And she was still hongry, and her mouf watered foh de cake-crumbs dat fell f'om de rich man's table; moreover, de dogs kem and licker her bruises.

"And dere was in Jerusalem divers and sun-dried Jews, Greeks, Philistines, Germans, Corinthiums, Dagoes, furriners, and proselytes f'om ever' nation under de four heavens gathered together on de fust day of de week as dey custom was foh to break bread. And Jezebel she arrayed herseff in her most princely attire and went 'way up and sot in de highest winder of de topmost story of her royal palace. 'Bout dat time de cap'n o' de host kem marchin' along, and he spied Jezebel 'way up yander in de highest winder o' de topmost story, and he says to his men, sezee, 'Let him dat is widout sin cast de fust stone.' And dey all wid one accord begin to make 'scuses. So he says to his men, sezee, 'Go up and fling her down,' and dey went up and flung her down. And he says, 'Go up and fling her down agin.' And dey went up and flung her down agin. And he says, 'Go up and fling her down seb'n times on de seb'mph day.' And Peter standin' up in de midst o' de twelve says, sezee, 'Nay, but even seb'mty times seb'n.' So dey flung her down seb-mty times seb'm times, and de disciples gethered up of de fragments five thousand baskets full, besides women and chilluns.

"And de Pha'isees and Sajysees kem to Jesus by night and saith unto him, 'Rabbi, we knows dat thou art a Teacher come f'om God, and tell us about dis Jezebel: in de mawin' o' de rezireckshun, whose bride shall she be?' "

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

HARLAN—ALUMNI DEPT llYfE‘ xPlf‘uv‘ac ffl

W. N. Evans, Jr., '20.

Harlan was a little boy. The twelve years of his life had been spent in quiet contentment on his father's farm. His life presented nothing out of the ordinary or different from that of any other little boy of normal instincts. He liked to ride and hunt, to play with his dog and mind his traps, and to do all the myriad other things that little boys find to do in the great out-of-doors. He attended the country school, and was in the grade where he should have been for his age. In fact, he liked school most of the time. And he was fond of reading. **Robinson Crusoe, Treasure Island, Kidnapped,** and numerous Boy Scout books were among his treasures; in the long winter evenings he read them over many times. On the whole Harlan was just a plain boy who lived on the farm, accustomed to amusing himself in the absence of any playmates his own age, and his activities had been directed in the ways that are best for a clean, active child. But now it was spring. The great world outside had an especial appeal to the heart of the child. School would soon be out, and he could hardly wait until the day came. To be exact, school was the bane of his existence during these warm days. It seemed almost cruel to him to be confined in an old school building when he wanted so much to be outside where he could hear the birds, and play with his dog. Just as soon as the teacher dismissed him, he would romp down the road, throwing stones at the rabbits playing in the dust, with no intention of hitting them, but laughing with boyish delight at their fright. He would go to the fields and watch his father and brother work, dreaming of the time when he could drive the big tractor and handle the large plow. This appeal always came to him in the spring,

but he had learned that he must control himself, and must not fret or make himself a burden to his teacher, for she could not help it. His father had told him that, and he believed him.

But it was different this spring. Several weeks ago, when the ice on Spring River was just disappearing, and the first signs of spring were becoming evident, the construction company had come from the city and had begun work on the dam at Greer Spring nearby, by which they were going to make a big lake and a waterfall, and build a huge power plant to furnish electricity to the great factories in the city. The big steam shovel and the powerful crane were sources of never-ending wonder to Harlan. He had watched them by the hour, asking questions of the men and saturating himself with knowledge of how the big dam would work. He would sit in school listening to the distant roar of the giant engines, and wishing he could be there to watch.

One morning he was at the big dam bright and early. It was Saturday, and there was no school. The construction company had finished the greater part of their work and were ready to blow up the temporary dam that served to divert the stream from its course. Soon the water would be rushing in to fill the great artificial lake. Harlan was at the base of the huge concrete wall, thinking how wonderful it was to stand on what would soon be the bottom of an enormous lake. Suddenly he spied an opening through the wall, which looked to him much like a culvert such as he had seen under the road in front of his house. This opening had evidently been put there as a safety valve of some sort. He had heard the foreman speak of a safety valve, and this must be it. It looked very unassuming, he thought, to have such a portentious name. There it was, just a round hole made with large tile filled around with concrete. Harlan looked through. There was the other side some forty feet away. Wouldn't it be fun to go through there, and then, after the water was turned in, to say that he had been through the hole at the bottom of the

dam? He stooped down and stuck his head in. Dropping to his knees, he started to crawl through just to satisfy his boyish curiosity and desire for adventure. He went in several feet and turned to look round. It seemed dark inside, with just a little light at either end, where the sunshine peeped in at the small openings. His knees were tired, and he stopped to rest. After a few seconds he started on. But his knees felt as if they would soon be worn out. It was farther through that hole than he thought, and since the novlty of it was over, he wanted to make more progress. He was only half way through, and crawling was more work than fun. Harlan decided he could go faster if he crouched low and walked on his feet. Raising himself with his head bent forward so that the back of his neck was against the top of the tiling, he braced himself on one foot, and started to bring the other foot forward. It was a tight squeeze, but he could make it. His knee was against his chest, but if his foot slipped y the little ridge in the tile, he could go forward. He made one desperate pull and got the foot by the ridge. But his heel slipped off the perpendicular ledge of an ich or more, and was wedged under him. His knee was pressing his chest hard, so hard that it hurt. He tried to get the foot back, but his heel was blocked by the perpendicular ledge, but he could not possibly raise it an inch. He grunted and tried to shove it forward, but it simply would not go forward another bit. Try however he might, he was wedged in, and could not move forward or backward. He struggled again and again, but it was of no avail; he was helpless.

Then Harlan began to think. No one had seen him go in. Really no one knew he was at the dam that morning. The folks at home would not think of him before dinner-time, and it hadn't been long since breakfast. And then the horrible thought flashed across his mind that the men would soon blast away the temporary dam, and the water would rush in. He would be drowned, and no one would ever know what became of him. Oh, why had he been so foolish! He thought of

David Balfour on the steps in the tower and the traps his uncle had laid for him, and for the boys he had read about who had been in dangerous places. Then he thought of home. How fine it would be to be back at home, safe with his dog and his books, and to hear his mother singing as she went about her work! For once, he thought he would even be glad to be back at school. But no, he would never see home, mother, books, dog, school, or anything any more. The more he thought, the more frantic he became. He squirmed and struggled, but the tiling held him fast. It was no use.

He could hear the loud voices of the men in the distance, and they seemed excited. They were setting off the charge! Soon the water would rush upon him. Again and again and again he tried to free himself, and to extricate himself from his position. Every bone in his body ached. He would go crazy if he couldn't get loose.

Bang! Harlan heard no more for what seemed to him an age. The dam was broken, and the water was rushing in. There was an awful silence. His mind was in a whirl, and he would almost welcome the water to stop his misery. At last it came. The cold water closed in around him, and—

Harlan opened his eyes. Looking up, he saw his brother, and felt the strong arms holding him fast, one clinched around his neck, forcing his chin on his chest, and the other under one knee, pressing his knee against his chest so hard that it hurt. Then he heard his mother's voice saying reproachfully,

"Jack, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Naw," Jack replied, laughing, "I told the little scalawag that the next time he didn't get up and go to school when I called him I'd put him into the rain barrel. But you nearly woke him up when you slammed the door a minute ago."

"I wish I had, too. Poor boy," continued his mother. "Now you've gone and got him all wet, and besides, this is Saturday, and he'll want to see them break the big dam today."

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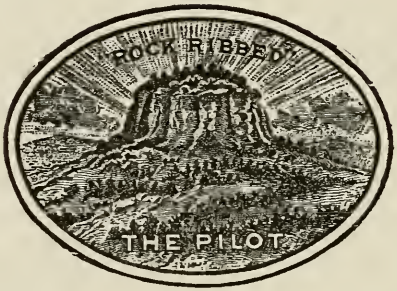

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The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1921.

TO JULIA, AETATIS 6, WITH A RECORD OF ALDA SINGING THE "CHANSON PROVENCAL"

Here's a song for fickle Julia;
(Daddy can translate it)
'Tis Provencal, clear and ringing,
'Tis a shaft of sunlight singing,
Yet the minx may rue it

At the value of a penny, at the value of a smile,
All things worth, or not worth any, or not worth the while;
But to me its Gallic temper and its fickle Gallic laughter
Are like Julia, **mutans semper,** fickle Julia, that hereafter
May forswear the gift and giver, and no later than tomorrow,
Flirt with Bragg—that base low-liver!—to her true-love's deepest sorrow.

Here's a song for one that's fickle,
Yet 'tis mighty chancy,
If 'twill in the slightest tickle
Fickle Julia's fancy.

—Anon.

A Comedy of Errors

J. H. Shinn.

My name is Walter Coleman, and I am a graduate of Trinty College of the class of '19. I never did anything spectacular while I was a student on the campus; in fact, there is little about me that I think would be of interest to the average reader. During my four years of student activity I joined the Y. M. C. A. and the Columbian Literary Society, and took five other honors. I do not think that I was ever able to sway more than one vote at a student election, and most of the times I leaned the way I did because of the influence of more prominent students. But, be that as it may, I got my diploma in the good year 1919 and set out to fight life's battles. I went home and presented my situation to my father.

"Well, papa," I said, "I'm educated now. What must I do next?"

Now, my father is a member of what is known as the old school. He had risen from the ranks, and he saw no reason why his oldest son should not do the same. He suggested that I take a job as bookkeeper in his office and try to work myself up. I did not like the prospect, however, and for the first time in my life, I think, I fell back on my own initiative. I decided to go to work in the harvest fields of the Middle West for the remaining summer months, and I thought that by the next fall I should have a definite vocation in view. My father did not like the idea at all, but he did little more than warn me.

"Harvesting is hard work, and you found that there is no poetry in hard work in the year that you spent on your grandfather's farm."

I thought I was right, however, and after a short rest period I left for the wheat-fields of Kansas. I spent a few days in Topeka and then went down to a town named Olathe, from

whence I went by taxi to Hobkins' ranch, the place where I was to work.

I found Mr. H. K. Hobkins to be a very sociable old gentleman, and as he found out very soon that I was a college graduate, he took special care to see that I was a privileged character. I soon learned to like my location very well, but the work was too hard for me. The flying straw from the big threshers was constantly getting down my back and irritating my sensitive skin almost beyond endurance, and the chaff in which I was constantly moving around seemed to find a straight path to my throat, where it kept me coughing from morning to night. Mr. Hobkins sympathized with me, but he could not afford to give me a "soft snap" while my companions stayed in the middle of the worst. It was not long before I began to wish that the season were over.

When I had worked for about a month, an accident happened that almost finished me for work and everything else. It was a cloudy August morning, and the atmosphere seemed unusually heavy. I had already spent a very bad night because the work in the chaff and straw was weakening me, and on that morning it seemed as if I had to take four or five deep breaths to get the value of one. I began to grow dizzy early in the day, and when the engineer called to me about ten o'oclock to go up on top of the "thrash" and to "unchoke" the feeder, I was barely able to crawl up the small ladder. I did my work and had begun to climb down when the thresher started again, and a cloud of vile dust swept up from the bins beneath to meet me. I suddenly grew sick, and things began to go black before my eyes. I could go no farther down the ladder; I was only able to hold on where I was and to trust that someone might notice me. I grew fainter and fainter. I tried to call to some of the workmen on the ground beneath me, but my voice was drowned in the roar of machinery. I felt that I must fall, and I saw that a fall from where I was would land me exactly on the fast traveling spikes of the feeder. In a desperate effort I tried to get down a little farther, but my foot slipped, and I fell. Luckily for

me, I dropped between the spikes in the feeder, but the revolving ladder carried me on, and a second later the whole force of the engine ground my head against a big worm gear. I saw a flash of light and felt a terrific pressure on my head as if my whole skull was being bent in, and then I drifted off.

* * * *

I opened my eyes and saw that it was still night, and I wondered why I happened to wake up. Then I heard someone talking close by, and I decided to ask the time; therefore I turned my head—which I noticed was unusually sore—in the direction of Jack Perkins, who slept with me.

"What time is it, Jack?" I asked.

"Why, its fifteen 'till twelve," answered a voice that somehow sounded unusually soft and tender for Mr. Perkins.

"Didn't Mr. Hobkins say that we were to start out for Braxton's ranch at five in the morning? Why don't you fellows lie down and get some sleep?"

"You poor thing!" came the soft voice again. "We'll try not to keep you awake any longer. Go back to sleep, and we'll lie down pretty soon."

I wondered what in the world could be the matter with Jack's voice, and I was on the point of inquiring, but just at that moment I felt a little sleepy, and, therefore, I closed my eyes again.

* * * *

When I awoke for the second time, my head was feeling better, and I began to be conscious of some things that I had failed to feel on my first awakening. The bed on which I lay was much softer than the hard cot where I had been accustomed to spend my nights at Hobkins's ranch. Further investigation showed me that I was all tied up around the head and that the bandage completely covered my eyes. I could not see a particle. Such a condition was unthinkable, and, hoping to acquire sight and fellowship, I raised my hand to remove the cloths. Then I heard—

"Now, Wally, please don't do that," and I recognized the voice as the same one that had told me the time when I woke

up at twelve o'clock in the night.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked.

"Well, to start out with, you fell off of a big thresher about three days ago and hit your head on a piece of machinery. Therefore your head is bandaged."

"How long shall I have to stay this way?"

"Long time. Over two months."

"What! Me stay blind as a bat for two whole months! I can't do it. It will kill me."

"Well, it might; but I advise you to take a chance on it because the doctor says that you'll die anyhow if you take off the bandage any earlier."

I groaned. I do not think that I ever felt more despondent in my life.

"Where am I?" I asked the person, "and who are you?"

"You are in a ward of the Carnegie Hospital of Topeka. I am a nurse. My name is Lois Cristenbury, but you must not talk any more now or you will harm yourself."

"How did you find out my nick-name?" I insisted, but Miss Cristenbury stuck a thermometer into my mouth, and, convinced of the uselessness of further attempts, I went back to sleep.

When I awoke again, the doctor was in the room. He told me, among other things, that I had a narrow escape.

"If the engineer had not seen you fall," he said, "he would probably have never stopped the machine until some of your bones had choked up the wheels. Then it would have been a much harder proposition to bring you around. As it is, you will have to be content with having your eyes bandaged for some three months. Your father has wired the hospital to put you into a private room and to give you a special nurse. Have you any preferences, or have you been out here long enough to form an opinion as to who has been waiting on you?"

Then the thought came to me somehow that if anyone had to wait on me, I did not know of anyone better qualified than Miss Lois Cristenbury. I told the doctor so.

"Y-e-s," he said very hesitatingly, "but she has not been out here very long, and it's against rules to give her a special case just yet. However, if I remember correctly, she completes her first period of training by next Saturday, and then if you wish that she be assigned to you, I know of nothing in the way."

I said that I supposed that I should have to wait, but I told the doctor to get me the nurse I wanted by all means as soon as possible. He replied that he would, and then he called four orderlies who placed me on a carriage to carry me to my assigned room. While I was thus in transit, a small hand was placed on my arm, and a small voice whispered into my ear:

"Oh! that was so nice for you to help me along like that." And I recognized the voice as Miss Cristenbury's.

"Why, I didn't think that you were in the room," I said astonished, but she told me nothing else.

I do not remember how I got through the next few days, but I remember that they were the longest I ever spent in my life. The nurse who had charge of me did her best to keep me in good spirits, but I was too restless. Gradually the long time slipped away, and on the promised Saturday morning I was delighted to find Miss Cristenbury in the room with me. At first she would not let me talk, but as I became more and more anxious to find out something about her, she consented to tell me her story.

I found that she had been born in western Kansas. Her parents had been very poor, and although she was their only child, they were unable to support her. After a family council, they decided to trust her to the care of an orphanage in Topeka. She had spent all her childhood days in the orphanage, and after she had become twenty years of age, she was allowed to take work in the Carnegie Hospital. Her parents had both died in the meantime, and the only patrimony left to the young girl was a prayer that some day she might find someone who would be able to give her a portion of the care that she had so unfortunately missed. She cried a little when

she told her story, and the scene was very touching, especially to me, as I was unused to the role of comforter.

I asked her how she liked her work.

"Well," she cried, "you see I have been out here only a short time, and I have not been able to get much of an idea. I feel very lonesome at times, and I cannot help sympathizing too much with the patients, a habit for which I am censured by some of the older nurses who are hardened to the routine. I didn't get along so well at first because I was so new to the business-like way in which the doctors and other men went about their work. It was so different from the life of the orphanage. It was just like fitting a square peg in a round hole, and I didn't think that I could last very long. But I have stuck around, and now I am allowed to go on as a special nurse. Maybe I shall get somewhere after all. But where are you from, and how did you get here?"

I told her my story; how I had finished college and had come out West to work. I related the hardships of my job, my weakening, and my accident.

She was very sorry.

"I can certainly sympathize with you," she said. "Before I heard your story, I thought that I was the only one in the world who had been denied the greater part of his share, but I see now that you have been almost as unfortunate. We can both be sorry for each other. Isn't that fine?"

It was fine indeed for me, and I hoped that she would be equally pleased. I was becoming more and more reconciled to my blindness, and the fact that I had a girl to stay and watch me who was also a victim of circumstances made things much better. She read to me from a book in a clear low voice, and soon I found that I was really paying more attention to hearing her talk than I was to the articles she was reading. She was always asking "wasn't there something I wanted," and I had a great time in many respects even in the period of my first depression.

By some process—do not ask me how—the thought came to me that if somebody had to take care of Miss Cristenbury, I

was the proper man. I do not know whether I was in love just then, but I thought I was, and I am sure that I was a short time afterward. Three months is a long time, especially in darkness, and a man thrown into the companionship of a sofe-voiced young woman who arouses his sympathy by relating pitiful experiences and by encouraging friendliness is more than likely to find a place in his life for her. Before I had spent two weeks in the hospital, I began to formulate plans for a definite attack on the affections of my nurse; by the end of the third week I had mustered up sufficient courage to fire the first gun; and by the beginning of my second month in the hospital, the campaign was on, and I promised myself to fight to the last ditch.

The first step was to stop calling her "Miss Cristenbury" and to change over to her given name, Lois. I thought that I should accomplish this matter very tactfully, but after the deed was done, I became aware of the fact that I had gone about the delicate task with a great deal of bluntness and awkwardness. Lois, however, did not object, and I found consolation in the fact that at least I had succeeded in my undertaking.

Then I decided to ask her the all-important question. I shall relieve the reader of the tumult of mind and the agony of soul through which I went while trying to get courage for the final effort. Let it merely be said that after a fearfully long period of dread and mental torture—an internal struggle to which the thresher accident was a scratch—I gathered myself together one morning, and with a supreme burst of literary, historical, and biblical eloquence I flashed the news of my feelings on the young lady—an intense and fervent hurricane that must have almost swept her off her feet in amazement.

"Lois," I said, "I love you, and I have got to have you. It is just a business proposition with me."

Then I thought that my whole discourse would have sounded better if I had left off the last statement, and consequently, I tried to change it, and messed the whole thing up very prop-

erly; then I lapsed into a foolish and helpless silence. After a length of time that almost killed me, Lois spoke.

"The same thing has come to me, Wally," she said. "I am sure that I love you, but don't you think that it would be wise for us to wait until you can see what I really look like. Now you don't know a single thing about my appearance, and if we went ahead and got engaged and then you got able to see and didn't like me, it might embarrass me, to say the least."

I was absolutely overwhelmed with delight. I had only three days to wait, and I bound myself under all kinds of voluntary promises by which I guaranteed my loyalty and abiding worship for the remaining days of my unworthy life. And to complete my day of happiness, my beloved gave me a kiss before she bade me go to sleep that night. The three days passed in the same manner. I continued to rave on, making up in all forms of poetic diction the phrases that I had omitted at the proper time, and binding myself under the most solemn vows to persist in faithfulness. Lois was silent for the most part, but occasionally she acquiesed to some of my statements, and I distinctly remember that she expressed a wish for a home away off from everybody—a wish that I gratefully and generously promised with all my heart.

Finally the day for removing my bandages came. The doctor dropped into my room on the afternoon before and told me that he would call at nine o'clock on the following morning and that with the help of an assistant nurse he would be able to finish the job in a few minutes. I did not like the hour because Lois did not come on duty until ten o'clock, and she was about the first person whom I wanted to see after I got out of darkness. The doctor, however, told me that he had an important appointment at nine-thirty and that he would be out of town for two weeks after he got my work off his hands. There was no choice for me, but after he left, I held a long conference with Lois, and she told me that she could arrange to come on duty at nine o'clock instead of ten to help the doctor. That arrangement suited me exactly, but I explicitly stated that I wanted no more persons in the room than just

the required two because I was expecting to throw a scene, and I did not relish the idea of sealing such an important compact of my life in the presence of the whole force. Then we talked a while about the little home that we were to build away from the hurly-burly of life, and when the talking period was over, Lois kissed me and left me to happy slumber.

I woke up next morning about five o'clock and fretted and worried until some time after eight, when I went back to sleep.

The doctor's rough hand awakened me.

"All right, young man," he said, "I have come to take off your blind-fold."

He then gave a few orders to a nurse to darken the room and to do several other things, and then he called for his scissors. He pottered around for an exasperating length of time, and then settled down to clipping the bandage. He worked deliberately and slowly, but in a short time he raised the entire cloth from my head, and I saw my first daylight in three months.

At first I was nearly blind, but gradually things began to grow more distinct; and in turn I recognized the outlines of the room, the furniture, the surgical table, the doctor with his instruments. Then I looked beyond the doctor, and— My hair seemed to stand on end, for there by the door, grinning and showing every tooth in her simple head, was a negro woman.

What a mess I was in! What an ass I had made of myself! Fooled by an old negro woman! I raised a trembling finger and pointed at her. I was literally choking with anger.

"So you wanted to wait till my bandage was taken off, did you, you yellow buzzard?" I howled.

The negro woman almost fell backward in astonishment. Her grin vanished, and she closed her mouth so suddenly that she must have nearly bitten her tongue off. The doctor was horrified.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, my boy?" he asked anxiously.

"Matter?" I squalled. "Matter? Why, that negro woman has imposed on me monstrously while I was in her charge."

Then I lost control of modesty and reason, and covered the African with a shower of vile names that was almost enough to make her change color.

"Come, come, poor fellow," the doctor said. "The suddenness of the admission of light to your eyes is affecting your mind. I shall have to put the bandage back on your head. You'll be all right in a few minutes. Hand me the adhesive tape, nurse; I must get this thing over his eyes at once."

"Yes, you will," I told him. "Like so much mud you will. You get that nigger girl away from here right now or I'll wrap a curb-stone over her head."

Just then the door opened and a pretty nurse with black hair and eyes came in with a rush and started toward me.

"Oh!" she said in delighted tones. "You're all right. Isn't that great? I'm so glad."

Then I shook all over with rage.

"A general frame-up, is it?" I said. "I'll certainly see that the authorities of the hospital know about this matter. It's a crying shame that a man can't come here to be treated without having some fool woman impose on him. Wanted a little home away off from everybody, did you?" I scowled at the awe-stricken negro woman. I admit that it would not look very well located if it were in the sight of anybody else. Now every one of you clear out of here or I'll start another European War."

I made a threatening motion toward a large curtain pole that was lying near my window, and the negro woman made a dive out the door that surpassed anything that I have seen before or since for speed. The doctor gathered up his instruments with a few omnious remarks about people's putting on and left. But the pretty nurse put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into tears. Then I began to take notice.

"I'm very sorry, madam," I said, "that I swore in your

presence, but a gross advantage had been taken of me by my special nurse when I was helpless, and a while ago I was too mad to think."

But the "madam" was not consoled.

"You told me to be here at nine o'clock this morning," she wailed. "I never took any advantage of you. What has happened to you, Wally, that you don't love me any more?"

A mingled feeling of mortification and hopelessness flashed over me.

"Are you Lois?" I asked, sitting up on the side of my bed.

"Who else could I be? The doctor came ten minutes too early and picked up that wretched negro to help him instead of—"

"Oh, Lois, I'm so sorry."

assumed his old rough, natural manner. Dick was pleased with that victory, for from past experience he knew that the Presence would not haunt him again unless he softened. "An' I'll not surrender," said Dick. "I got Him beat now, and I'll keep Him beat. No more religion or anything 'bout that Man for me. I'm goin' ter live like I wanta, and when I die, well, I don't care if I do go to hell." Dick's face took on a desperate, heartless expression; thrusting his hands into his pockets, he started away from the Salvation Army meeting.

Before Dick had gone ten steps, he stopped with a jerk. The women had begun singing again, and Dick remembered the song. Where had he heard it? It puzzled him; yet he knew that he had heard it somewhere, for the song seemed significant as it fell on his ears. It seemed that there was some hidden meaning in it which he could not grasp.

Suddenly Dick recognized the song with a start; he became slightly pale. He remembered; it was clear to him now. His mother had often sung the song; it was one of her favorites, and—she had sung it on her deathbed. She—but Dick was lost in a reverie, a recalled picture of that scene, the last time he had seen his mother:

He had been out in the yard playing, for he was only five years old then, when his mother, who had just left him, called him weakly. He ran into the house and found his mother lying upon the bed and breathing in gasps. She had had heart-failure while making up the bed and had fallen across it. The mother drew the boy to her and, holding him close to her, she whispered faintly, "I'm dying son, but don't you be afraid. We'll meet again some day." She stopped, but with an effort continued, "I want you to be a man, dear. That's my dream. All my hopes are in you. I want you to be good, honest, and brave, my little man." She gasped and fell back upon the bed; little Dick bent over her. "Will you promise to try to do right and be a man—and not to forget God?" she finished.

The boy sobbed, "I promise, mother," and his shoulders quivered as he mourned over his mother's body.

When Old Dick finally tore himself away from that memory and brought himself back into this world, his lips were trembling. For five full minutes he stood there motionless by the side of the curb, fighting the old fight of temptation against right, a fight which the Presence had lost. A tear stole down his cheek, then another and another, but Dick did not wipe them away. They were sacred—to his mother.

The courthouse clock struck eight. Dick awoke from his reverie, turned on his heel, and began walking rapidly toward the tobacco stables. By driving hard he would be able to reach the farm and Bill before it became dark.

The Double Crusade

James K. Vise.

"Merle is a wonderful man," "Our new preacher has a magnetic personality," were some of the remarks that one could hear in the little town of Oakville. Merle was, indeed, a wonderful man. He was as shy as a fox and as cunning as a serpent. He knew human nature from alpha to omega, and feared neither God nor man. He was tall, but well built; his hair and eye-brows were as black as midnight; his face wore an uncertain but pleasant look; no one ever tired of looking at him—his was the face that one could see in the darkness as well as in the light. His eagle eye seemed to be able to pierce beyond the hardest countenance and to read the hidden secrets of the human heart. The new pastor was the idol of the Oakville women and the envy of the Oakville men. In every way, Merle had a dominating personality.

Merle soon won a far-reaching reputation as a preacher, and people throughout all of West Tennessee flocked to hear him, for in the colonial days, the inhabitants of western Tennessee had very few chances to hear an educated man preach, and when an opportunity offered itself, the people always took advantage of it. After a few months preaching at Oakville, Merle felt that he could do more if he should go into the evangelistic field. Accordingly, he secured a large tent, some unknown singers and evangelistic workers. With these helpers, Merle set out on his evangelistic tour of West Tennessee.

When it was announced that Merle would hold a camp meeting at a certain place, the people for miles around would hitch up the old prairie schooner, put in enough food to last the family during the meeting, and set out to hear Merle preach. As soon as the Christian journeyers reached their destination, the men fenced in a common pasture or lot. In this lot the men kept their horses while they together with their wives and children, lived in the prarie wagons.

No man, woman, or child could sit within the hearing of

Merle's voice without being moved by his powerful explanations of Christianity and his heart-rending appeals for men to lay aside their evil ways and follow Christ. Men, women and children were converted by the hundreds. Merle, like a whirlwind, swept everything before him. He was the most popular and most highly honored man between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers.

Late one Friday night while one of these tent-meetings was in progress, a band of stalwart men could be seen assembled near the sacred altar of the tent. Here, secure from detection, they disguised themselves with cloaks, mustache, and masks. When the disguising had been completed, the men knelt before the altar, placed one hand on the Bible, raised the other toward the sky, and took upon themselves this horrible and binding oath and obligation: "I,—— (each repeated his name), after due thought and consideration, do hereby and hereupon pledge myself, my hopes, and my life to my brother horse thief that I will always hide and never expose a brother, his name, or his whereabouts. I will stick to my captain through thick and thin. I will lay down my life before I will stand by and see my captain or my brothers or brother fall into the hands of the law. I will suffer my eyes to be picked out with red-hot pins and flaming nails to be driven therein; my teeth crushed in their sockets; my body torn in twain; my lungs and vitals taken thence and brimstone and sulphur burned therein; my fingers and toes torn from their sockets; my bones crushed and broken; my cowardly heart pierced by a trident and dragged trice through the flaming pits of hell before I would break this, my most solemn vow. Hear me, oh my God, and may I never, at any time or place, fail in the least iota to fulfill my oath and obligation." Then the men arose, opened a vein, and contributed the amount of blood required for making the bloody cross—an emblem which each marauder wore about his neck to ever remind him that, if he should fail a brother in the time of need, that brother's blood would be upon him and that he would have to suffer, at the hands of his brothers, the awful punishment of his pledge. A

man who stood head and shoulders above his brothers directed the proceedings. As soon as the oath was taken, the band, together with the captain, set out for the horse-lot. The finest horses were secured, and the band disappeared into the darkness. The tall man usually remained behind.

One night, however, the tall man decided to go with his colleagues. The band secured the desired number of horses, and set out. Before they had gone far, a terrible storm arose. The rain fell in torrents. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared. The horses became unmanageable. The men were excited and no one, except the tall man, remained undisturbed to direct the movements. For several minutes and without any hopes of shelter from the storm, the marauders traveled on through the rain. At length, they saw a light, and set out toward it. When they reached the light, it proved to be a negro church. Having been caught by the storm, the ngeroes had decided to continue their meeting until the rain ceased. The marauders looked in at the door but, not wishing to make themselves known, did not enter. Presently the tall man noticed steps leading to the attic from the outside; he commanded his colleagues to dismount and enter. The men did as their captain commanded. They crept into the attic without disturbing the negroes in the least. Amused by the singing and shouting of the negroes, the men lay still for several minutes. At length the old parson began to pray, "O Lord, we's a-bin tryin' to libe uprightly all ob de days ob our libes. We's a-standin' here now, Lord, on Jordan's stormy banks a-waitin' fer Gazriel to sound upon de golden trumpet an' to call us 'ome. Lord, we's ready now to come up in de skies an' lib wid ye. Send thy serbant, Gabriel, to zound upon de trumpet and to call our weary feet from dis burdensome world below. How many ob you niggers is ready to go if Gabriel sounds upon de golden drumpet od de Lord tonight?" All of the negroes replied in a sonorous chorus, "Yes, Lord, we's ready now. O Gabriel, sound upon the golden drumpet." The old parson continued to pray for Gabriel to sound upon his trumpet. The men in the loft could scarcely refrain from laughing,

but the tall man commanded them to keep silent. For some time the men in the loft kept quiet but, at length, when the old parson began, "Gabriel, sound upon thy trumpet, and call thy weary and faithful serbants to rest," the tall man could remain silent no longer. Forming a whistle of his hands, he blew two or three shrill blasts in imitation of a trumpet. The prayer ceased; the negroes became quiet. The tall man blew another blast; the negroes rushed out at the doors and windows. Thinking that the judgment day was at hand, the negroes left their wives, children, and horses behind. Not a negro stopped running until he reached home. For several weeks the ngeroes were in a moral chaos; they would not work nor leave their homes, for the disappearance of the horses made them doubly sure that the judgment day was near at hand.

When the rain ceased, the marauders reveling in the superstitutions of the negroes, selected the best of the negroes' horses, and resumed their journey. The tall man returned to his tent, for day was not far off and no one must see him out at that time of night.

Night after night, horse stealing was carried on. At length, some members of the congregation told Merle about the disappearance of their horses. They also told him that they believed the thieves to be in their very midst, for no outsider understood the place well enough to steal the horse without disturbing some one. As soon as this news was brought to Merle, he consoled the people with the explanation that the horses must have jumped out of the lot and that they would find them, he guessed, when they returned home, for the Lord was ever mindful of his children. He also appeased their anger with a sermon entitled Flirts and Horse Thieves. In this sermon Merle proved that flirts were worse than demons and that horse thieves were even worse than flirts. Merle showed horse thieves up in such a light that everyone was glad that he had not been guilty of that unpardonable sin of horse stealing. After this sermon everyone felt such a profound pity for the wretched horse thieves that no one tried to

find them, for, in those days people lost their lives for less than horse stealing, and no one who had been converted in Merle's meetings wanted the blood of his fellowman upon his head—not even the blood of a horse thief, the most despised being among men.

This sermon did not put an end to the theft as the people had hoped. Night after night the horses continued to disappear and, at length, Merle suggested that guards be stationed about the horse lot. His suggestion was followed, and for several nights, no thieves appeared and no horses were lost.

The tall man received news that a government agent would be at the Bluffs on Saturday, June 20, to buy horses. Accordingly, a meeting of the band was called on Friday night. The band met at the usual place and, after going through with the regular dissimulation and oath, set out for the horse lot. The guard, a handsome sixteen year old boy, had gone to sleep near the entrance to the lot. The band entered without awakening the lad; secured the desired number of horses and were escaping when one of the horses neighed farewell to his mates. The boy awoke and rushed upo nthe thieves. The tall man seized the boy by the throat to prevent him from giving an alarm. The boy surged like a young calf in a lasso, and like the lasso the tall man continued to cut off his breath. The boy would never promise to keep silent if he should be let loose. The iron fingers of the tall man closed tighter and tighter about the tender neck of the boy. Blood spurted from the young man's notsrils; still he would not give up. The tall man halted a moment. He knew that he must kill the boy in order to save himself from the ignominious death of a horse thief. Calmly and quietly he tightened his grasp until the blood gushed from the boy's nose and mouth. The boy's tongue lolled out like the tongue of a thirsty leper. From their sockets his eyes shot at the tall man like fiery bullets—a sight which heroes and angels feared to behold—a sight fit only for witches and demons to look upon. Yet this fettered god of earth looked upon this horrible sight without the slightest twitch or nervousness. The tall man motioned his col-

leagues away, and the limp form of the boy sank to the ground. When the tall man saw that he had flung the soul of the boy back into the face of Him who gave it, and that all efforts to call back his fleeting breath were in vain, he placed the limp body across the entrance to the lot and quietly but slowly returned to his tent.

Next morning the murder and theft were discovered. The boy's body was prepared for burial, and was carried to the altar of the tent for funeral services. Merle, in a quiet and self-possessed manner, delivered a heart-melting sermon in which he said that the boy had died like a hero; rather than desert his charge he gave his life—a trait worthy of the emulation of all Christians; the All-wise and Omnipotent Father does all things well for those who love and honor Him; the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; it is not for man to complain at whatever lot befalls him here on this earth; God moves in mysterious ways in order to justify His dealings with man; the father and mother of the noble form which the spirit has fled and which now lies cold and stiff should be of good cheer; and that it seemed his efforts were in vain, for his meetings were being ruined by the devil and his host in spite of all that could be done. The voice of the magnetic minister never faltered and his eyes never shed a tear. Like an indignant god he showered his flaming remarks upon the congregation like the silver arrows of the fire-darter Apollo of old. Had the thief and the murderer of the boy stepped forward at that time and confessed his guilt, not a man would have laid violent hands upon him.

This magnetic spell soon wore away. The people demanded revenge. An investigation was made. An excellent young man who had been converted in one of Merle's meetings was suspected of the theft and murder.

Word reached Merle that young Smith had been arrested for the crimes, and that his trial was to take place in Oakville the next day at ten o'clock. The accusers, however, had no direct proof, but the indirect proof was very strong in their favor. Merle pondered the case in his mind, and he was con-

vinced that young Smith would be convicted. The wee hours of morning found Merle calmly walking the floor of his tent. Finally, he threw himself across his cot and slept. When Merle awoke in the morning, he was a new man; he had seen a vision, he had formulated a plan by which he could save young Smith if he should be convicted. The old uncertain look on his face had given place to a cheerful smile which men who have passed through some great ordeal alone can wear. At the morning prayer meeting the congregation noticed the great change that had come over the evangelist's face. At the close of the service, Merle announced that he was going to Oakville to hear Smith's trial and that there would be no morning services.

Immediately Merle was seen galloping away in the direction of Oakville. His arrival at Oakville was very unexpected, but everyone thought that Merle had come only to comfort the young convert in these last dark hours. Merle entered the court room just as the trial started, and secured a seat near the witness stand. As the trial proceeded, his face lost its glow. For the first time in his life Merle felt his wonderful steel nerves breaking. He braced himself up, and no one could tell what was going on within the secret chambers of his extraordinary heart. The trial came to a close. Smith was found guilty. In a few remarks, Smith declared that he was innocent, but that if it was the will of God and man that he should perish for the crimes of his fellowman, he was prepared to stand before the Great White Throne and render his account to his Maker. The judge delivered the sentence that Smith should be hanged at sunrise the next morning. Merle's face went white. He arose from his seat in a calm and self-possessed manner, and addressed the judge, "Your honor, may I say a few words in behalf of this young man?"

"You may," replied the judge.

Merle's dominating air increased with his courage. All eyes were centered on him. A solemn stillness seemed to hover over the court room, and Merle saw that he held the court as a hynotist holds his patient. He smiled, bowed to

the judge, and began, "Gentlemen, you have convicted an innocent man. You have condemned the righteous. This man is innocent. The guilty man now stands before you. I am the one who is guilty; not he. It is I who instigated this dastardly plan of horse stealing. In my brain it was germinated and nourished, and by my hands it has been so skillfully managed. Thrice guilty am I, oh judge! It was I who frightened the negroes. It was I who murdered Forrest Gordon. I am he who did that bloody deed. Condemn me, oh judge, to the most horrible punishment inflicted upon mortal man. I am the one who deserves to hang upon the tree until the flesh shall fall from my bones. Take this worthless body of mine and make it a prey for the dogs of the fields. Woe the day when I took this fatal step! But God has washed me whiter than snow, and I care not what man may do with this carnal body of mine. Here am I, Mr. Sheriff. Take me. Free him."

The court was aghast. The sheriff looked at the judge, but received no orders. Not a man stirred. Everyone was stunned. Young Smith would have almost said, "Condemn me; release him to the world."

Seeing that no one offered to move, Merle proceeded, "Gentlemen, I am going to preach tonight, and I must be going lest I be late. If you want me, you can find me at my tent." Saying these words, Merle left the court.

The judge looked at the mummy-like figures in the court room, and gasped, "The court is adjourned."

The tall man, the dastardly villian of a night ago, was seen galloping back toward his tent. He had saved the life of young Smith and his own soul.

Wreck of the Milton

P. D. Midgett, Jr.

On the coast of Bodie Island,
On a dark and stormy night,
On the beach a surfman beating,
Spied a ship's dim starboard light.

In the air he fired his "causton,"
But the warning came too late,
For the ship with course unchanging
Bounded toward its awful fate.

Off he ran to wake his comrades,
Who were sleeping safe and sound.
"Leave your bunks as if 'twere morning,
For a schooner's run aground."

Up they stretched the gear for landing
And a line shot o'er the deck.
Then they strung the breeches buoy
So the crew could leave the wreck.

"Women first," the captain ordered,
As his wife stepped out the door,
And in less than thirty seconds
She was safely pulled ashore.

One by one the crew were landed,
Nor were pet cats left behind;
But the good ship now is sanded
Underneath the rolling brine.

The Soughing of the Pines

S. S. Farabow.

"So, he's going to foreclose on me, is he? At last he thinks that he will get my beauties after he has been trying for so long." A lump that could not be swallowed rose in the old man's throat and prevented further speech while a hopeless expression appeared in his eyes and sunk there.

He trudged wearily on toward the barn with a battered tin milk-pail hanging under his arm. As he neared the barn, the cow lowed her affect ionate greeting to him, and old Frank in his dilapidated stall whinnied softly and coaxingly. The old man felt a sudden childish impulse to go into the rickety stall, put his arms about old Frank's neck, and tell him all of his troubles. Old Frank would understand as no other living creature could; the people in the village shook their heads sagely and whispered that the old man was queer when they saw him pass. The pines would understand, too, of course; but they were so cold and distant that one could not hope for sympathy from them.

John would have understood if he had been here, but he was carried off to the war and killed almost four months ago. The last letter the old man had from his son said something about taking out insurance, but his father did not understand what that meant. He had written to John to find out about it; but his letter was never answered, for only a few weeks later he had received a notification from the War Department saying that they regretted to inform him—"John was dead! They regretted? What difference did it make to them that John was killed? He wasn't their only son."

John's mother might have understood, too; but she had died many years before. It had not seemed so long with John at home and with the company of the pines; but, with John dead and with the pines leveled to the ground by the whirring saw, the old man felt that he could not endure it. He must

prevent that mortgage from being foreclosed; he had a desperate and bitter struggle before him.

He looked at his beloved trees standing somber and black in the sunset's fading light. Oh, how he loved every one of them! He knew them so well that he could lie in his bed at night and count them; he had lulled himself to sleep in that way countless times. Now they were to be sold if he did not pay that $2000 in two days. A sudden wave of unreasoning hatred swept over the old man and made him turn pale with the very intensity of his emotion. Oh, if he only had the man who held that mortgage by the throat, he would see that he did not foreclose. He became weak and sick at heart with the thoughts that chased each other in mad succession through his brain.

"If John were only here, perhaps he would know what to do! Why couldn't I understand that last letter of John's about the insurance, 'taking care of Dad in his old age,' and, 'in case I am killed?' " The old man was a pitiable sight as he stood there in his worn faded overalls, high boots, and faded yellow hat with the brim half-unravelled. He was staring fixedly at the body of woods which hovered over the house and barn and now, as the sun was setting, threatened to swallow both in a pool of blackness. The house nestled like a homeless waif on the outskirts of the woods and seemed to be pleading to be pressed to its dark peaceful bosom. The old man set the bucket down as if it had become suddenly too heavy to carry and crossed the lot toward the wood. He walked like one in a trance.

As he entered the forest, the strained, haunted expression on his face seemed to fall from it like a veil. He was under the spell of the trees. They were magnificent, tall, straight, measuring five feet at the stump and stretching upward toward the sky like dusky sentinels. It was such a forest as delights the eye and heart of any nature lover or lumberman. Many times during the past years lumbermen had made futile attempts to turn their whirring, shrieking monsters into this body of timber, but the old man met each new attempt with

renewed determination. The old man had been fighting steadily, bitterly, desperately for twenty years to keep the saw-mills out. Now one of his ancient enemies was threatening to foreclose the mortgage and bring the fight to, what was for the old man, a tragic close. Something must be done to stop him. His bitter fight to keep the forest untouched had gained for him the reputation of being queer and had caused the little children in the village to point their fingers at him, then run in abject terror when he went toward them. His fight must not be in vain.

The old man paused uncertain for a moment and stood motionless and dreamy-eyed as he listened to the soughing of the pines and watched them caress the breeze with their lacy fingers. Suddenly he started, shivered as if he were cold, then hastened on, too carelessly, as if he wanted it to be obvious that he was strolling aimlessly.

After going for perhaps two hundred yards farther into the wood, he came to a ravine shaded on either side by stately pines. He seemed to have suddenly developed a violent thirst, for he bounded down the abrupt slope very spryly for a man of his age and threw himself at full length upon the ground at the brink of the stream, apparently to sip the chill, clear water. He was not drinking, however; rather he was moving his lips as if he were speaking to someone, though no words could be heard. Next he appeared to be listening, for he unmistakably turned his head as if he had difficulty in catching the words. Anyone else might have bent over the stream in the same way as gently and carefully as possible; but, by the time the intruder's ear had become attuned to the sound, the noise of the brook would have become nothing more than a confused chatter and a mocking babble; yet the old man called it the "talking brook" and apparently understood what it had said. See, a look of surprised horror has come over his face. Now he has put his hands to his eyes and shuddered as if with dread.

He rose to his feet and looked around to make sure that no one had seen him listened to the talking brook or had heard

the terrible advice that the brook had given him. Even now the old man could see the dead man's face before his eyes; even now he could see the indelible blood stains upon his hands. He shivered in involuntary revulsion as he thought of the awful advice of the brook; yet he could think of no other way to save his beloved pines from the relentless teeth of the saw. He began to climb the side of the ravine; one could easily have seen that dark thoughts were surging like billows through his mind.

When he reached the top of the ravine, he was breathing heavily; but he did not pause for an instant. He turned and plunged more deeply into the wood, going at a kind of limping trot but stopping at brief intervals to rest and catch his breath. Thin slits of golden sunlight began to sife through the trees ahead of him; suddenly he shot out into the open at the farther edge of the wood.

He wilted limpy at the foot of an unusually large tree and lay there motionless except for spasmodic heaves as he tried to get his breath. The pine under which he lay stood a little aloof from its neighbors as if it were the general of that dark army. It seemed to have paused on the very edge of the road, undecided which way to lead its cohorts. In size it was a monster, measuring fully four feet in diameter. If the light had been better, one could have seen numerous letters and many quaint symbols carved upon its gnarled trunk. In several places, half-obscured by time, were the dim outlines of roughly carved crosses, which apparently had weathered every storm for several decades; they stood for Union soldiers killed by members of the family during the Civil War. This tree had served as a family trysting-tree, a record-book, and chronicle for the old man's family for many generations. Newly carved upon it might have been seen John's initials, the date of his birth, the date of his death, and under that several crosses, the old man's estimate of the number of enemy soldiers John had killed during the war. Upon other parts of the tree were the records of many others of the old man's family who had come and gone. At the foot of the tree lay

the sole surviving member of the house; and, upon looking at his miserable, care-worn face one wondered if his name would not soon be added to the list upon the tree.

An almost unearthly silence had fallen over the wood. The only sound that could be heard was the occasional whir of a restless katydid or the sound of the lowing of the old man's cow which came throbbing and pulsing through the wood at regular intervals.

The cow's querulous low is quiet; the katydid has ceased its throbbing beat, but listen to the pines. The monarch under which the old man lay seemed to be uttering measured words while his followers strummed an endless refrain. Could it be that the pine, too, was speaking to the huddled, piteous form crouching motionless at its feet?

The old man raised his head and apparently listened for a moment. He felt in his pocket, took out a knife, and opened it. He rose, swaying to his feet, steadying himself reverently for a moment against the pine; then he began to carve on the tree-trunk. The darkness prevented his carving from being visible. Was he completing his own record by carving the date of his death beneath his name, or was he carving a cross signifying that he was going to kill the holder of the mortgage in an effort to free the pines from the menace of the saw. Strain one's eyes as one would, one could see nothing against the dark trunk of the tree. When the carving was completed, the old man stood for a moment as if he wished to catch what the pines were saying; but the wanton breeze was still and the pines were silent for a moment. The old man stood so still that one would have thought that he was asleep if it had not been for the uncanny feverish glow in his eyes.

The restless, plaintive low of the cow again broke the stillness; it sounded like the moan of a soul in anguish as it came throbbing and surging through the trees. The sound seemed to arouse the old man from his lethargy, for he squared his shoulders petulantly and set off briskly down the road toward the house. His mind was clear, for he had made his decision. As he rounded a bend in the road, he met the mail-carrier going

home through the dusk after his afternoon round. The postman hailed him, "Say, I left a letter in your box a while ago." One involuntarily thought of the insurance and wondered if the letter contained money which would save the pines.

The news of the letter seemed to surprise the old man and divert his mind from his purpose; for he paused for a moment and seemed to ponder. The post-man passed on muttering under his breath something about "welcome news," and then, "queer old codger." The old man started on again; but, when he reached the point in the road alomst equidistant from the house and from the mail-box, he paused and seemed undecided as to which way to go. He took three hesitating steps down the road toward the box, stopped, turned toward the house, then with an air of decision walked down the path toward the house.

Upon reaching the house, he entered it; but came out again in a few moments with something in his hands which shone with an uncanny glimmer in the light of the newly-risen moon. Had one been near enough, one might have seen that he carried a heavy gun under his arm; one might also have seen the light of madness which burned and flamed in his eyes.

With eyes straight ahead he walked down the path toward the mail-box. The little red flag on top of the box seemed to nod and wink knowingly at the old man as he walked down the path. The thought recurred to one's mind, "What if the letter in the box contained the insurance money?" The old man approached the box. Now he might have touched it without going out of his path; he does not. He had apparently forgotten the letter, for he paid no attention to the mail-box. He passed by it and almost brushing it with his sleeve and on out into the road.

At that moment a mass of clouds half-covered the face of the moon. To one's over-tense imagination came the thought that the cloud resembled the huddled body of a man. One unconsciously and involuntarily strained one's eyes in a vain attempt to catch the features of the face in the clouds. The cloud suddenly drifted over the face of the moon. It was dark. The plaintive low of the cow again broke the stillness. The rising and falling sound of the sough of the pines chanted a veritable funeral dirge. The man walked on heedlessly down the road.

EDITORIALS

SPRING

Do you enjoy spring? We do. Birds and flowers and girls and—yes, the old swimming hole, too, before very long—all these go to make up the pleasantness of spring. Spring is in many respects the most beautiful and significant of the seasons. The cold, bleak winter has slowely relinquished his icy grip and has retreated to his northern fastness, and the gentle, timid spring has ventured out on the soft warm breezes that come from the southland. With spring comes renewed life for grass and shrub and tree and animal—and man. Nature is preparing now in the joyful spring with its fragrant blossoms for the bending boughs of summer and the abundant harvest of autumn. This is the springtime of our lives. The summer and the autumn and the winter will follow.

IF

There has been recently considerable discussion of student government. We have long been undecided as to whether student government would be a good thing for Trinity. The question that we should ask ourselves is whether if we are granted student government we are going to place sane men at the head of the organization and let cool-headed judgment, rather than the caprice of the moment, rule. Properly conducted and giving adequate representation to all classes, student government, we feel, would do much to unite the students in a greater loyalty to the College and would make for a stronger college spirit. Furthermore, if the saner minds among the students are given the influence due them and student government can be made really democratic, we believe that it will come closer to finding the best solution of problems that arise in the college community than will any other system.

WAYSIDE WARES

Any material that may appear, or has appeared, in this department is written and published in a spirit of good-natured humor, and the editors request readers not to read into it any meaning that was not intended.

THE MAKING OF A CYNIC

H. C. B.

Merl Malcom was a freshman. There was no mistaking that fact—even if it was not shouted from the housetops. The apprehensive, uncertain manner in which he crossed the campus spoke louder than did the announcement in his home paper the week previous that he had entered Trinity College. There was a half-scared, shall-I-tip-my-hat, what's-next expression on his rugged countenance.

But a few weeks with its incident of sophomore and professor wrought a change—a change for the better. A poise of confidence took the place of the former uncertainty. He spoke openly, yet respectfully, to those whom he met. In short, a considerable amount of the verdure had been cast aside by a process of elimnation.

Other things came out with the hay seed. For instance, Merl's friends came to know that he was somewhat of an idealist. There had been no rude shock in his life to acquaint him with the fact that all mankind did not possess the highest qualities of character and morality. The "sheltered life" of which Kipling speaks had contributed to this rather out-o-the-ordinary college man, for most of the species have formed a philosophy of existence amounting in essence to the divine right of pleasure—and somtimes pleasure of rather questionable sort.

And when it came to co-eds, Merl was positive of the fact that not for once could one of the fair angels stoop to even a petty deception. Womankind was a shrine at which he wor-

shipped with bared head and bended knee. The homage he paid the sex was because of the inherent goodness which he thought characterized all of its members

But there was a rude awakening, and instead of the idealist was lift the cynic.

Viola—the co-ed whom Merl honored above all others—sat in front of him in German class. You have probably seen pictures of girls like her in the magazine section of your Sunday paper. One of the large-eyed, fluffy-haired variety. Merl never looked at the hair but that he thought of the billows of his own Pamlico sound, and those eyes were depths wherein was hid the mystery of the human race. In addition Viola was gifted with a pretty face, a form given to curving, and a trim set of ankles. Most boys would have described her as a "vamp," but not so Merl; he would have said "angel."

As Viola was also branded as a freshman, what was more natural than that date nights should frequently find the two together, Merl being thus smitten. But as to the satisfaction which Viola got out of the affair, I shall not attempt to say, for those who claim to be connoisseurs among the sex tell me that innocence is not the trump card to play in making headway with them.

Probably this reason explains why "Hut" Sikes seemed to be making better time with Viola. You see "Hut" was somewhat a man of the world for all his eighteen years—did the shimmy and several other things which I shall not catalogue. Of course there was no open declaration in favor of the embryonic Chesterfield, but it did not take an experienced prognosticator to tell which way the wind blew.

Thus things moved along, and the end of the spring term approached when Viola was taken with fainting spells. This only served to accelerate the infatuation or love or whatever it was that Merl felt for the billowy-haired one.

On one occasion the two rivals had stopped at the library to say a few words to Viola as she came—a perfect picture of Miss Springtime on a rampage—from pretending to read the newspapers. "Hut" was getting in about six words to

Merl's one and was being repaid with smiles in proportion when the girl—with a little cry—threw up her hands and would have fallen had not the bolder of the two caught her crumpled form in his arms. The paleness of her face told that she had fainted. Tenderly, Merl aided in the task of carrying her to the sward beside the walk. Other girls came. A few drops of water on the beautiful face, the flicker of a long eyelash, a smile, and consciousness, and she was led weakly to her room, nothing of which was lost on the idealist.

There were other times, and in final examination in German Viola was carried limp from the room, Merl one of the bashful aides.

Not one of these scenes but produced its effect on the innocent one. His regard for the sex singly and collectively grew daily.

* * * * * * * *

These memories were still vivid in his mind and fortified by frequent correspondence, when, a few weeks after the close of college a traveling position for the summer landed him in a certain town in the State, where lived Mary Burleson, Viola's room-mate. It was the polite thing to do to ring her up and ask permission to call.

Shortly afterwards and the two were discussing their past year at Trinity. By degrees the conversation drifted to Viola—as Merl would have it. "But you know, that girl is the greatest little faker that ever faked. You remember how she used to faint. Well, there was method in her madness every time, and when it came to pulling the dying stunt, why she could really make you believe that a funeral was immediately in order. She had the art of a pretended faint reduced to a fine point. You remember the final exam on German. Well, she no more fainted than I did that morning. She had been out with "Hut" Sikes the night before and hadn't seen her book. That's why she pulled the faint stunt."

Thus Mary rambled along, thoughtlessly, and without any idea that she was undermining a man's faith in the sex and in humanity. At first he refused to believe, but a tumult had

been raised in his innocent soul, and he would quiet it and once again cast anchor in the haven of trustfulness. So in another town he met another friend of Viola's. She was not so glib, but by windings and twistings in the talk, practically the same story was given. And from various sources came a similar substantiation of the first witness to the deceit.

Finally the evidence was such that he had to believe, and there was a wreck in his philosophy of life in general. His house of innocence collapsed about him. It was only a little deceit that the girl had perpetrated, but sufficient to change his viewpoint. Now, where he formerly saw only unselfishness and candor, he sees only the means of gratifying a purpose. No one, no creed, no convention is free from his cynical opinion. If you don't believe it, drop over to his room and steer the conversation around to women—or any other subject.

A STRANGE STORY

(With apologies to O'Henry.)

It was the hour for Dr. White's English 4 class, and almost every student was in his seat. Dware entered the classroom door out of breath and with the air of a **horme de cour** approached Dr. White.

"Dr. White," said Dware, "I am out of paper, and so is Dr. Laprade. I'd like to go down the street to get some. I'll be right back before the class is over."

Dr. White slowely acceeded to the **peu de chose,** and Dware hurried off to get his paper.

He never came back.

Dr. White dismissed the class at the end of the hour.

In the course of the years Dware's class was graduated. Dr. White passed on to his reward, the new gymnasium was built, the woman's building was ready for occupation, and several minor changes had taken place at Trinity. John Love's grandson was operating the college multigraph and was hold-

ing the official position of Vice-President of the College. Dr. W. J. Bundy was President of the institution, and Tom Banks was janitor of Epworth Inn. L. L. Rose, D. D. (Ding Dong) was professor of Biblical literature, Nancy Maxwell was dean of women, and Henry Fisher was dean of men.

Dr. S. S. Farabow's English 4 class was disturbed by the entrance of an old bent man, hobbling with the assistance of a cane, who without so much as a glance at Dr. Farabow said in a cracked voice, "I'm sorry that I was a little late, Doctor, but I waited for a car." T. R. W.

THE STONE CROSS

J. F. Gilbreath, '20.

Some of the most beautiful scenery in this section of the country is that along the French Broad River. The Southern Railroad between Knoxville and Asheville follows this little mountain stream for miles and miles. At a sudden curve in the road the traveller has brought before his eyes a section of the river where the bed makes a sudden dip. It looks at this place as if the water gathers its entire force for one last rush, leaps madly across this sea of eddies and whirlpools, and then dashes on its way down the mountain side. The cliffs rise high and rocky above these unusually turbulent waters, and high on the steep ledge which extends out over the river stands a little stone cross. The history connected with this little stone cross takes us back to the time when the red man ruled, to the days before the paleface had come with his destructive civilization, bringing fear and hatred into the hearts of the Indians.

The princess, Omhatau, was the pride of her tribe. Her people loved her, not only because she was good and beautiful, but also because through her they were to be relieved of the constant fear of being overrun by the stronger tribe to the north. Chief Wakache, father of the princess, had arranged

an alliance with the northern tribe; and this alliance was to be sealed when Omhatau was wedded to the brave and handsome young chief, Nehoka.

Of course Omhatau had no hand in the selection of her husband. She had no love for the young chief; but he was a brave warrior and he was the selection of her father; since she had no love for any other, she saw no reason why she should not submit gladly to the will of her people.

The day of the wedding was set for the second full moon. The preparations were being made for the celebration of the uniting of the two tribes. Omhatau would often slip away from where these preparations were being made and go to sit on the high cliff and look into the whirlpool beneath. She fancied that there was something supernatural connected with the conduct of the water, and she came to imagine that these whirls and eddies had some connection with her own life. One day about dusk as she sat studying the water beneath, she was startled to see a man skilfully guiding his canoe down the stream. She watched him breathlessly as he drew nearer and nearer to the whirlpool beneath. Once he let himself be drawn into the edge of this pool, he and his frail craft would be torn to pieces on the rocks. The Indian girl suddenly regained her control and, jumping to her feet, strove to gain the attention of the man. In vain she called and waved her arms. The distance and the ripple of the waters prevented him from hearing her calls, and he had almost come into the influence of the current, when, glancing up at the high cliffs he saw her and caught her signal of the danger below. To a less skillful boatman the warning would have come too late, but he dexteriously drew the boat between the rocks and, having securely fastened it, followed the path which led to the top of the hill. Omhatau was afraid of him at first, for she had never before seen a man with a white skin, but she soon saw that he only wanted to express his thanks to her for having saved her life.

Every day at dusk the princess would come down to sit on the big rock, and every day the boatmon would cross the river

and come to sit by her side; together they would watch the waters below. As they sat on the rock together, he would tell her about the people where he had come from, and after a few days he asked her to go back with him and be married to him by the white priest. She longed to go with him, but when she thought of the people who loved her so and who were looking to her to deliver them from the northern tribe, she told him that she could not desert her people.

The days passed rapidly for the lovers, and it made their hearts sad to think that it was not long until the day when she would be carried away by the young chief. They were sitting on the ledge talking of the nearness of the time of their separation, and he was begging her to go with him, **when they were surprised by an old squaw,** who took Ohhatau back to her father.

The white man came back the next night, but the girl did not meet him. He came back each night, hoping that she might be able to escape and see him once more. Night after night he came to the cliff, but each time he went back without any sign from her. Finally the last night before the wedding came. He felt that somehow she would be able to elude her watchers and see him on this night. At first he felt hopeful as she did not make her appearance, he began to give up his as he sat on the rock and waited; but as the time passed and hope. He finally brought himself to realize that he had seen Omhatau for the last time, and he got to his feet and started down the path toward his boat. He was startled by a call from behind, and he turned to receive the trembling princess in his arms. They walked back and stood together on the cliff. The full moon was shining on the water below them. Omhatau still insisted that she could not be false to her people and run away from them to be happily married to a white man while her people were suffering for need of her. They stood for a long time looking into the waters beneath them, and then she looked up into his face with a wistful smile. He understood and, taking her in his arms, kissed her for the last time. A silvery cloud passed under the moon. When the shadow had

passed, the two lovers had been united in spirit, and the mysterious pool was flowing on as if nothing had happened.

THE OLD OAKEN PADDLES

"Em Are See."

How sore to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When sad recollections present them to view;
The hidden bed-linen, the hike to the wildwood,
And other such stunts which my freshman days knew.
The kangaroo-court and the soph who presided,
The blood-curdling threats of the freshmen should tell,
The shower, the pool, and the mirth they provided,
And thence to the spot where the paddles all fell.
The long, limber paddles; the short, heavy paddles;
The narrow-edged paddles that pattered like—well,
Like the patter, patter, patter of the rain upon the roof.

EXCHANGES

As a whole the January-February issue of the **Tattler** is very commendable. The subject matter throughout is well balanced and interesting. The verse and articles, however, are inferior to the stories. Most of the poetry is written in blank verse and in a rather classical style which lacks rhythm. "In the Cathedral," by Susan Duncan, is the best of the poems.

Of the stories "The Bells of San Gabriel is especially worthy of note. Well written, with a tone of peace and happiness overshadowed at the end by a tinge of pathos, and containing seevral good pieces of description, this story is the feature of the magazine.

The material in **The Acorn** for January and February is decidedly well arranged, and this symmetry produces a good effect. The verse is above the average, except for "?" which is hardly more than mediocre. There is, nevertheless, room for metrical improvement in "Love, A Prayer." The old saying, "More truth than poetry," will not apply to "Rejoice," by Annie Clifford, for this rapturous bit of verse contains both truth and poetry.

The essays are instructive and show careful study of subject. Two short stories, "Five Demerits More" and "There's Many a Slip," especially deserve mention for their true portrayal of college life.

The first 1921 issue of **The Emory Phoenix** contains widely varied types of poetry, stories and sketches, but essays are lacking. With the exception of "Undone" and perhaps "Hard Times," the verse is not effective. There is a tendency towards a stiff, high-flown style, which makes it impossible to combine all the elements of good poetry.

The stories and sketches, however, are much better than the verse. Very appropriate is the sketch, "The Personality

in a Handshake," and we would that everyone might read it and apply it to his or her own life!

The Mid-Winter number of the **St. Mary's Muse** is a very creditable issue. The story, "Dot's Diary and Dick," is clever. It shows us the real ravings of a girl, but all of us like it. The sketch, "Home," is good. It really makes us homesick. The one-act play, "You Can't Change a Nigger," is indeed interesting. It might be classed as high comedy.

The February issue of the **Erskinian** is, on the whole, a well balanced number. The editorials are very good. The essay on "The Art of Kissing" must be very realistic—anyway it sounds interesting. The poems are good.

The verse in the February-March number of the **Pine and Thistle** is worthy of mention, especially "Raving." The Book Shelf is always a very interesting department. "Girls" indicates that some one knows something about them. This issue shows real college spirit.

We also wish to acknowledge the March **Erskinian,** the February **Analecta,** the March **Haverfordian,** the February **Wake Forest Student,** the January-February **Furman Echo,** and the **Hollins Magazine** for March.

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Aaron Fools Himself

S. M. Holton, Jr.

"Wal, Aaron, I reckon you'll hev ter put up th' new parson," said Jeremiah Hasley in the midst of the meeting of the board of stewards of Mountain Wood Church.

"Oh, I cain't; I ain't fixed up fer it. One of ye other stewards take him," answered Aaron Gunter, the man first addressed.

"No, Aaron, you'll not mind killin' that rooster of yourn what come out of the ark," responded Hasley.

Aaron Gunter was a character among characters in the Mountain Wood community. He was known to be stingier than a church mouse, and yet he was wealthy in comparison with many others in the Mountain Woods country. He lived in one of the few modern houses in that section of the Blue Ridge, and he had not even built that. It came with his wife, who before she had surprised everybody by marrying Aaron, was the butterfly of the community. His wife was dead now, and Aaron and his fifteen-year-old daughter, Cynthia, lived alone in the big house. Cynthia Gunter was large and bright for her age, and her sharp tongue took every chance Aaron's stinginess afforded it. Truly stinginess had its evils, thought Aaron.

Mountain Woods was one of those modern, old-fashioned communities so generously sprinkled in the Blue Ridge. No full-time preacher could be afforded, and so the preacher who came once a month went the rounds in the houses of the board of stewards. Aaron Gunter had so manipulated and pulled the wires that all the other stewards had now entertained the preacher. Aaron was the only logical host, and as a little bit of honesty exists even in the most hardened church-steward, he finally had to yield as gracefully as possible and shake the spiritual hands of his brethren.

Late the following Saturday evening the Reverend Simeon

Townsend rode into the community and was directed to go to Aaron's house. The Reverend Mr. Townsend was a young preacher just out of the seminary, and this was his second visit to Mountain Woods. Upon his first arrival he had sized Aaron up and had determined to awaken the community and Aaron by building a new church. No one as yet knew his plans, and the minister was trying to formulate a methed of attack when he arrived at Aaron's house.

"Howdy, Parson. Glad ter see yer. Tie yer horse and come right in. I'll tend ter yer animule." Had he but known it, Townsend would have felt honored, for never before had Aaron greeted a preacher thus. Aaron had suddenly become resourceful. His daughter's tongue, and his neighbor's caustic remarks had made him decide to act generously for once, and thus for all time be fortified in his stinginess. Aaron was thinking over a farther plan of attack when he was awakened out of his reverie by "Mighty glad to see you looking so well, Brother Gunter. I'll be all right now if you'll show me where I can sleep a short while before supper."

Aaron could do this, for Cynthia had been causing him all sorts of trouble, chasing him around finding furniture for the guest-room. So the minister was taken upstairs to his room, which was far from magnificent yet was cozy-looking. In one corner was a high wooden bed, covered with a crazy quilt of a myriad colors and designs. Opposite was a home-made washstand supporting a tin pitcher and an earthenware basin. Besides, there was a cup with a few scrawny roses in it. In another side of the room was a wide fireplace filled with wood. The only other articles in the room were two rickety chairs, which looked as though they were made to be held together instead of to hold tired travelers.

Aaron withdrew after pointing out the merits of the room, and Townsend threw himself across the bed. Just as he was dozing off, there came a knock at the door, and Aaron's head appeared in view. "Oh, Parson, I hez a tooth brush ye can use if yer wants ter." Upon being assured that the tooth

brush was not needed, Aaron was withdrawing when he asked, "Yu are feelin' all right, are yu, Parson?"

"Yes," replied Townsend, "only I have a rather bad headache." Aaron made a few sympathetic remarks and withdrew, but not for long.

"Say, Parson," Aaron was again standing in the doorway, "when I hev a headache, I sometimes wash my face, and thet helps out some. Don't yu want thet I should bring ye some water?"

"No, Brother Gunter, I'll be all right after I rest a few minutes."

That night at supper Townsend surprised Aaron by asking, "Brother Gunter who is the man that leads things around here?"

"Wal, I don't know, Parson. There ain't nobody much," and, the thirst for leadership popping out, "I reckon I lead more 'an anybody else. Why dju ask?"

"Well, I have a plan, and I wanted someone to get behind it and push it to a finish, somebody who can raise money." And then he outlined his plans for a new church; but Aaron was not so enthusiastic as he had been a few moments before. Townsend had tuoched his weak spot, so he answered,

"Parson, this here is a mighty poor community. People 'round here don't see much money, and what they do see they hold mighty tight ter."

"Yes, but if some leader, some man who is a leader in the community and is worth something, should open up and start out with say one hundred dollars, wouldn't the others follow his lead? We should only need about three hundred dollars, and if a generous leader, a man who is known to be a Christian and an influence for good in the community, a man like Brother Hasley, should give one hundred dollars, we should have a church worthy to be in the same community with such houses as this one."

Again, Townsend had touched one, or rather two, of Aaron's weak spots. Aaron's house was the finest in the community, and he never failed to let his neighbors know it. Further-

more Jeremiah Hasley was Aaron's rival in the community. Townsend wisely dropped the subject he had been discussing and began to talk to Cynthia, who, like all mountain girls, was very demure when strangers were about.

Five minutes later Aaron's face, upon which, out of the corner of his eye, Townsend had been noticing stinginess on the one hand and pride and desire for leadership on the other fighting for the mastery, began to clear. "Parson, who'd take care of the money while the church was bein' built?"

"Well, Brother Gunter, unless someone objected, I should name a chairman for the fund. This chairman would be supposed to look after the building of the church and do the best he could." Nothing more about the church was said that night.

In the morning right after the sermon, Townsend burst a bomb in the old church by outlining his plan. Without giving anyone a chance to object, he said, "The man who gives the most shall be named chairman of the building committee. If anyone will give a hundred dollars to start, I will name him chairman on the spot." No one, however, was willing to take up the offer, so Townsend asked, "How much will each of you pledge?"

"Five dollars," rang out over the church.

"Ten."

"Ten."

"Thirteen."

"Twenty"

"One."

While these pledges were following each other in rapid succession, Aaron looked over toward Jeremiah Hasley, his fellow steward, and Jeremiah looked toward Aaron. Neither had yet given. Each wanted the chairmanship, and yet each was afraid to pledge any amount. The duel of glances was suddenly broken by Hasley's rising and shouting, "Fifty dollars."

Aaron slumped in his chair as though stunned; suddenly his desire for leadership and his desire to prove that he was

not stingy got control of him. and he cried, "Fifty-one dollars."

"Sixty," shouted Hasley.

"Sixty-three," shouted back Aaron.

"Eighty," cried Hasley, now thoroughly surprised and determined to get the better of Aaron.

"One hundred," yelled Aaron.

"One hundred, fifteen dollars," answered Hasley, now growing purple in the face with surprise and fear. For a moment the pledging paused. The audience was too surprised to do more than stare open-mouthed. During the pause, had Aaron but known it, Hasley drew himself together and considered how much he had given. He would give no more. Why hadn't he given the hundred at the start? Then he would have been chairman. Aaron also was thinking, but th pause was the making of Aaron. It only determined him in the wild step he was taking.

Suddenly he almost paralyzed the audience by shouting, "One hundred and fifty dollars."

"Does anyone want to go higher?" questioned Townsend. "If not, I think we have our amount raised, and unless someone who has not yet contributed desires to do so, the service is at a close. You will pay your pledges to Brother Aaron Gunter, the chairman, who has so generously showed his open-heartedness here this morning. Let us have the benediction."

The Reverend Simeon Townsend rode away that evening well pleased with himself. He had raised four hundred and eight dollars for a new church, and the stingiest man on his circuit had been awakened by his desire for leadership and revenge. Truly man is mortal!

Girl O'Mine

R. T. D. '21.

As I'm gazing out my window
Towards the faintly glowing west,
There's the lurid sun a-sinking
O'er the sombre hills to rest,
And the evening star's beginning
In its paling wake to shine,
And it's dusk, and Gee! I'm lonely
For that dear old girl o' mine!

As the shadows take possession
When the gleams of day depart,
There's a yearning deep and earnest
That's a-filling of my heart,
Just to feel again her presence
That's to me a sacred Shrine.
O, I'm lonesome, just a-craving
For that dear old girl o' mine!

In the hush of fading twilight
Go my thots a-roaming back
To those nights of Indian Summer
And a tiny rustic shack
With the full-moonlight a-sifting
Thru the tangled creeper-vine.
O, I long to live them over
With that dear old girl o' mine . . . !

And the sound of lapping waters
Floating upward on the breeze
With its love-song ever ringing
Softly humming thru the trees—
From her lips a fervent whisper
Fell, a vow of love divine!
And it's glad I'll be returning
To that dear old girl o' mine!

Old Dick Lewis

P. H. Edwards.

"Gaddap! Gee! Go to it. Step in there. Tighten them traces, I say. Gee! Hey, easy. Whoa! Wha!"

During this tirade of exhortations to direct the speed of his horses the driver had used his whip liberally, now and then mingling oaths with the fall of his lash. The increased effort on the part of the driver and the horses was caused by their arrival at their destination, a large loose-leaf tobacco warehouse in one of our foremost eastern cities. The entrance to the warehouse was a rather short, steep grade from the street to the raised floor inside the building; consequently it was necessary that the driver urge his team to give forth its best efforts as it pulled the ponderous dead weight of the loaded wagon up the incline. No sooner had the huge wagon stopped than the driver put one foot on the top of the right front wheel and leaped to the floor.

Dick Lewis was the driver's name; Old Dick his pals called him. He was six feet three in his stocking feet; his shoulders were square; his back, straight. His hair was black and bushy and hung in shocks, one shock in particular being noticeable because it hung down over one corner of his forehead. A greasy corduroy cap covered his hair with the exception of this stray lock which protruded at one corner of the bill. Dick's face was tough and red; a fuzzy, week-old beard, begrimed with the dust of the road, covered it; and his black, threatening eyes were in harmony with the rest of his countenance. He wore a dirty flannel shirt, corduroy trousers, and high laced boots. Ase he stood there by his wagon, he presented the appearance of a real man physically, and there was something in his look and manner which warned people not to cross his path unnecessarily.

Old Dick looked about himself with a critical, searching eye. He wanted to know whether the warehouse was crowded, how long it would probably be before he could sell his

load ,and especially was he interested at that moment in searching out any of his old-time cronies who might be present. With close attention his glance swept the few wagons ahead of him, which, like his own, were waiting until time and space would permit their being unloaded. Likewise his glance passed by the long piles of tobacco spread out all over the warehouse floor. The next scene which fell under his gaze was that of the auctioneer and buyers as they walked to and from among the bystanders, examining this tobacco, sold that pile, and continued the sale with loud talking. On the farther side of the warehouse were over a dozen men trundling hogsheads of tobacco to a freight car standing on a track just outside of the building. One of these workers, coming out of the car, caught sight of Old Dick and immediately dropped his truck, walked swiftly to Dick's side and slapped him on the back before the old driver was aware of his presence.

"Well, I'll be doggone, if this don't beat all," exclaimed the truckman as a means of saluting Dick. "Where'd you come frum, old man? Jes' got here? I'll be durned; might a' knowed I'd a' seed you soon's you come, and how's your pal?"

Dick had turned and seized his friend's hand. "Glad ter see yu," he replied. "Yes, jes' got here; was sorter lookin' round ter find yu. Help me put up the hosses, won't you? And 'bout Bill," he continued as they unhitched the tired animals, "O' Bill's all right. Bill's the right sort, he is. He wouldn't let me lift a hand when I had the fever, not even to feed meself. Nussed me like a baby. Then when I sorter got so's I could tinker round and lend a hand, Bill he 'lows I got ter make the 'bacco sale while he stays on the farm and works. Not selfish a bit, he ain't. Bill's a good-natured fellow; not a better man living, and I'll fight the man as sez a word agin him."

Dick Lewis' eyes snapped fire as he said this last, but as no one contradicted him, he cooled down. They put the horses into the long stable behind the warehouse; then the truckman excused himself on the plea that he was busy, and Dick de-

clared that he must feed his half-famished horses; but Dick had something else in mind besides feeding the horses. He wanted to be alone and think—thing of the fast-approaching crisis which was agitating his mind.

Dick Lewis and his pal, Bill Thompson, had lived together for over twenty years on a small farm about thirty miles distant from the city. There was no other member of the family, if theirs could be dignified by the name family. These two men, rough and careless in their living and habits, kept house, cooked, farmed, and did all the other necessary work. They had no near neighbors; theirs was a lonely life, yet the two were apparently happy. Bill, although he was five years younger than Dick, treated Dick very kindly and tried to shield him from all hardships.

On the other hand, Dick appreciated this devotion of his younger pal and protected him and offered him advice as would a father. In this manner the closest of friendships had sprung up between the two men—a friendship which apparently nothing short of death could break.

As Dick fed the horses, he thought of this tie between him and his pal; then his mind wandered back to his contemplated treachery, for Dick was seriously thinking of committing a crime, at least a moral crime. Old Dick had long wanted to tear himself away from the farm and to go back to the wild life from which Bill had rescued him in a time of drunkenness, poverty, and near death, but the thought of leaving Bill and of hurting him had prevented him from doing so. Long ago, Bill, who had always been a good fellow, had helped Dick and given him a start, a fact which old Dick could never forget; yet Dick all the more yearned for his old immoral life. On the trip to the city with the tobacco, there originated in Dick's mind the idea of selling the tobacco and leaving the country with the money. True, he would be cheating his pal out of money; he would be a thief and a robber; he would be not only losing, but harming, the best fried he ever had; he would be throwing away a chance to lead a clean life; all these facts hurt him as they flooded his mind, yet to offset the

hurt of all these criminal, immoral acts was that incessant craving for the old life of revelry, drunkenness, carelessness. The man longed to gamble and to hear the clink of coin once more; his cravings were deep-rooted from youth and could not be shaken off. Again and again the thought forced itself upon him that now was the time to act, now while he had the money and was separated from Bill. It was a terrible, agonizing struggle, and Old Dick Lewis walked up and down the stable an hour, battling with his better self and what he knew to be right. The result was not satisfactory; Dick left the stable with neither contending force in the ascendancy, but, as it were, both drew off a few paces to prepare for the deciding struggle.

Early the next morning Dick's load of tobacco was sold. While the truckmen were placing the tobacco upon the floor, the sun shone brightly, and the skylights concentrated its bright, intense rays upon the tobacco in such a manner as to cause it to appear to be golden. Old Dick was jubilant; he could hardly contain his super-abundant satisfaction and expectancy. He had no idea that his tobacco was of such a high quality as it now seemed to be, and, looking at the tobacco now in the warm morning sunlight, he anticipated a high price.

The buyers were already present examining the tobacco and taking notes concerning its quality, weight, and color, but the auctioneer had not arrived; consequently the sale was delayed for a moment. During this delay Old Dick was walking to and fro in slight impatience as he awaited the outcome of the sale. The proprietor carelessly walked up to the nearest buyer and whispered into his ear, "This man brings his tobacco here every year anyway; so I'm not trying to draw his patronage. Give him what you want to; let it be a fair price for the sake of appearances and for the reputation of the warehouse, but suit yourself about the rest." The buyer, a little dryed-up man, nodded his head in a knowing way, and in less than five minutes every buyer present knew that he

could buy the tobacco as cheap as dirt, providing none of his competitors should outbid him.

The auctioneer finally arrived, threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, shouted good morning to everyone, and mounted a raised stool, and the sale was on.

"Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Good bright tobacco. Heavy, well cured. What am I bid? Hier! Hier! Hier! What do you say, gentlemen? What's the first bid? Who'll start it? Hier!—"

"Ten," shouted the little dryed-up man.

"What do I hear, ten?" The auctioneer had resumed his cry. "Ten, going at ten. Hier! Hier! Hier! Hoy! Who'll make a raise? Hoy! Going at ten."

"Ten and a half."

"Three quarters."

"Eleven."

"Eleven and a half," followed by a brief pause.

"Fifteen," shouted the dryed-up man. It was evident that the little man was interested in the tobacco and was willing to bid for it. One of the other buyers whispered something in his neighbor's ear, who passed the information on to the next man. The buyers had formed a conspiracy to outbid the dryed-up man on this lot of tobacco. It was a joke to them.

Meanwhile the auctioneer had continued: "Hier! Hier! Hier! Going at fifteen. Who'll make it twenty?" One of the buyers winked. "Twenty, going at twenty," yelled the auctioneer. "Hier! Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Hey! What do I hear? Going at twenty. Going at twenty."

"Twenty-five," yelled the dryed-up man, who had been figuring on a notebook.

"Thirty," yelled another buyer immediately.

"Thirty-five," was the quick retaliating bid of the little man.

From now on the sale would not be so fast, but more heated. The bidding, which heretofore had been by leaps and bounds, would now necessarily be close and cautious, for at present prices this lot of tobacco was worth thirty cents a pound, and the dryed-up man had bid thirty-five. But the other buyers

were game and did not mind paying a rather steep price now and then to carry their joke. One of them cautiously bid:

"Thirty-five and a quarter."

"Hier! Hoy! Thirty-five and a quarter. Going at thirty-five and a quarter. Hey! Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Hier!

"And a half," yelled the little man.

"Hey! Who'll make it even? Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Going at a half. Hier! Hier! What do I hear? Hier! Hier! Last chance, who'll raise? Thirty-five and a half, once—"

"Three-quarters," came a voice from the buyers.

The old dryed-up man must have suspected the truth and determined to best his companions at their own game, for without a moment's hesitation he yelled:

"Thirty-six."

"Hey! Hier! Hier! Going at thirty-six. Thirty-six once. Who'll raise? Hoy! Hoy! Hoy! Going at thirty-six. Hey! Hier! Thirty-six twice." A short pause followed. "Thirty-six three times and sold."

The buyers gathered around their intended victim, and all joined in a big laugh, while a little way off Old Dick in his elation was swinging and slapping the truckman to such an extent that that poor individual thought that he would be too sore to walk for a week.

Back in the stable Dick counted out his money, five hundred dollars. It was more money than his tobacco had ever sold for before. What could not he and Bill do with the money? They could pay every cent that they owed, buy all the necessities and even luxuries that they desired, and then have enough left to take a long trip, a trip which had been one of Bill's dreams for the past year. After thinking on this course of thought for a moment, Old Dick could not see how he could be so mean as to think even of double-crossing his partner; yet the next moment his old cravings and desires for drink and a corrupt life, his immoral life calling for a chance to take form in dissipation, had swept him off his feet of honesty and conscientiousness and right intentions and carried him headlong into the stream of vice and sin.

While Dick was in this state of uncertainty, two farmers and the truckman came into the stable and, showing him some old rye wihskey, encouraged him to play cards with them. He played a few hands, winning the majority of them, and finally, feeling especially good, took one swallow of whiskey, with the intention of drinking only one swallow, no more. One of the farmers proposed putting up small stakes; it was agreed to, and Dick won. He took swallows of whiskey more and more frequently. Almost before he knew it and without intending to do it, Old Dick became literally drunk with the liquor. He was cursing and swearing and playing cards with his old greedy desire to win money. Dick won most of the time; he was just lucky, it seemed. One of the farmers accused him of cheating. He took up the quarrel; a fight ensued, but Dick, who was no weakling or coward, won easily. The fight ended the game immediately, but the influence of the game did not stop with its end.

Dick had fallen; he had returned to and tasted his former life, and its effect upon him was deadening. No longer did he have any doubt about leaving the country and taking the tobacco money with him; he was glad that he had taken this course, and he looked forward with pleasure. But there was one thing which pricked his conscience whenever he thought of it, and that was the thought of his treatment of Bill, honest Bill, his pal—the thought seared his soul. Yes, he was double-crossing Bill. Old Dick could not stand it. With a mist before his eyes he went in search of the truckman, gave him the full five hundred dollars, with directions of how to send it to his pal, together with a short note which he scribbled in his own hand, a short, unsatisfactory, farewell note of jumbled thanks. The note even contained a plausible excuse for his not returning to the farm. It read:

Pardner Bill:

When I come ter town I git word as how my bruvver out in Kansas is sick and wants ter see me. I'm goin' now on the

train. I'm sending yer money ter you. Maybe I be back befo' long. Come git der hosses an' waggin.

Old Dick.

Ten minutes later Old Dick was on his way to the railroad station with only ten dollars, the money he had won in the card game in the stable, in his pocket. But this lack of change did not trouble Dick very much. The fact was that he felt much better since he had written Bill and sent him the money; his conscience didn't hurt him so badly. Finding at the station that the train was not due for two hours, Dick decided to ramble about the town and see what he could, for even now his conscience smote him when he allowed himself to think of his actions and the evil step he was about to take. He wanted to keep his mind occupied.

As he walked leisurely up the street from the depot, he observed that a crowd of people was gathered together on the next corner. What was the cause of the excitement? Perhaps an accident had occurred. With his neck stretched forward and his eyes on the alert to discover the cause of the supposed accident, Dick lengthened his stride and hastened to the scene. As he approached, he heard singing, and immediately afterwards discovered that a few women on the outskirts of the crowd were leading it. Old Dick was ignorant; he didn't know of the existence of the Salvation Army; so the scene before him was new and intensely interesting.

He observed that three women and a man, all clothed in blue uniforms, stood in the street just outside the curb. The crowd, a mottled, variegated crowd, consisted of people from all walks of life, from the dirty mill and to the swell dude with his shoes newly polished and a scented silk handkerchief sticking from his breast pocket, a dude who stopped a moment to condescend to smile a superior smile on the huddled crowd and its leaders, the scoffer, the hypocrite—I say, this small throng of diversified people almost blocked the sidewalk at the corner.

Dick was silent and satisfied. He listened to the sweet strains of the music and liked it, It soothed him, calmed him,

and sent sense of sweetfulness and restfulness through his tired soul. With a lingering, contented sigh he leaned against a telephone post and literally drank in the sounds. I say the sounds, for Dick did not try to catch the words. It was enough for him that the musical sounds were sweet, hope-giving, life-giving, and fascinating. Here was something new, this sensation which pervaded Dick's soul and held him in its grip, and Dick was satisfied, satisfied and calm for the first time in many years. He was not anxious to break the magic spell; he rather enjoyed it and felt that he would be content to remain there leaning against that post for a whole day.

One of the women stopped singing and, taking a flat tray in her hand, passed through the crowd, asking no one for anything, but giving everyone who desired to give something a chance to contribute. She came to Old Dick, who, with a lump in his throat, gave a dollar. The man was sincere in his gift. He gave the money because he liked the singing and was willing to pay for it; the religious significance did not enter his mind.

There now came a pause. The man clothed in blue began speaking. He was telling a story, a story of a good man whom people hated because he was good and because he told them when they did wrong, a story of how the people nailed this man to a cross and killed him, a story of how this man died to help all people to do right. The blue coated man said that this man could help people to do right and that his presence could be felt by people just as if he were standing near talking to them.

Dick listened to the tale with fascinated interest. He wondered if the man's presence was what made him feel so free and happy now. He rather liked the story anyway; then Dick Lewis made a discovery. He remembered that the tale resembled what a Sunday school teacher had told him when he was a small boy, and—. Yes, the blue-coated man was asking the crowd to follow the teachings and presence of this man. Well, Dick Lewis would not do it for one, that much Old Dick knew. He knew the story now. It was concerning relig-

ion, and religion had been destroyed forever in so far as Dick was concerned. In an instant Dick's attitude had changed from that of an interested and sympathetic listener to that of an enemy. Religion was Dick's enemy and had been for many a year. Why? The reason lay in the fact that religion and the presence of that man were hostile to the life that Dick longed to lead and enjoyed leading. Dick muttered to himself, "I'll be a devil and go to hell fifty times before I'll have any of the fool notions about that there man they talk about. Christians, that's what they call 'em; durned if I have a thing ter do with 'em."

Dick was talking partly to bolster up his waning spirits, for he was forced to admit that something was hurting him. His breast hurt; he put up his hand and felt of it and wondered if he had heart trouble. Things partly swam before his eyes; he felt sick. Clutching at the pole, Dick leaned there in agony, wondering what was the matter with himself. "If I thought it was that Presence pesterin' me!" muttered Dick. "I'll be sick now until I git a quart of liquor in my reach, and the sooner the better. Jes' like it was when I killed Job Allen five years ago."

No matter how evil a man may become, he never questions the existence of a God or His attributes. Dick had to fight; he had to fight right there against that "Presence," as he called it. It was a tough fight, and much depended upon the outcome. If the Presence won, Dick went back to the farm and Bill to live an honestly reformed life; if Dick won, it meant that one more man had been lost to sin and immoral corruption in the world. The Presence put up a good fight; It had a good start and had Its way paved by the influence of the music which had softened and made human Old Dick's soul, but, to offset this advantage, Dick was an experienced warrior and had to his credit more than one victory over that Presence.

The fight ended in five minutes. Dick won. He knew he had won. With a masterful smile he lifted his lowered head, shrugged his shoulders as if in farewell to the Presence, and

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The **Trinity Archive** is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the college.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1921

FAREWELL

With this issue the 1920-1921 Archive bids you farewell, except for those rare occasions when, in the future years, some of you may take down your files of your college magazine and recall memories of the days you spent under the care of your beloved alma mater, days whose memory will always be colored in rose and gold. Reluctantly we bid you farewell. We have striven to serve you and entertain you; in many respects we know that we have failed. We are not making excuses; all we shall say is that we have tried—it is for you to decide wherein and how far we have succeeded or failed.

The college life of many of us is rapidly drawing to its end. We would wish for every senior as he goes out of the college entrance to prove his worth to the world, not to conquer it, a warm, bright, and lasting memory of the happy days, loyal comrades, and devoted mother of us all that he has known during the four years that he has spent within Trinity's walls.

With this memory and the consciousness that he is clean, earnest, and eager to do, each of us can win a place in the heart of the world and a fair share of the gifts—of wealth and happiness that she is so glad to bestow on those who love and serve her.

J. L. P.

Canine Intervention

Elizabeth Walker

"Mother, please, bring up the dust pan when you come back. This dust is a foot thick!" shouted Alice Mason from the attic to her mother, who was on the stairs leading to the first floor.

"Really, Alice, why must you exaggerate so? The dust is bad enough without your reporting to the whole town that it is worse than it really is," was Mrs. Mason's answer to her daughter's request. However, Alice knew that she would bring the dust pan.

Alice seated herself on the window sill to rest while she was waiting for her mother. Mrs. Mason soon returned with the pan and said, half jokingly, "Jump down from that window before you fall out, and get busy, you lazy bones."

"Oh, my, it's such a job," sighed Alice, jumping down and starting her work again. For a time the dust flew in front of the brooms. Then began the work of looking through the trunks, which Alice liked much better than sweeping. She gave little squeals of delight as she discovered queer old pictures and even queerer old dresses. Finally, upon reaching the bottom of a trunk, she uttered a long-drawn-out "O-o-oh," which signified that she had found something intensely mysterious and interesting. She pulled out a little rusty tin chest and exclaimed in a single breath, "Mother, what's this? May I open it? Where's the key?"

"Why, I don't know what it is," answered her mother, looking up from another trunk. "Perhaps the key is in the trunk too."

After stirring about the things remaining in the trunk, Alice found the key. It took the efforts of both Alice and Mrs. Mason to turn the rusty lock. When she raised the lid, Alice said, "Oh, it's old papers. Just suppose they've bills."

"Why don't you look and see?" asked Mrs. Mason. "I

don't suppose they are of any value, or your father would not have them stored here."

At that moment the door bell rang, and as Alice's head was buried in the papers, Mrs. Mason went to answer it. Alice was aroused by Kenneth Graham's voice asking for her. Running to the stairway, she leaned over and called, "Come on up, Ken, and see what I've found."

At this summons Kenneth bounded up the steps, taking two at a time, and said, "What have you there? I want you to go over to Lillian's and play tennis."

"Look at this little chest," said Alice, paying little attention to what Kenneth was saying. "See, here is a newspaper with an account of the death of George Washington. Most of these are receipted bills. What queer things are in the lists! Kenneth joined in her excitement—one had to join Alice's moods—and laughed at the account in the newspaper in which a man warned all merchants that he would no longer be responsible for his wife's bills. "Goodness, me!" exclaimed Alice at length. "I've got to get to work."

"Then you can't play tennis this morning?" asked Kenneth, disappointed.

"Not this morning."

"Well, may I come over tonight so that we can look over these papers together? They are very interesting." coaxed Kenneth, looking at Alice in a way that betrayed where his interest was.

"Not tonight, for I'll be simply dead after all this cleaning, but you may come tomorow night. Now run along," was the decision.

The next night Kenneth rang at the Mason's door and was met by Mrs. Mason, who told him that he would find Alice in the library. Kenneth softly parted the curtains which divided the library from the hall. The picture that he saw made him pause before entering. The room was chiefly in shadows, from which the outlines of an ancient secretary and other such furniture appeared. Alice was seated on a little stool near the fireplace, in which there was no fire at this season.

The brass andirons on the hearth reflected the light of two candles that stood on an old-fashioned candle stand at Alice's elbow. These candles threw a soft light around Alice and brought out the bronze in what she called her nondescript brownish hair. The girl herself made an attractive picture. She was dressed in a costume which clearly belonged to the early part of the nineteenth century, and her hair was arranged to correspond to the dress. On her lap she held the little chest. Suddenly she became aware of Kenneth's presence and lifted her eyes. "Come on in," she invited with a smile.

He did so and seated himself on a hassock beside her. "Are you prepared to tell me all about them?" he asked as he picked up one of the papers.

"Well not exactly all," she said mischieviously, "for I wasn't living when these were written, and no one except a person who lived at that time knows all their story. Isn't the handwritting pretty? And the ink is wonderfully black when you consider how old it is. You see what small bits of paper they used. Papa said that our manufacturing hadn't grown much, and it was just after the war of 1812 so that paper was very scarce. That sounds very modern, doesn't it? This is interesting. It is a note saying that Mary Allen owed Josiah Mason 25 pounds."

"Who was Mary Allen? I suppose the Mason fellow was a member of your family," said Kenneth.

"He was, and Mary Allen later married Moses Mason, Josiah's son. They were my great-grandparents. See here, 'four yards of ribbon.' I wonder if that was for Mary." In this way Alice chatted on, weaving romances around the yellowish old bills.

At last Kenneth asked, "Where did you get that dress? It is rather odd, but it certainly is becoming to you."

Alice's blush was even more becoming than the dress. "This dress belonged to my great-grandmother," she said. "I am playing that I am Mary Allen."

She had chosen the right room and general setting for the

part. Kenneth felt a kind of romance in the air. Bending nearer, he said, "Then, Mary, who am I? May I be.....?"

A rush! a whirl! Something leaped between the two. It was Alice's collie, Tip. He had just upset the chest. Papers went flying everywhere with Tip after them.

"Oh, horrors," screamed Alice, "he will tear them all up, and Papa will never forgive me. Do stop him, Ken."

Kenneth jumped up and caught Tip by the collar, with an inward desire to pitch him out of the window. Alice began to gather up the papers, and in a short time she had them all back in the chest. Then she stroked Tip gently, saying that she knew that he didn't intend to upset the box. To Kenneth she said, "I guess we'd better put it up for tonight, Ken, because I'm sleepy and it's getting late. So good night."

"Good night," said Kenneth somewhat sulkily.

The next morning while Alice was dusting the library, she thought of the night before. "I wonder what Ken was going to say when Tip interrupted. It really sounded rather dangerous, but maybe I did send him off rather abruptly. But he's a dear, and he'll say it again." Here the ringing of the telephone caused Alice to drop her dust cloth and answer it.

"Oh Alice," came the voice of her friend, Lillian Scott, over the telephone, you know that I told you my cousin, Richard Horton, was coming. Well, he's here."

"Is he?" exclaimed Alice a bit excitedly.

"Yes, and I'm coming around to your house and bring him this morning so that you can help me plan what we shall do in the two weeks while he is here."

"All right, do," was Alice's reply," "but give me just a minute to finish dusting and to put on something decent."

Forty minutes later Alice heard Lillian calling from the hall. "Get settled around on the side porch, Lillian, and I'll be there in just a second," she called from her room.

When Alice appeared, Lillian introduced Richard to her. Then the planning began with both girls chattering—often at the same time—and calling for Richard's opinion occasion-

ally. During the conversation Alice and Richard had time to make mental notes about each other. When Lillian, accompanied by Alice, went into the house to put on her hat, Alice said in a whisper, "I think he is grand looking, Lil. He looks like a splendid dancer."

Lillian smiled knowingly. "He is good looking and a good dancer, but you're not going back on Ken., are you, Alice?"

"Going back on Ken.? I don't know what you mean, and I don't see anything to that," said Alice, but she blushed, and Lillian knew that she understood.

On her way home Lillian asked, "Dick, what do you think of Alice? Isn't she a perfect dear?"

"I think she is rather attractive," said Richard. "Those brown eyes of hers and that upturned nose seem to indicate plently of mischief and fun. You two certainly are planning for a good time during these two weeks. As I've just come from Aunt Nell's, which is the dullest place on earth, I know how to appreciate it."

During the next few days Kenneth found Alice in a gay whirl of tennis, automobile riding, and dancing, but she always whirled past him after very short stops. He was included in all the gayety, for Alice and Lillian would never have left out any of the "bunch," Kenneth especially. However, Lillian saw to it that Richard was with Alice the greater part of the time, for she was determined that her cousin should enjoy his visit, and Alice was the merriest, most attractive girl of them all.

Finally Kenneth called her one afternoon. "I say, can't you play tennis—singles out on the old school court?" begged a plaintive voice.

"Guess so, Ken. I had planned to rest for the dance tonight, but it doesn't matter," said Alice, feeling that Kenneth had been somewhat neglected.

"All right, I'll be around," said he more happily.

In a short time Kenneth arrived. Leaving his racquet and balls on the porch, he rang the bell and went on into the hall, where Alice soon joined him. They started out.

"Where is my other ball?" asked Kenneth as he picked up his racquet. "I just bought a new one, and it's not here. But what is Tip doing?" he added, looking at the collie, which was in the yard jumping about, snatching up something and shaking his head as if to tear the thing into pieces.

"Oh, gracious, he is always tearing up something. See what it is," commanded Alice.

Kenneth ran to see. Te took the dilapidated article from Tip and said, "It was the tennis ball. You scamp!" The last words were addressed to Tip, whom Kenneth, in his anger at the dog's past and present misdemeanors, kicked.

"Kenneth Graham," cried Alice indignantly, "how dare you kick Tip? He was only playing. I shall not play tennis or anything else with anyone who takes his spite out on my dog."

Kenneth bit his lip to keep back a heated self-justification and a bitter accusation against the dog. How he hated Tip!

The blowing of an automobile horn caused both Alice and Kenneth to look and see Richard, who was stopping his roadster before the gate. "Won't you two come for a ride?" he asked.

Kenneth and Alice looked at each other. "I'm afraid I can't go. Anyway, I don't want to crowd you," said Kenneth.

"Go on, Kenneth," said Alice graciously. "I'd better rest a bit for tonight."

"Oh, come on, both of you," begged Richard. "There's plenty of room. You won't get tired just reading, will you, Miss Mason?"

"Thank you, but I must go over to Tom's. Don't let me keep you from enjoying the afternoon Alice," protested Kenneth.

"All right then, I guess I can go," Alice said.

After helping her into the car and seeing them drive off, Kenneth walked away feling thate fate, in the form of Tip, was very unkind.

After the incident of the tennis ball Kenneth stayed away

from the "bunch" as much as possible. In the gay rush his absence was hardly noticed. Alice realized it, but she told herself that she did not care; and she allowed Richard to monopolize her time. As the two weeks flew by, Alice and Lillian planned to make the last night of Richard's stay the happiest of them all.

"Let's make it a masked ball," Lillian suggested.

"Lil, we've had so many of those that I've been everybody from Cleopatra to a cowboy. Can't you think of a change?" was Alice's protest.

"How about a picnic supper, hay ride, bonfire, and all the accompanying essentials?" asked Richard.

"Glorious," cried Alice. "Let's roast potatoes and weinies in the fire and have folk dances around it."

The arrangements for the picnic were left in the hands of Alice and Richard, who arranged for an unusual night. Invitations were hastily sent out. Kenneth received one as one of the usual crowd. When the day of the picnic arrived, Alice and her mother were busy in the kitchen. Besides her regular lunch, Alice was to carry the potatoes and weinies. She was in the midst of making mayonaise, and Mrs. Mason was busy cutting bread when the former suddenly stopped her beating and exclaimed, "Mother, what are we going to take all this stuff in? The basket we usually carry is too small."

"Why, Mrs. Graham has a larger basket; I wonder if we could get that. Suppose you telephone and ask Kenneth to bring it over," suggested Mrs. Mason, altogether ignorant of the tennis ball affair.

Alice began beating rapidly. "I can't leave my mayonaise, Mother. Won't you call, please?"

Mrs. Mason hurried away and soon came back with the assurance that Kenneth was coming.

"The mayonaise is ready. I'll go down to the cellar and get the potatoes," said Alice, taking the key. A little later, from the bottom of the stairs leading to the cellar, Alice called, "Mother, I can't unlock this hateful door."

"Just try a little harder, Alice. I'll be there as soon as I can come," said her mother. As she started out of the kitchen, Kenneth came up with the basket. "Kenneth," said Mrs. Mason in a relieved tone, "won't you run down and unlock the cellar door? Alice can't."

Alice gave the door a vigorous shake to overcome her confusion. Kenneth went down and said calmly, "If you will give me the key, I'll see what I can do."

"Here it is," said Alice cooly, and she started upstairs.

"You'd better stay and show Kenneth which potatoes to get, Alice," said Mrs. Mason when she heard Alice coming up. Alice stopped where she was, about six steps from the bottom.

About this time Tip decided to investigate the pleasant odors coming from the kitchen. Mrs. Mason had gone in and shut the door. When Tip arrived, he scratched and whined at the door, but his attempt to enter was in vain. Then he caught Alice's trail and decided to find her. He ran down the passage leading to the cellar. When he came to the stairway, he slipped on the smooth linoleum at the top and went rolling down. His bumping against Alice caused her to lose her balance and join him in the remainder of his trip. At this moment Kenneth turned and began, "Alice, the door....," but he did not finish, for Alice tumbled into his arms, which opened much more quickly than the door.

The terrified Tip, finding himself mixed up among two pairs of feet, untangled himself as quickly as possible and fled upstairs. He hardly knew what mischief he had wrought, and he feared more chastisement from Kenneth. Perhaps he was somewhat jealous that it was not he who was being caressed now. He settled himself behind the front gate to cleep off his grievances. There, Kenneth, starting home to get ready for the picnic, found him.

"Well, Tip old fellow," he said, stroking the dog's head, "you are a good sport after all, and I owe you an apology. Please forgive me for kicking you, for I surely do appreciate

what you've done for me this afternoon. I'll pay you some day if I have to buy a butcher shop.''

Tip's eyes showed that he understood, and his wagging tail manifested his forgiveness and acceptance of the thanks due him.

What The Goddess Said

Elizabeth S. Walker, '22

I entered the Library, which to me is the Palace of Sighs, with the usual heaviness of heart due to my dread of work to be done. Though I love to read, I hate reading, on compulsion, books so dry that the Atlantic Ocean would have no effect upon them. Having obtained the book which I did not want, I went upstairs with the hope that there I could study better since fewer things would disturb me. I slipped into my customary place at the table on which stands the statue of Pallas Athena. I had scarcely opened the hated book when I heard a voice. I was bewildered, for so far as I knew there was no one near me. The voice sounded again:

"Come around here where I may talk to you." Oh, the statue was talking to me. As I was sitting behind her, I went around and sat on the railing so that I faced her. Then she began talking:

"I, Pallas Athena, have stood in stately silence through the ages. Yes, I have kept a silence that well befits the Goddess of Wisdom. I have even kept silent when I heard foolish people say that it was impossible that the diety of wisdom could be a woman because woman chatter incessantly, and chattering is evidence of an 'unfurnished top story' (as you students would say.) Serenely have I stood and listened to the wisdom and foolishnes sof all nations until I have become tolerant of everything. Now I have decided to break my silence to relate some of the things I have discovered since learning the lesson of tolerance.

"It is not necessary for me to speak of my earlier life among the Greeks and Romans, for many books have been written on that subject. I dare say I could improve upon those books, but you would not understand. I shall also skip over a later period of history which deals with my life among the modern nations. That which concerns me now and which

will probably be of interest to you is the latest period of my life which I have spent at Trinity College.

"In 1905 I was brought here and placed in the library as an example of beauty and learning to the students. Alas, how sadly have they disregarded my example! Yet I must not think of that; I shall be tolerant. To continue my story —when I first came the students were chiefly men. I must admit that fewer of them came to the library then than now, but those few were very earnest seekers of knowledge. How serious they looked as they entered the door. I am sure that they have amounted to much out in the world. In those days on the rare occasions when a girl came in, she tip-toed swiftly and silently to her place like a frightened rabbit. The librarian looked serious, the boys looked up with scornful smiles or frowns, and the poor girl blushed painfully. As for coming upstairs, to girls it was an un-thought-of thing. One might have thought that this was my shrine at which women might not worship. Boys alone sat behind me then; and when I peeped over my shoulders at them, they were always very busy.

"There has come a change. Almost as many girls as boys come to the Library now, and more boys come than used to. I wonder why. Some of the library-comers are the same studious people, but many are gay, irresponsible young folk. I see them through the glass doors as they trip gaily up the steps. Sometimes I even catch a laugh as the door opens and closes. No longer are the girls timid; no longer are they strictly bound off in one corner. Now the silence is not so deep as it once was. There are whisperings and gigglings as one girl points out a joke from **Judge** to another. And the men—they seem to be attracted to the stands for periodicals; they often gaze at the title of every paper and then return to their seats without one. Frequently a student (of either sex) uses the dictionary. Of course that is due to Dr. Brown's demand that they study words. When a boy goes to the desk, his eyes turn to the eastern end of the library. When a girl waits for a book from the stack-room the masculine element

look around, not at the newspapers. Both men and women come upstairs now. As often as not it is a young girl who sits behind me now. At times I have peeped over my shoulder and caught him busy—yes, busy looking down on the scene below. This table is a place of vantage, for one can see and not be seen. Sometimes as I watch the boys below me I see a youth raise his eyes and look towards me, but I know that he is not looking at me. He smiles, but it is not I who returns his smile. Occasionally a girl and a boy come together and sit at my table. I hear faint whisperings. No doubt they are studying for a term paper, because they have the same subject. Poor dears! Studying a term paper when the year is at the spring! But I suppose I should leave such affairs to Venus over there and should urge on the studying, which is more in my jurisdiction.

"One thing more let me say. I have wondered that the studies have so little paper to write on. They often use my skirts, for I can feel them writing. At first it angered me that they should so forget the lesson of wisdom and beauty as thus to desecrate my garments. But, having learned to be tolerant, I realized that some day those inscriptions may be as valuable as the hieroglyphics of old. I have strained my neck trying to look over my shoulder and see what is written on my skirts. The only way in which I have ever learned some of the things written there is by listening to freshmen who read in whispers the chronicles of their predecessors. Sometimes they are names; again they are merely initials. One or two persons have written complaints against cruel quizzes. Many of the inscriptions are colloquialisms or what's today known as slang. At first I could not understand this new language, but at length I learned it from its much use. The most numerous inscriptions are dates; as dates are very important in history, I no longer resent their existence on my skirts.

"Well, 'tis a queer kind of wisdom that these students have, but wisdom nevertheless. I feel that I have added a

great deal to my store of knowledge since I have come to Trinity, and I thank you students for it."

The goddess ceased speaking. I called to her and questioned her in vain. She seemed to have dropped into a reverie. Perhaps she will speak to one of us again soon, but I fear she will long keep silence.

Moliere and "The Eternal Feminine"

Irene Price.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love." I wonder if this old adage accounts for Moliere's romantic thoughts. If so, he must have known the secret of eternal youth, and for him it must have been always springtime, for his fancy invariably leads him into love stories, and there is hardly a possible situation that he does not deal with, and capably, too. Even the most intricate labyrinths of the feminine heart have no secrets from him. He understands them all, and pitilessly lays them bare to the critical gaze of hu manity.

No type of girl is exempt. There is the vampire, represented by Celemene in LE MISANTHROPE. Numerous suitors surround her all the time and laugh at her witty and not too complimentary characterizations of still other absent ones. She flirts with all open, and tells each privately that she adores him only. If you, perchance her accepted fiance, naturally jealous of all her smiles and favors so promiscuously bestowed, make bold to rebuke her, she merely, with a tantalizingly sweet and innocent look, replies that she can't help being popular, and that you surely would not have her be rude to visitors. Oh, ye ardent lover! What will you do in a case like that?

But don't be dismayed. There is another kind entirely different, the clinging-vine type, as we see in Elise in L'AVARE. Her only fear is that she loves you more than she ought to. Still you can easily persuade her that such is indeed not the case, that she can never love you one millionth as much as you adore her, etc., etc. If you want the "lots of loving" kind, just find one like her.

But while you may be sure that once you have Elise you'll never lose her (no matter how much you may want to), you can't be so sure about such a girl as Mariane in TARTUFFE. She may love you all right, but unless you marry her quick,

she is apt to flare up and absolutely "kick" you for nothing at all. Or, if you don't exactly meet the requirements of her fastidious father (his poor taste, of course,) she may consider her filial duty greater than her love for you, and—turn you down. Now please don't grow disgusted and say that you never would care for a girl like that, anyway, for that would be too hard on her. She means well, and you can get her all right with a little patience and a little coaxing.

Now, if all you want is card parties, afternoon teas, etc., you might get a girl like Cathos and Magdelon (which names, by the way, are French for Kate and Maggie) who appear in LES PRECIEUSES RIDICULE. But be careful that she, like them, is not a sham, pretending to be somebody when she "ain't nobody." I'm glad that that kind does get fooled sometimes, and after going into raptures over "un marquis! ma chere!" finds that he is only a valet disguised.

Entirely different, however, is the practical, domestic science sort of girl like Henriette in LES FEMMES VAVANTS. She is almost too far in the other extreme. She believes in marrying one in her own sphere, and she looks forward quite candidly toward keeping house and "tending to the kids," with no romantic illusions about it. She does not even mind being second choice in your affections. If she feels that she has you safely, she doesn't care if you say frankly that you tried to get her sister first, and failing, have decided to take her. Personally, I think, if it exists at all, this type is "mighty scarce round these here parts."

But what sort of girl is this sister that spurned your gracious hand? She is Armande, a true "femme savant." She is so intellectual, so wrapped up in books and learning, that she feels that reason and philosophy should govern everything. She believes that woman's highest calling is to give herself up to study and association with literary lights. Marriage, in her opinion, is vulgar and wholly without attractions. Hence, when you begin talking to her about love, "n' everything," she throws ice water on all your burning ardor by expatiating about the celestial love of two souls that want

no more earthly enjoyment than close communion in the spirit and intellect. And yet she is very human and very feminine in some ways. She really loves you, and, dog-in-the-manger-like, though she doesn't want to marry you, she doesn't want anybody else to have you. When she finds that her sister (vulgar creature!) has taken her place in your affections and means to marry you—whew! there is some family row! She forgets all her theory about philosophy's ruling human passions, and she fusses with the calm Henriette in quite a sisterly fashion. She even, as a last chance to win you back, finally offers to condescend to marry you. Of course you take great pleasure in telling her that it is now too late, that you are perfectly satisfied, but still you like Armande a great deal better for that spark of jealousy, especially as it flatters your masculine vanity.

Well, gentlemen, I hope you have found one type of feminism that appeals to you, for I would not have you go girlless for anything. And now let me say a few words to the helpless victims of this harangue.

Have you, girls, classified yourselves? If not, you had better read this all over again and find a place somewhere, for there is only one more type I have to offer you. It is represented by Belise in LES FEMMES SAVANTS, and it is—the typical old maid. She, too, is one of the learned women, but it must be that she has the "little learning" that "is a dangerous thing," for, to speak frankly, she hasn't good sense. If there is one thing more foolish about her than her passion for "bel esprit," it is the crazy idea that every man she sees is in love with her. Can't you see her now, with her little curls (no personal insinuations, girls,) her coy fan, her romantic dime novel, holding her purring kitty and glancing shyly at her neice's suitor, murmuring that she has long known his tender love for her through those "mute interpreters" of the soul. Oh, girls, will you ever come to this? Rather, either take the first man you can get, or else live and die a man-hating suffragette.

The Freshman at the French Table

Helen Loraine Cantrell, 23

The French table had always been a place to which our freshman had hitched her ambition, as a wagon to a star. She would sit at her table in the further corner of the room and drink in the foreign sounding phrases that drifted to her through the wall of uplifted English-speaking voices. She would wonder if she could ever develop to the stage when she could sit among the elect, whose superior ability to "parlez-vous francaise" gave them an envied seat high in the world of dining rooms.

She was most surprised one day to find herself seated at that very table, not because of her knowledge of French, but because there were some guests for supper and she had been shifted around for convenience, for after all, what good are freshmen beyond just that?

She had visions of starving, for she had heard whispered that one obtained food at that table only by asking for it in terms of soft Parisian. She gritted her teeth and began to pray, "Dear Lord, please make them know that I'm starving to death."

"Donnez-moi du pain" brought her momentarily to her senses.

"And, Dear Lord, make me look intelligent, anyway," she continued, and was about to send up another appeal when she heard in an agonizing tone from the other end of the table.

"Holy smoke, shootex-moi some pomme de terre, tout suite."

"Huh,"smiled the freshman,"Givez-moi un glass de l'eau."

—And she got it.

She was quickly coming from a golden land of anticipation into a sordid one of realization, whose first step is the station of "Sophomoredom."

Time Slips By

Viola Seltz

She looked away from her classroom desk,
On a campus turning brown,
When the world assumed an air of rest
And the yellow leaves flew down,
And time seemed plentiful—to spare,
With weeks and weeks ahead
Before there'd be a need to care
Or any record read.

She looked away from her classroom desk,
On a campus white with snow,
To mark how truly picturesque
The bare trees bending low,
But never did she stop to think
Her time was half-way past
And that a few more days of change
Would soon bring 'round the last.

She looked away from her classroom desk,
On a lovely scene of green,
And only then she stopped to ask
Just what it all could mean.
"Three seasons gone while I've sat here!
Alas, oh can it be!"
And then with pondering heart she asks,
"What did it profit me?"

"Kismet"

Legionaire

The swinging censor of Remembrance keeps,
As moon-lit lillies of old Babylon,
Our Yesterdays still perfumed as it sweeps
Enchanting toward the Southland to one
Whose name is whispered when the zephyr blows
At eventide and caresses the rose.

And thus within the golden chalace burns
Unending incense of sweet fragrance rare;
And oh! my mind now ever backward turns
As a lone prodigal when in despair—
No now again the vision splendid blesses—
Forgetful, I reach out to touch her tresses.

As incense burns within, a glass is set;
Its sands, a shining stream, are running fine.
Time, patient at his woof is weaving yet.
Ere you go, you too shall see the design;
So thus, good Kismet, soon or late,
We shall hail thee the god of love or fate!

The Moth And The Cricket

"Poor dull little moth,
So quiet and meek,"
Said Sir Cricket in tones shrill and high.
"Why just look at me,
If fame you would seek,
For I'm heard through the land and the sky."

The cricket then sang
In notes loud and long
'Till his trilling soon filled the whole room,
But Bridget the cook
Thought noise was all wrong,
And she silenced his chirps with her broom.

The little moth smiled,
A wee little smile,
And her dullness brought no melancholy,
For silence she knew
Is always worth while
And that bragging, at best, is rank folly.

—T. A.

Editor's Note:—We don't usually moralize, but there might be more in this than the mere story of the moth and the cricket.

Mort Pour La France

Mary Wescott, '14

He loved gay laughter and the songs of birds—
  Sunset and dawn and rainbow tinted sky;
Or scarlet flash of wings across the lawn,
  And rippling wash of waters flowing by.

His was the vision of the unfulfilled,
  High youth was his and Springtime's surging call—
The fair roads lured him in the way of death;
  Careless he flung his gage and paid his all.

Now if the pageantry of cloud and bird
  Leaves him unheeding in the noonday light
I cannot tell—I only hope this May
  The poppies by his grave are very birght.

EDITORIALS

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If we leave athletics out of the discussion, the boys and girls of Trinity are engaged in practically the same college activities. Corresponding to the Y. M. C. A. is the Y. W. C. A. The boys have their glee club; the girls, theirs. The 9019, an organization composed of those men averaging 90 and above, is analgous to the girls' EKO-L scholarship society. The girls work along with the boys on the college publications and in the different societies and organizations among the students. In all of these activities the girls have, so far as women can ever aspire to the great heights reached by men, (No, that is neither satire nor sarcasm) been keeping pace rather successfully with the boys of Trinity.

Yet there is one phase of college activity which is still a strange and unexplored land to the co-eds. In no field have the men of Trinity College been more successful than in that of debating. Not only have the debaters shown their ability in the college literary societies, but they have also contended with marked success with teams of other colleges. In the debates of this year Trinity has covered herself with glory.

The girls have debates within Athena Literary Society. Why not show other colleges what we can do? Why not extend our efforts by debating with Meredith, N. C. C. W., and other well-known colleges in the South? Let's not give the boys occasion to think that we haven't our "female Demosthenes" or that we are falling down in our effort to make Trinity proud of her co-eds.

SPRING FEVER

"In the spring a young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The poet might well have added another more modern phrase, for today spring brings not only thoughts of love but also striking evidence of a certain contagious disease commonly known as "Spring Fever."

With the very beginning of spring the air is filled with a million little germs which seem to have a striking propensity for college boys and girls. There are evidences of this fever everywhere. As the time for eight-twenty classes draws near, there is a hurry and scuffle to get to the class-room and be comfortably seated before the eight-thirty gong sounds. The spring fever begins to be manifested. Here and there restless boys and girls may be seen squirming around in their chairs, yawning, and looking at their watches every five minutes. Truly, the hour seems long. Why doesn't the professor realize how trying his lectures are, or how difficult it is for the sleepy-eyed, yawning boy, or the restless, squirming girl to collect his or her thoughts long enough to answer some deep question of history or translate some philosophical French or Spanish selection?

Then right in the midst of morning comes Chapel. Well might one realize the far-reaching effects of this contagious disease when he sees about six hundred boys and girls literally dragging themselves into Chapel. There is no quickness of step or high jump on the part of the boys, nor do the fair co-eds skip and jazz into Craven as in the months just past by. But when the time for singing comes, then it is that the innocent onlooker might diagnose the disease. The faithful few of the college choir do not yet seem to be contaminated so that the singing is done almost entirely by them while the vast number of the audience seem lulled asleep by the harmony of the music.

Thus the whole day goes—just a long monotonous round of duties done by students still in the clutches of the awful disease. Surely some brilliant satellite of pre-medical inclination might concoct some drug which would allay this fever and instill new life and vigor into the convalescents, (so to speak.) Wh owill accept this challenge? Who wishes to have his name enrolled beside that of the Mayo Brothers? Here's your chance! —E. B. B.

WAYSIDE WARES

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

M. R. C.

To say that the train was crowded is expressing it very mildly. It was literally packed and jammed, with feet almost sticking out of the windows. The aisles were crammed with suitcases, most of them with their owners atop, and the space not occupied by these improvised seats was well filled with unfortunates who had to stand for lack of a place to sit. It was a few days before Christmas, and there was the usual holiday crowd.

William Merton, who had boarded the train at Langford, with a throng of University students, was squeezed into the corner of the long seat running across the end of the car and had fallen asleep, his head resting uncomfortably against the back of the seat when a sudden lurch of the train threw him forward and put an abrupt end to his nap. Immediately he became aware of the occupants of a seat on the opposite side of the aisle, but facing him. "Became aware" is correct, for although the seat had three feminine occupants, he really saw only one of them. There were two girls in the seat itself. He would not have looked at either of them a second time. One had very light blue eyes, light hair, and a rather "washed out" appearance. She was not ugly, neither was she pretty. She was too insignificant to make any definite impression. The other girl was decidedly—not homely—just plain ugly. She had red hair, a long nose, freckles, and cross-eyes. But it was the young lady perched on the arm of the seat whom he really saw. She made up for her unattractive companions. The thing that impressed him most about her was her eyes—laughing brown eyes—that seemed to be always full of fun even when her face was serious. Then she had brown hair—not red hair you understand—but brown hair, a rich, dark brown. Her feet, too, were ridiculously small. What she

wore he could not have told you, but it was something brown that matched her eyes, and everything about her was in marked contrast to the other two girls. Perhaps it was the contrast that had made him notice her. No, it was her eyes. He could not remember that he had ever seen eyes exactly like them. In fact he had never particularly noticed any young lady before. His sister, he remembered in a vague sort of way, was considered pretty, but Ethel had no such eyes as these. He looked at the girl again—and then he kept on looking. She was unconscious of his gaze and was chatting merrily with her companions. He would have liked to give her his seat. He felt she must be tired in such an uncomfortable position, but he didn't dare to offer it. He was too timid to do so. He had always avoided young ladies as much as possible, considering them nuisances. No doubt this girl was a nuisance, too; though she certainly did not look like one, but then you never can tell—and he tried to put her out of his mind, but with poor success. He kept picturing himself offering her a seat and wondering how she would look when she accepted, whether she would smile and what she would say.

"If I weren't so awkward and wouldn't make such a dunce of myself, I'd do it in a minute," he thought, and for the first time in his life he envied his chum, Porter, who was a lady's man.

Suddenly Merton's attention was arrested by a suitcase on top of another piece of baggage, immediately in front of the seat occupied by the young ladies. There was a seat for one person just in front of them and this suitcase was placed beside it. It was a very unpretentious looking bag with a small white card, a visiting card evidently, attached to it. He looked at it carefully. It was her suitcase he knew instinctively, with her card on it. Then he noticed something he had not seen before, so absorbed had he been in thinking and gazing. There were others besides himself who had seen the three occupants of the seat. His companions on the long seat, mostly freshmen, had seen them, too. They were in high

spirits and wanted a little fun. Moreover, the single seat was occupied by a fat freshman named Jones, and this Jones, he noted, had his hand on the suitcase supposedly steadying it in its insecure position on top of other baggage. But Merton saw that Jones was doing something else. Urged on by the others, he was skillfully detaching the card from the suitcase, while pretending very innocently to be holding on to it, and, even as Merton looked, Jones finished unfastening the card and slipped it across to the other freshmen.

The girl was perfectly unconscious of what was happening. How dared they do it! He would like to choke that fat Jones. The freshmen passed the card—her card—back and forth among them. Merton thought he would like to know her name, but he would not deign to ask the freshmen to let him see the card ,and besides he would not stoop to such a thing.

Suddenly above the noise of the train he heard a voice say —not very loudly—but still clearly enough to be distinguishable:

"Hey, Miss Clarendon!"

Where was it coming from? Could he be mistaken? No, it came again, and this time it was louder:

Hey, Miss Clarendon! I say, 'Hey, Miss Clarendon!' "

What in the world! Then all at once he came to his senses, when he heard it again. Only this time it was:

"Hey, Alice!"

He understood it all. The audacity of the freshmen know no bounds. Having secured the card, they had determined to find out the owner of the suitcase, and Snodgrass, the boldest of the lot, was singing out the name. Their hope was that the owner of the suitcase, taken by surprise, would unwittingly betray herself. Evidently the girls had not heard, or if they had, they gave no sign but chattered on. Yet when Merton looked more closely he thought he detected a flush of annoyance on the face of the brown-eyed Miss Clarendon, for he knew it was Miss Clarendon. Merton acted instantly. He leaned over, snatched the small piece of cardboard from the surprised freshman and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Shut up, you big boob, or I'll smash your face in!"

Snodgrass was naturally a coward, and Merton was serious and evidently meant exactly what he said; so the freshman shut up. Merton slipped the card into his pocket, not without seeing, however, that there was no address, only the name, "Miss Alice Claredon," in neat script.

Alice Clarendon—what a pretty name! He had always particularly liked the name Alice, and Clarendon he thought a very pretty name, though he had seen it only once before. He was queer about names. There were some he especially liked and others he detested to such a degree that the aversion extended even to the persons themselves. Only yesterday he had said to Porter, who had been telling him something unusually "fresh," that this same Snodgrass had done:

"How can yo uexpect anything more of a fellow with such a name? Why, a chap with a cognomen of that kind is capable of doing anything."

His wandering thoughts were recalled by hearing the young lady with the "washed out" look say to a woman passing through the car, evidently someone she knew:

"No, we don't go on to Gordon. We are going to Mansfield, changing at Baird, you know."

She would leave the train at Baird, and he had to go on to Gordon. He might never see her again. Suddenly a thought came to him. His friend, Porter, who lived at Mansfield, had invited him to visit there, but he had declined the invitation. He decided he would accept.

When the train reached Baird, Merton determined to keep his eye on the suitcase to see who picked it up, but, in the rush a number of people were crowded about him, and when he made his way out, both bag and owner were gone. He hurried on in a frantic effort to overtake the girls, but his friend, Porter, was ahead of him, and a hurried explanation was necessary. Porter was glad, but expressed surprise at Merton's sudden change of mind. It was sleeting outside, and so Merton, who hurriedly racked his brain for some excuse, said that as the weather was so bad he had decided to go on to Mans-

field and wait to go home the next day. If Porter wondered why Merton suddenly wanted the discomfort of changing trains and going several miles out of his way that night when he could remain on the train and be at home in a short time, he said nothing. The only remonstance he was heard to utter was when Merton, catching him by the arm, was hurrying him toward the other train.

"Not so fast, not so fast, old man. We'll get there in plenty of time. Won't get a seat anyway. So what's the use to hurry?"

But the words had no effect on Merton, who only hurried more. He went through every coach on that train but saw nothing of the girl. He kept telling himself that he must have overlooked her. She was bound to be there. Were they not going to Mansfield? But he could find no plausible excuse for going through the crowded train a second time. When he was leaving the train at Mansfield he caught a glimpse of the suit case in the crowd on the station platform. In his haste to catch sight of the owner he made a dash through the crowd and finally came up on the other side of the station only to find that the suitcase he had been chasing was in the hands of a tall man in a long overcoat. He was soon overtaken by the breathless Porter, who rushed up with:

"Are you crazy, old man? What's all this hurry for anyway?"

Merton tried to appear nonchalent as he answered that he saw a gentleman in the crowd whom he thought he know, but found out he didn't. Later that night he casually asked Porter if he knew any Clarendons in Mansfield. Porter did not. In fact he had never heard the name before, and, not having been in the group on the long seat, he knew nothing about the girls and was ignorant of his friend's motives for asking the question.

Merton's best friends would never have accused him of being sentimental, and he would never have admitted it to himself, but certain it is that a small square of white cardboard found a permanent abode in his pocketbook after that mem-

orable night, and if that wasn't sentiment—why, anyway, the poor boy was harder hit than he knew.

It was some months after this that Merton heard his sister tell his mother that she particularly wanted to invite a Miss Clarendon, who was visiting the McIntyres to the party she was giving the next evening. Miss Clarendon? Could it possibly be Alice Clarendon? He wished to know if her first name was Alice, but he dared not ask Ethel. He might arouse suspicion. It is enough to say that Mrs. Merton and her daughter were agreeably surprised and delighted at the interest William took in the approaching party. Before this it had always been necessary to drag poor William to a social event. He invented excuse after excuse, but usually excuses were of no avail. The family overcame all obstacles, and William was led out as a "lamb to the slaughter." On this occasion, however, his dress suit held no terrors. He seemed even eager for the coming event, and his mother was encouraged to believe that her son had really overcome his aversion to society and might shine in it yet.

Yes, she was there. He knew it the moment he came into the room that night, and a moment after he saw her across the room. It was really she. He caught a glimpse of the laughing eyes, something blue, and a small foot encased in a silver slipper. Then somebody got in front of him, and just then Ethel brought up a wallflower for him to entertain. When he got rid of the wallflower, he managed to get up courage to ask Ethel to introduce him to Miss Clarendon, saying he believed he knew some friends of hers. He thought Ethel looked at him in a queer way, but she started across the room without a word. Then Merton's courage began to fail. He wondered what he could find to say to her. He was about to catch his sister's arm and tell her he had changed his mind, but just then he caught a glimpse of the silver slipper and the blue gown and somehow took courage again. He did not look at her face until his sister introduced them. Then what was his surprise to find himself looking into the face of the red-headed girl, the same whom he had seen on the train, and

whom he had denominated "Cross-Eyes" in his mind. How he escaped from that girl he never knew, but escape was all he thought of, and he finally succeeded.

He caught no further glimpse of the brown-eyed girl, though he looked for her all the evening. A scrap of conversation overheard as the guests were leaving explained the mystery. Someone asked "Cross-Eyes" where her cousin was, and "Cross-Eyes" replied that she had been called away by a long distance telephone message.

"Do you think we look alike?" inquired "Cross-Eyes" in her squeaky voice.

"Why, no, but you were dressed alike tonight."

"Yes, I liked her dress so much, that I asked her to let me have one like it."

So it was "Cross-Eyes'" cousin. Fool that he was, why hadn't he used his mind? He might have known "Cross-Eyes" would know something about the girl. Hadn't he seen them on the train together? But he never used the small amount of brains he possessed, and alas, it was too late to find out anything more, for on the following day the McIntyres and their guests left on a long trip, and the worst of it was that he didn't even find out the cousin's name. Ethel and his mother, he found, had a vague impression that the girl's name was Clarendon and being Miss Clarendon's cousin, of course it might be. The more he thought about it, the more he was inclined to think that her name must be Clarendon. It couldn't be anything else.

He still kept the visiting card, though he could not have told you why. He knew now it wasn't hers. But her name—even if it wasn't Alice—he felt must be something prettier, and the word served to remind him of her.

On a hot August afternoon about a year later, Merton, who was spending his vacation in a western state, was driving his car rapidly along a dusty highway when he saw a large grey automobile stalled by the roadside. The sight was not at all unusual as there were many tourists in the section, and Merton, who was feeling out of patience with things in general

that afternoon, had no inclination to stop and render assistance. As he approached the car he noticed a well-dressed man, apparently the car's sole occupant, standing helplessly by it as though expecting aid from passers-by. Merton had a selfish impulse to speed up and leave the "relief act" to the next car that passed, but his attention was arrested by the sight of the license of his own state on the car and impelled more by curiosity than anything else, he stopped and volunteered assistance. The elderly gentleman led the way to the opposite side of the car, and, for the first time, Merton saw a little figure in a linen duster bending over the front wheel. As he appeared, the figure straightened up and a moment later Merton found himself looking once more into a pair of laughing brown eyes.

Merton thought he knew a good deal about automobiles, but he soon saw that the machine would require expert attention, and he told the owner so. He had already introduced himself to the gentleman, whose name was, of course, Mr. Clarendon, and Mr. Clarendon, in turn, had introduced the young lady as "My Niece." Merton had also learned that the tourists were en route to the very inn where he was stopping, and he now proposed that he take them on to the inn in his own automobile. They could stop at the village garage, not far from the inn, and get someone to go back for the car. The proposition was accepted, and they were soon on their way.

Merton was not talkative. In the presence of a strange young lady it was always impossible for him to find anything to say, but somehow he was untroubled this afternoon. This was due no doubt to Mr. Clarendon, who was a most agreeable gentleman. As for the brown-eyed lady—well, her appearance did not deceive—she was charming. By the time they reached the garage the three felt like old friends.

It was necessary to leave Mr. Clarendon here, as he had to go back to the car with the repair man. A few moments later Merton deposited the young lady and her baggage at the inn. She thanked him for his kindness for the fiftieth time. When

he said good-bye he expressed the wish that he might see her again and called her "Miss Clarendon" for the first time, not realizing that he had never heard her name. She looked surprised and Merton stammered:

"I-I beg your pardon. I misunderstood. I thought your name was Clarendon."

"No-No, it isn't. My name isn't Clarendon, though I am related to the Clarendons. My name," and she blushed slightly, "is Billingsworth—Jerusha Billingsworth."

Merton was stunned—but he soon recovered. Of course he "saw her again," and, of course he recovered. In fact his recovery was marvelous. It was really amazing to see how painlessly the cherished illusion of such long standing melted away in the light of a pair of laughing brown eyes.

Anyway, not long after this, as Merton was tearing a small visiting card into bits there passed through the back of his head something he had heard, or read, somewhere—he couldn't quite place it—

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

He was undecided who said it. It must have been Kipling. He read Kipling sometimes. But he didn't worry about who wrote it. He only knew it fitted.

"By George," said Merton, "the follow who wrote that was everlastingly right."

THE ARTISTIC WASTING OF TIME

Minia Herr

Exactly three hours ago I came to my room to write a theme. My mind was full of ideas and extravagant fancies. Such a quiet, peaceful time I should have writing my fanciful ideas into words while my roommates were away at the Columbian reception!

As I opened the door, a buzzing, as if a hive of bees, struck my ears. Here were several girls—all talking at the same

time about the reception and the dresses they were going to wear. No sooner had I entered than I was bombarded from all sides:

"Say, Bess, please curl my hair and comb it. You can do it so much better than I."

"Sugar lump, would you let me wear your evening dress? I just hate mine; it looks so tacky."

"Why, yes, if you can wear it," I answered meekly. I immediately had a clear vision of a hundred pound figure in a dress made for a hundred and seventy pound one.

"Oh, gee, but I'm happy! Just think, chilluns, I'm going with T. L. Please hook me up, somebody."

Of course one thing led to another, and before I knew it, I was helping in the artistic transformation of a half dozen girls: sticking a pin there, making roses bloom in this cheek or that, enhancing the beauty of steel grey eyes with an eyebrow pencil, in fact, putting the thousand and one little touches necessary to make my beloved roommates beautiful for the occasion.

Finally, one by one, "the phantoms of delight" went trailing off for an hour or so amid the gaiety of flowers, sweet music, laughter, and the enjoyment of dainty dishes and clever, nonsensical words whispered back and forth.

Need I say that all my perfectly good ideas for the theme were gone also? I was too tired to think of anything except the many broken hearts that would be caused by the magical touches of my own deft fingers.

The next thing I knew I was awakened by a deluge of chattering girls in kimonas. Gone were the silk, satin, and tulle creations. Plaits were in evidence where an hour before there had been mountains of curls. Tired, sleepy eyes, instead of joyous, sparkling ones greeted me. Cheeks where roses had bloomed in all the freshness of spring were now pallid.

Surely, I must be dreaming. Where was all the beauty so feverishly worked for? No, there was the stern reality before me! One whole hour I had spent. Vanity! Vanity! All was vanity!

WHAT IS A MULE NOHOW?

Lota Leigh Draughon

"Lord, nigger, I 'lowed you wuz a Yank de fust time I sot my eyes on you. I knowd to my soul wouldn't nobody else come askin' me what wuz a mule. You aint had no life-long 'quaintance wid a mule or worked hand in hand wid 'em on de chain gang fer dese'ere long years like I is, or you wouldn't want to know what one is, and you'd wish you'd neber see'd one ob de blamed things.

It's a wonder I aint daid 'fore now, being in partnership wid a mule. You know he's a funny bird. His wings is sot on the side of his head. De way he flaps dem wings is sort of a signal. When he pricks 'em to a certain slant, dat pushes a button dat turns on de dynamite fuse in his hin'laigs. An' woe be unto you, niggah, if you heed not de signal, 'cause a day ob reckonin' is comin', an' soon you you'll be sayin': 'Good-bye, nigger,' an' 'Hello, Jesus.'

"T'other day I wuz drivin' one ob 'em down de road, an' all on a sudden he stopped right stock still; wouldn't go nary step furder. You know, a mule is got some sense eben if he don' look laik it, an' he am stubborn. Dat mule had seed a string er red clothes hanging out on de line, an' he put on de brakes an' stopped, 'cause he knowed dere wuz a washout on de line.

"B'lieve to my soul yonder comes dat man wid de gun, an' dis nigger got to high-ball it."

I AM A SOPHOMORE

I am a Sophomore;
I love the jolly Junior,
The sauve and smiling Junior;
I even tolerate the Senior,
Who is above me in classification,
But not in wisdom.
But the Freshman I despise,
He is so insufferably fresh.
I scorn the freshman.
I have been in college
For a year. I act as though
I had been here a lifetime.
I know much more than the profs.
They amuse me
With their cocky airs of know-it-all.
I have a reputation;
Professors envy me;
Seniors work for me;
Juniors laugh at me;
And freshmen are afraid;
Afraid of my diabolic knowledge;
Afraid of my sophistication;
Afraid of my sophomoric wisdom;
And, most of all, afraid of my lack of fear.
I stand in the doorway of Epworth
When the freshman is arriving
Laden down with luggage,
Sprinkled well with hayseed,
Entering the campus in all his verdant glory;
Thinking of the wondrous deeds
Yet to be accomplished;
Thinking of his future
Golden opportunities;
Wearing on the lapel of his Sunday coat
A medal won in Podunk

Or in Pumpkin Center.
Gallantly he braves the dangers of the campus;
Most courageously passes by
The bevies of the co-eds;
Advances up the driveway
Leading into Epworth;
Casts his timid eyes around;
Sees me—halts, and withers.
Why is he affected thus by one single glance at me?
'Tis the foresight of the freshman,
His forecast of the future.
I am a sophomore.

EXCHANGES

The Emory Phoenix for April certainly measures up to its high standard among College magazines. There is a wide variety of material, which makes the issue admirably balanced. The stories and articles are short and decidedly snappy, which leaves a pleasant taste. The poetry is rather deep and serious, and, perhaps, just a little too stiff, except for "Marse Tom."

Of the stories "Voo Doo' is highly fantastical, with a rather weak plot, and a style reeking with slang, which is pleasant, nevertheless. In striking contrast is "Jack and His Colege Education," a true-to-life and charming portrayal of "the old, old story." "On old Letters," "Georgia In Literature," "Would You?," and the Editorials also deserve credit.

The material in the April number of the Davidson College Magazine is rather scanty, but it's not qnantity but quality that counts. "Crimson Snow," is a high class short-story, with a simple plot, yet splendidly worked out, and is easily the feature of the magazine. "From East to West" is also a story worthy of mention. The author of "Sheep" certainly knows human nature, and not only that, but he knows how to write it down. The verse is hardly more than mediocre.

The April issue of the Haverfordian is somewhat overbalanced in favor of essays, most of which are good, however. The best article is "An Honest Man," a story with a moral. Only two bits of verse appear in this issue. "Treasure Trove" is rather unique, but a little obscure. "A Survey of the History of Immigration" and the Editorial Comments deserve mention.

ALUMNI

THE VIOLIN

Ruth Early, '20

The breat bridge stood in bold relief, a massive structure of iron and steel, silhouetted against the western sky. A large crowd was assembled to witness the initial trip across it of one of the large locmotives, and the air, tense with excitement, was filled with exclamations of wonder and admiration. Soon the great puffing engine, drawing after it many cars filled with their human freight, would round the curve just before reaching the bridge and throw all its weight upon the giant structure. It would indeed be a noble sight to see steel tremble under steel for the first time, to see the great bear up the great!

People were gathered here and there in groups talking of the new bridge, discussing its merits, and pointing out its beauties. A larger group than the others was gathered around the civil engineer who had planned and superintended the building of the bridge. He was talking in a loud voice. "Yes," he was saying, "that bridge will last forever. It is put there to stay, I tell you; it is absolutely indestructible."

"I would not say absolutely," said a voice close by. All eyes were at once turned toward him who had spoken. "No," he said again, "I would not say absolutely indestructible." Looks in which were mingled wonder and disgust came into the faces of those who had heard. What did this ragged old man mean? What did he know about bridges? The engineer worded the question in everybody's mind:

"What are you talking about," he asked. "I tell you this bridge is **absolutely** indestructible, old man, and I know. Didn't I build it? Nothing less than an earthquake, and a big one at that, can move it." His voice had grown high with excitement, and now the whole crowd of people pushed toward him to learn the cause of the disturbance. "Now what

have you to say?'' asked the builder of the bridge with a confident air.

''What have I to say?'' echoed the old man. ''I can destroy that bridge.'' Everybody stared; some laughed.

''He's crazy,'' somenoe said, and several repeated this.

''Let him try it,'' came from someone in the crowd, and at once everybody cried, ''Let him try it, let him try it.'' Curiosity had played its trick.

''Very well,'' said the old man, ''I shall be back in a minute,'' on saying which he hobbled down a little path that a few feet away lost itself in a wood. Several minutes later he appeared again, carrying under his arm a very old violin. Without pausing he passed through the crowd and falteringly made his way to a rocky ledge a little to the right of the bridge and several hundred yards away from anybody. Here he took his stand, and, placing the violin beneath his chin, began to draw the bow slowly across the strings.

The first notes were so low that one scarcely could hear them, but gradually the music gained in volume and rapidity, until finally the very trees seemed to be filled with music and to give forth birdlike notes. Faster and faster the violinist played; wilder and wilder grew the music. The hearer was taken into the very heart of the most uncivilized country and made to see naked savages dancing around great fires whose tongues of flame leaped toward heaven; he was made to hear wild snaches of song and savage cries, the very sound of which sent the blood running cold through his body.

But wait! Could it be possible, or did one's eyes deceive him? Did not the great bridge tremble slightly, or was it only one's imagination that made him see it so?

The music changed. A song of springtime now filled the air—a song of springtime and love. One saw sweethearts seated on the moss-covered bank of a slow river, dreaming of the golden days to come and building castles of happiness in the air. One almost heard the beat of the lovers' hearts as they felt the bliss of their first kiss.

The great bridge quivered perceptibly now, quivered and

shook from its foundations upward. Eyes filled with astonishment and looked from the violinist to the trembling mass of steel. Could it be possible that a thing so strong could be shaken by a thing so frail?

The music had changed again. The old violinist drew his bow slowly acros sthe strings, and the violin sighed and sobbed under the quivering fingertips of the master. One now seemed to be with a mother at the tomb of her dead baby. One felt the deep sorrow of her as she knelt and placed white roes on the little grave. One almost saw the mother's tears as in memory she held the little one close to her breast.

The violin sobbed on and on in its pitiable tale until the giant bridge was rocking as though at any moment it would crash to the ground. Several times someone started toward the old man, but each time fear of being crushed to death by falling steel held him back.

A whistle blew in the distance, and the crowd, watching with frightened eyes the great trembling bridge, suddenly became frantic. That music must be stopped before the train rounded the curve, or else—

One could not reach the old man in time now. What could be done to stop him? Cries were unheeded. The hands of the onlookers were tied, and the lives of the many people on the fast approaching train were held in the slender fingers of the violinist.

The bridge rocked violently. It was only a matter of seconds now before it would be a mass of broken steel and the oncoming train be dashed on the great pile of debris.

The violinist played on in his sad strain. People held their breaths; some turned their heads away, desirous not to see the wreck that now seemed inevitable; others, spellbound by the magnitude of the approaching disaster, fixed their eyes on the shaking bridge. A whistle creamed close by, and—

As if by magic the terrible music hushed; the bride trembled violently, and then it too became still. The big locomotive rounded the curve, drawing after it its train of many cars, and dashed across the bridge. Eyes full of wonder

watched it pass out of sight and then turned to look at the old man. But beheld only the rocky ledge on which he had stood—the master violinist had disappeared.

AMONG THE ROSES

Gladys V. Price, '20

It was May. The rose-garden of Mount Carol Seminary, considered the most beautiful spot in all the town, had an additional beauty this morning as it formed a background for a lovely picture. Two girls, one with black hair and sparkling brown eyes, the other with golden yellow hair and sky blue eyes, stood on the rustic bridge that spanned the shining fishpond.

"No, no!" The dark-haired girl flashed her eyes and stamped her foot. "No, I tell you, Edith Lancaster. I don't see any sense in all that darn bosh. Religion to me seems only fool superstition and a lot of hypocracy."

"Oh, Ruby, don't talk like that. You'll be sorry afterward. I hadn't meant to get you all stirred up like this. Professor John just asked me if I wouldn't speak to you about joining the church. He seems very much interested in you, and I think you should appreciate it."

"Well, I do, in a way. You know I can't help liking him, but his ideas certainly don't agree with mine. I wish to heaven he'd keep some of this church stuff out of his art class."

"You're about the queerest girl I ever saw or heard of, Edith. It looks to me as if you'd have to be good in this beautiful place; you love beauty so. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

This was the first time anyone in the school had ever treated Ruby Shorey like a normal human being. Before this all the girls had timorously avoided her. Her soul responded to this first touch of friendship.

"You think I'm queer, eh? Well, you wouldn't if you knew what I've been through. When I was ten years old, my

mother died, died from overworking herself for my father. You needed't look so shocked. I know he's a bishop and all that; that is the very reason I hate the church. He's a hypocrite. People just don't know him. But mother was good, and she had such high ideals for me. I can see her now as she lay in her bed so white and pure. Father is mean, though, and I hate him. I'm going to be mean and go to the devil just to spite him. I like a good time anyway, and I can't bear hyporcrisy. Now I have one more thing to tell you, and then I'll be through. Can you keep a secret?''

''Yes, Ruby, as well as any girl. I guess I'd have to if you told me to.''

''I'm going to leave this place in a week or two. Jack Herring—you've heard of the rascal, I know—I'm going to run away with him to New York. He's absolutely fascinating. He'll give me the high life all right, and that's all I want. If you tell this, I'll kill you; you hear?''

Edith was not afraid of the threat, but she did not tell.

After art class that morning Professor John spoke to Ruby. ''Miss Shorey, I have a favor to ask of you.''

Ruby frowned, but the man went on in his quiet, undisturbed tone: ''Will you walk over to my studio with me while I tell you what I want?''

''Yes, I'm rather busy,'' she said surtly, ''but I'll go.'' She was afraid a lecture was coming; he had been having private talks with other girls, of which even Ruby had heard. Her surprise was a delightful relief when he finally said:

''I want you to pose for my next work. Will you do it?''

''Me a model for a work of yours? I can't imagine it. I don't look like a saint.''

''That's for me to decide. I'm simply asking you the question. Will you be my model? I'm not going to let anyone see the picture until I have finished it—not even you. If you don't care to, you need never look at it at all.''

Ruby agreed.

''I'm ready right now to use you. Can you stay?''

Ruby wondered why she was being so pleasant to him.

Somehow, there seemed to be nothing to do but stay. For an hour she sat perfectly still, looking down at a rose she had picked that morning in the garden; and Professor John worked for the joy of the working. He had her to return the next day and the next.

Four weeks passed. Ruby was again on the bridge with Edith.

"Do you remember what I told you, Edith? Well, I'm going tonight. I'm almost crazy with joy. A letter came day before yesterday, telling me to be ready at the Rose Bud Gate at nine-thirty. I wrote Jack that I would; so tomorrow night when you are here studying about all your holy saints, you know where I'll be, don't you? In the big city, girl, living the real life. I'll bet I'll do as I please then. Gee, won't I be glad to get away from all those goody-goody, sissy fanatics."

Edith did not say much. When she had told Professor John of the failure of her previous conversation with Ruby, he had only smiled and said,

"I still believe in her. There may be a way out yet."

Edith had not mentioned Professor John to Ruby, for she was afraid she might break up some of his plans. She answered lightly, "Ruby, write to me some time. Won't you?"

Again after art class Professor John spoke to Ruby, "Come to the studio with me. I have something to show you."

Ruby went. Her heart was throbbing with excitement. The artistic poise contrasted so greatly with the awe she inspired in most people that she felt a certain thrill in his presence. She could hardly talk to him at all. When they reached the studio, he gently opened the door and closed it behind her just as gently.

He walked to the center of the room, and while she remained half-awed by the door, he lifted the covering from the picture still on the easel where he had been working last. There on the canvas was a madonna. Ruby stared, then passed her hands over her eyes and stared again.

"Did you ever see my mother?" she whispered as a tear crept down her cheek.

"It's you, Ruby, as you look to me among the roses."

She came near him and looked up into his frank face. "Do you mean it?" she questioned.

That night at half past nine, there was, instead of Ruby, a note at the Rose Bud Gate.

"I have decided that I don't want your high life. Please don't ever come near me again. I'm happy here.

Ruby."

THE FOREST OF THE WEDDING-FUNERAL

Mary Gooch Pitts, '20

Twilight paused on the Forest of the Wedding-Funeral. The sun had gone swiftly, and the after-glow cast a weird light on the silent, pulsating forest. A solitary buzzard wheeled and circled over the head of the lonely rider as he drew near the margin of the wood. The horse pricked his ears and stepped softly. The man leaned forward and rested his hand on the neck of the animal which winnied softly, glad of the companionship. As the forest closed on them, the man glanced furtively around, searching, fearing he knew not what. Now a cloud, which had been gathering for many hours, began to give faint flashes of lightning which threw lurid lights into the shadows. The low thunder spoke menacingly, and the man shuddered. The twilight had deepened into dusk, and the man and horse moved more slowly.

In the heart of the wood was an old dilapidated church, unused for almost a century. The last service performed there began as a wedding and ended as a funeral. The bride had opened her lips to say "I will," when instead, she had fallen backward dead. A coffin, so the legend goes, had appeared from nowhere. The bride had been placed therein and buried. In the confusion the wedding ring was dropped in the church. Since then strange shrieks and moans had

been heard up and down the forest. People said it was the bride searching for the ring, and few men dared pass through the forest after twilight.

The darkness was now intense. A faint breeze brushed the treetops. With strange poppings, cracklings, and rustlings the forest prepared for the oncoming storm. A few drops of rain splashed on the man's hand. With the next flash of lightning, the old church leaped out of the darkness and was immediately swallowed in gloom again. The man hesitated: Should he brave the violence of the storm or the ghost? A piece of hail struck him on the cheek. The horse trembled. The man dismounted and led the horse through the stubby undergrowth to the church steps. The door sagged open on broken hinges. The man sat on the threshold, leaning back into the shelter of the church. The horse crowded close to the wall. The storm burst with fiendish rage on the forest; the man drew further back into the church. Above the roar of the storm the man heard the sound of creaking hinges. He turned and sat staring into the pregnant darkness of the church. Once more the lightning flashed, and he saw a woman clothed in flowing white and with streaming hair standing behind the altar, pointing to him in the doorway. Cold and tense, he waited for the next flash of lightning. The horse moved uneasily. When the man could see again, the woman had moved from the pulpit and was standing halfway down the aisle of the church, still with that accusing finger pointed at him. He cowered back against the doorway and waited. A great roaring filled his ears. The woman was very close now, he could feel a hot breath sweep across his forehead. His head throbbed violently, and at last the whole universe seemed to crash about his ears.

The next morning the newspapers of a neighboring town carried two stories: one told how the authorities had at last captured an insane girl lately escaped from the asylum; the other told of the discovery of a dead man on the threshold of the church in the Forest of the Wedding-Funeral. The rumor was whispered about that the man had murdered his sweet-

heart and was fleeing from punishment. It was thought that while seeking shelter in the church from the storm, he had been killed by a stroke of apoplexy.

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